

King's Hall, Compton

Sept 27

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ENGLISH PROSE SELECTIONS

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TORONTO: THE MACMILLAN COMPANY OF CANADA
LIMITED, AT ST. MARTIN'S HOUSE MCMXXVII

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PRINTED IN CANADA

T. H. BEST PRINTING CO., LIMITED
TORONTO, ONT.

PREFACE

IN making this classified selection of English Prose the chief object was to choose a path which offered a variety of landscape and at the same time supplied the reader with a sufficient number of finger-posts to keep him reasonably clear as to the road he was travelling. Subject-matter has been the main consideration in the search for variety; and whether the quest has been successful or not is a question which the text must answer. Variety in form is a secondary consideration since form depends only upon the circumstances of production, the mood of the writer or the nature of the topic; yet on this subject of form a few observations may profitably be made. Two kinds of prose composition have been definitely named, the essay and the short story. The part between, the "miscellaneous" group, represents a number of forms which hardly need to be characterised in detail, though something may be said to help the reader to distinguish the essential quality of the various pieces of this group from that of the groups on either side.

Normally, the essay is a short informal discourse on a topic of common interest, which may usually be distinguished from other compositions of about the same length by the attitude of aloofness which the writer assumes towards his theme. The essayist is an arm-chair philosopher who tries neither to persuade nor to confute, neither to argue a point nor to proclaim a victory, but who rather talks in an easy interesting way on the topic in hand. As the subject is usually a commonplace, and as

the author presumably puts no great value upon his opinions, special importance attaches to the manner in which the ideas are expressed. Style alone can arouse and hold the curiosity where the subject is hackneyed or trivial, hence the various devices to beguile the interest,—epigram, aphorism, arresting opening sentence, quotation, metaphor, illustration, etc., combined according to the talent of the essayist.

The success of the form always has depended upon the individuality of the writer, and it is because Lamb has so breathed his protean personality into his essays that they surpass those of all other English essayists. For the same reason the essays of Montaigne, the father of the modern form, surpass those of all other essayists whatsoever. In this connection may be pointed out the curious analogy between the essay and the lyric poem. Just as the lyric is the expression of the poet's thought or emotion, so the essay is the expression in prose of whatever the essayist thinks or feels or imagines on a given topic. The analogy must not be carried too far, however, for the lyric is successful in proportion to the depth and intensity of the emotion felt, while the essay is successful only when the writer's feelings are so restrained as scarcely to appear at all.

Essays differ somewhat according to the age in which they are composed. Thus Bacon and all the earlier essayists chose to write on abstract subjects such as love, valour, friendship, etc., and dealt with them in an abstract manner. When, however, in the eighteenth century the reading public had vastly increased, the essayists had to address themselves to the men about town and the women in the house as well as the men of learning. They began to treat their material more concretely, talking about valiant men, unhappy lovers, and con-

stant friends, and drawing illustrations from the life around them rather than from the Greek and Latin Classics as the earlier essayist had done. The style became more easy, entertaining, less dignified. Less dignified but never vulgar. Indeed the periodical essayists, Addison, Steele, etc., made it their object to ridicule vulgarity in writing and speaking just as they held vulgarity in conduct up to contempt. After this change of tone no further "development" is noticeable in the essay.

Such then is the essay proper, or simply the "essay", and if question is raised why Carlyle, Macaulay, Arnold, and others, receive no recognition amongst the essayists here represented, the answer is that, however admirable may be their "Critical" or "Historical" or "Literary" essays, these are not of the same *kind* as the traditional essay. If it be objected that the de Coverley papers do not seem to answer very readily to the description of the essay here given, it must be remembered that their purpose is in perfect accord with the general design of the Spectator, the "character sketch" being merely a device to give variety. If, again, it may seem strange that one of Hunt's Essays is included amongst the short stories, it should be recalled that brief narratives, generally bearing an obvious "moral", constituted another device of the periodical essayists, and that Hunt was a conscious imitator of Mr. Spectator and Mr. Bickerstaff.

The short story as a form does not call for much comment here. It bears the same relation to the essay as does the narrative poem to the lyric. Story is its content, and while "story" is an elastic term, there is usually little doubt in the mind of the reader as to the kind of composition he is reading. Not always, however. For example, one of the pieces here printed in Section III, has recently appeared in a volume of "Modern Essays". As

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I wish to express my obligations to Dr. G. G. Sedgewick, head of the Department of English, University of British Columbia, for many valuable suggestions as to the contents of this book.

For permission to use copyright selections my thanks are due to the following authors and publishers:

For *Mountains* from "The Outline of Science, 4 vols.", edited by Professor J. Arthur Thomson, to G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers, New York and London; for *The Rockies*, from "Letters from America", the Literary Executor and the publishers, Sidgwick & Jackson, Ltd.; for *The Mayor's Dovecote*, to the author, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch; for *Quality*, from the "Inn of Tranquillity" by John Galsworthy, to the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons; for *The Essence of a Man*, by Alan Sullivan, to the author and J. M. Dent and Sons; for *The Newness of the Old*, from "Variety Lane", by E. V. Lucas, *Intellectual Snobbery* from "Not that it Matters", by A. A. Milne, and the *Prince Consort*, from "Tales of Two People", by Anthony Hope Hawkins, to Methuen and Co., Ltd.; for *A Clear View of the Government and Politics of England*, from "My Discovery of England", to Stephen Leacock, the author, and S. B. Gundy, publisher; for "*The Method of Scientific Investigation*", from "Darwiniana", by T. H. Huxley, to Macmillan & Co. Limited; for *The Enemy*, from "The Strand Magazine", to Hugh Walpole, the author; for *The Three Strangers*, from "Wessex Tales", by Thomas Hardy, to Macmillan & Co. Limited; for *The Saxophone*, to W. Bolitho, the author.

W. L. M.

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ENGLISH PROSE SELECTIONS

PART ONE

I ESSAYS

THE SPECTATOR CLUB

(SPECTATOR, No. 2)

THE first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire, of ancient descent, a baronet, his name Sir Roger de Coverley. His great-grandfather was inventor of that famous country-dance which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behaviour, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. 10 However, this humour creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes and forms makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town, he lives in Soho Square. It is said he keeps himself a bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment, Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my Lord 20 Rochester and Sir George Etherege, fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked Bully Dawson in a public coffee-house for calling him "youngster." But being ill used by the above-mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of

himself, and never dressed afterwards. He continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humours, he tells us, has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good house in both town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behaviour, that he is rather beloved than esteemed. His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company: when he comes into a house he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way up stairs to a visit. I must not omit that Sir Roger is a justice of the quorum; that he fills the chair at a quarter-session with great abilities; and, three months ago, gained universal applause by explaining a passage in the Game-Act.

The gentleman next in esteem and authority among us is another bachelor, who is a member of the Inner Temple; a man of great probity, wit, and understanding; but he has chosen his place of residence rather to obey the direction of an old humorsome father, than in pursuit of his own inclinations. He was placed there to study the laws of the land, and is the most learned of any of the house in those of the stage. Aristotle and Longinus are much better understood by him than Littleton or Coke. The father sends up every post questions relating to marriage-articles, leases, and tenures, in the neighborhood; all which questions he agrees with an attorney to answer and take care of in the lump. He is studying the passions themselves, when he should be inquiring into the debates among men which arise from them. He knows the argument of each of the orations of Demosthenes and Tully, but not one case in the reports of our own

courts. No one ever took him for a fool, but none, except his intimate friends, know he has a great deal of wit. This turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable: as few of his thoughts are drawn from business, they are most of them fit for 70 conversation. His taste of books is a little too just for the age he lives in; he has read all, but approves of very few. His familiarity with the customs, manners, actions, and writings of the ancients makes him a very delicate observer of what occurs to him in the present world. He is an excellent critic, and the time of the play is his hour of business; exactly at five he passes through New Inn, crosses through Russell Court, and takes a turn at Will's till the play begins; he has his shoes rubbed 80 and his periwig powdered at the barber's as you go into the Rose. It is for the good of the audience when he is at a play, for the actors have an ambition to please him.

The person of next consideration is Sir Andrew Freeport, a merchant of great eminence in the city of London; a person of indefatigable industry, strong reason, and great experience. His notions of trade are noble and generous, and (as every rich man has usually some sly way of jesting, which 90 would make no great figure were he not a rich man) he calls the sea the British Common. He is acquainted with commerce in all its parts, and will tell you that it is a stupid and barbarous way to extend dominion by arms; for true power is to be got by arts and industry. He will often argue that if this part of our trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one nation; and if another, from another. I have heard him prove that diligence makes more lasting acquisitions than valour, and that 100 sloth has ruined more nations than the sword. He abounds in several frugal maxims, amongst which the greatest favourite is, "A penny saved is a penny

got." A general trader of good sense is pleasanter company than a general scholar; and Sir Andrew having a natural, unaffected eloquence, the perspicuity of his discourse gives the same pleasure that wit would in another man. He has made his fortunes himself, and says that England may be richer
110 than other kingdoms by as plain methods as he himself is richer than other men; though at the same time I can say this of him, that there is not a point in the compass but blows home a ship in which he is an owner.

Next to Sir Andrew in the club-room sits Captain Sentry, a gentleman of great courage, good understanding, but invincible modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their talents within the observation
120 of such as should take notice of them. He was some years a captain, and behaved himself with great gallantry in several engagements and at several sieges; but having a small estate of his own, and being next heir to Sir Roger, he has quitted a way of life in which no man can rise suitably to his merit who is not something of a courtier as well as a soldier. I have heard him often lament that in a profession where merit is placed in so conspicuous a view, impudence should get the better of modesty.
130 When he has talked to this purpose, I never heard him make a sour expression, but frankly confess that he left the world because he was not fit for it. A strict honesty and an even regular behaviour are in themselves obstacles to him that must press through crowds, who endeavour at the same end with himself,—the favour of a commander. He will, however, in this way of talk, excuse generals for not disposing according to men's desert, or inquiring into it; "for," says he, "that great man who has a
140 mind to help me, has as many to break through to come at me, as I have to come at him;" therefore he will conclude, that the man who would make a

figure, especially in a military way, must get over all false modesty, and assist his patron against the importunity of other pretenders by a proper assurance in his own vindication. He says it is a civil cowardice to be backward in asserting what you ought to expect, as it is a military fear to be slow in attacking when it is your duty. With this candour does the gentleman speak of himself and others. 150 The same frankness runs through all his conversation. The military part of his life has furnished him with many adventures, in the relation of which he is very agreeable to the company; for he is never overbearing, though accustomed to command men in the utmost degree below him; nor ever too obsequious from a habit of obeying men highly above him.

But that our society may not appear a set of humorists unacquainted with the gallantries and pleasures of the age, we have among us the gallant 160 Will Honeycomb, a gentleman who, according to his years, should be in the decline of his life, but having ever been very careful of his person, and always had a very easy fortune, time has made but very little impression either by wrinkles on his forehead, or traces in his brain. His person is well turned, and of a good height. He is very ready at that sort of discourse with which men usually entertain women. He has all his life dressed very well, 170 and remembers habits as others do men. He can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. He knows the history of every mode, and can inform you from which of the French king's wenches our wives and daughters had this manner of curling their hair, that way of placing their hoods; whose frailty was covered by such a sort of petticoat, and whose vanity to show her foot made that part of the dress so short in such a year; in a word, all his conversation and knowledge has been in the female 180 world. As other men of his age will take notice to

you what such a minister said upon such and such an occasion, he will tell you when the Duke of Monmouth danced at court such a woman was then smitten, another was taken with him at the head of his troop in the Park. In all these important relations, he has ever about the same time received a kind glance or a blow of a fan from some celebrated beauty, mother of the present Lord Such-a-one.

190 This way of talking of his very much enlivens the conversation among us of a more sedate turn; and I find there is not one of the company, but myself, who rarely speak at all, but speaks of him as of that sort of man who is usually called a well-bred fine gentleman. To conclude his character, where women are not concerned, he is an honest, worthy man

I cannot tell whether I am to account him whom I am next to speak of as one of our company, for he
200 visits us but seldom; but when he does, it adds to every man else a new enjoyment of himself. He is a clergyman, a very philosophic man, of general learning, great sanctity of life, and the most exact good breeding. He has the misfortune to be of a very weak constitution, and consequently cannot accept of such cares and business as preferments in his function would oblige him to; he is therefore among divines what a chamber-counsellor is among lawyers. The probity of his mind, and the integrity
210 of his life, create him followers, as being eloquent or loud advances others. He seldom introduces the subject he speaks upon; but we are so far gone in years, that he observes, when he is among us, an earnestness to have him fall on some divine topic, which he always treats with much authority, as one who has no interests in this world, as one who is hastening to the object of all his wishes, and conceives hope from his decays and infirmities. These are my ordinary companions.

Sir Richard Steele.

SIR ROGER IN LOVE

(SPECTATOR, No. 113)

IN my first description of the company in which I pass most of my time, it may be remembered that I mentioned a great affliction which my friend Sir Roger had met with in his youth: which was no less than a disappointment in love. It happened this evening that we fell into a very pleasing walk at a distance from his house; as soon as we came into it, "It is," quoth the good old man, looking round him with a smile, "very hard, that any part of my land should be settled upon one who has used me so ill 10 as the perverse Widow did; and yet I am sure I could not see a sprig of any bough of this whole walk of trees, but I should reflect upon her and her severity. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. You are to know this was the place wherein I used to muse upon her; and by that custom I can never come into it, but the same tender sentiments revive in my mind as if I had actually walked with that beautiful creature under these shades. I have been fool enough to carve her name 20 on the bark of several of these trees; so unhappy is the condition of men in love to attempt the removing of their passion by the methods which serve only to imprint it deeper. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world."

Here followed a profound silence; and I was not displeased to observe my friend falling so naturally into a discourse which I had ever before taken notice he industriously avoided. After a very long pause he entered upon an account of this great 30 circumstance in his life, with an air which I thought raised my idea of him above what I had ever had before; and gave me the picture of that cheerful mind of his, before it received that stroke which has ever since affected his words and actions. But he went on as follows:—

“I came to my estate in my twenty-second year, and resolved to follow the steps of the most worthy of my ancestors who have inhabited this spot of
40 earth before me, in all the methods of hospitality and good neighbourhood, for the sake of my fame, and in country sports and recreations, for the sake of my health. In my twenty-third year I was obliged to serve as sheriff of the county; and in my servants, officers, and whole equipage, indulged the pleasure of a young man (who did not think ill of his own person) in taking that public occasion of showing my figure and behaviour to advantage. You may easily imagine to yourself what appearance
50 I made, who am pretty tall, rode well, and was very well dressed, at the head of a whole county, with music before me, a feather in my hat, and my horse well bitted. I can assure you I was not a little pleased with the kind looks and glances I had from all the balconies and windows as I rode to the hall where the assizes were held. But when I came there, a beautiful creature in a widow’s habit sat in court, to hear the event of a cause concerning her dower. This commanding creature (who was born
60 for destruction of all who behold her) put on such a resignation in her countenance, and bore the whispers of all around the court with such a pretty uneasiness, I warrant you, and then recovered herself from one eye to another, till she was perfectly confused by meeting something so wistful in all she encountered, that at last, with a murrain to her, she cast her bewitching eye upon me. I no sooner met it but I bowed like a great surprised booby; and knowing her cause to be the first which
70 came on, I cried, like a captivated calf as I was, ‘Make way for tthe defendant’s witnesses.’ This sudden partiality made all the county immediately see the sheriff also was become a slave to the fine widow. During the time her cause was upon trial, she behaved herself, I warrant you, with such a

deep attention to her business, took opportunities to have little billets handed to her counsel, then would be in such a pretty confusion, occasioned, you must know, by acting before so much company, that not only I but the whole court was prejudiced 80 in her favour; and all that the next heir to her husband had to urge was thought so groundless and frivolous, that when it came to her counsel to reply, there was not half so much said as every one besides in the court thought he could have urged to her advantage. You must understand, sir, this perverse woman is one of those unaccountable creatures, that secretly rejoice in the admiration of men, but indulge themselves in no further consequences. Hence it is that she has ever had a train 90 of admirers, and she removes from her slaves in town to those in the country, according to the seasons of the year. She is a reading lady, and far gone in the pleasures of friendship: she is always accompanied by a confidante, who is witness to her daily protestations against our sex, and consequently a bar to her first steps towards love, upon the strength of her own maxims and declarations.

"However, I must needs say this accomplished mistress of mine has distinguished me above the 100 rest, and has been known to declare Sir Roger de Coverley was the tamest and most human of all the brutes in the country. I was told she said so by one who thought he rallied me; but upon the strength of this slender encouragement of being thought least detestable, I made new liveries, new-paired my coach-horses, sent them all to town to be bitted, and taught to throw their legs well, and move all together, before I pretended to cross the country and wait upon her. As soon as I thought my 110 retinue suitable to the character of my fortune and youth, I set out from hence to make my addresses. The particular skill of this lady has ever been to inflame your wishes, and yet command respect. To

make her mistress of this art, she has a greater share of knowledge, wit, and good sense than is usual even among men of merit. Then she is beautiful beyond the race of women. If you won't let her go on with a certain artifice with her eyes, and the skill of beauty, she will arm herself with her real charms, and strike you with admiration. It is certain that if you were to behold the whole woman, there is that dignity in her aspect, that composure in her motion, that complacency in her manner, that if her form makes you hope, her merit makes you fear. But then again, she is such a desperate scholar, that no country gentleman can approach her without being a jest. As I was going to tell you, when I came to her house I was admitted to her presence with great civility; at the same time she placed herself to be first seen by me in such an attitude, as I think you call the posture of a picture, that she discovered new charms, and I at last came towards her with such an awe as made me speechless. This she no sooner observed but she made her advantage of it, and began a discourse to me concerning love and honour, as they both are followed by pretenders, and the real votaries to them. When she had discussed these points in a discourse, which I verily believe was as learned as the best philosopher in Europe could possibly make, she asked me whether she was so happy as to fall in with my sentiments on these important particulars. Her confidante sat by her, and upon my being in the last confusion and silence, this malicious aid of hers turning to her says, 'I am very glad to observe Sir Roger pauses upon this subject, and seems resolved to deliver all his sentiments upon the matter when he pleases to speak.' They both kept their countenances, and after I had sat half an hour meditating how to behave before such profound casuists, I rose up and took my leave. Chance has since that time thrown me very often in her way, and she as

often has directed a discourse to me which I do not understand. This barbarity has kept me ever at a distance from the most beautiful object my eyes ever beheld. It is thus also she deals with all mankind, and you must make love to her, as you would conquer the sphinx, by posing her. But were she like other women, and that there were any talking 160 to her, how constant must the pleasure of that man be, who could converse with a creature—But, after all, you may be sure her heart is fixed on some one or other; and yet I have been credibly informed—but who can believe half that is said? After she had done speaking to me, she put her hand to her bosom and adjusted her tucker. Then she cast her eyes a little down, upon my beholding her too earnestly. They say she sings excellently: her voice in her ordinary speech has something in it inexpress- 170 sibly sweet. You must know I dined with her at a public table the day after I first saw her, and she helped me to some tansy in the eye of all the gentlemen in the country: she has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. I can assure you, sir, were you to behold her, you would be in the same condition; for as her speech is music, her form is angelic. But I find I grow irregular while I am talking of her; but indeed it would be stupidity to be unconcerned at such perfection. Oh the excellent 180 creature! she is as inimitable to all women as she is inaccessible to all men."

I found my friend begin to rave, and insensibly led him towards the house, that we might be joined by some other company; and am convinced that the Widow is the secret cause of all that inconsistency which appears in some parts of my friend's discourse; though he has so much command of himself as not directly to mention her, yet according to that [passage] of Martial, which one knows not how to 190 render in English, *Dum tacet hanc loquitur*. I shall end this paper with that whole epigram, which repre-

sents with much humour my honest friend's condition.

Quicquid agit Rufus, nihil est, nisi Nævia Rufo,
 Si gaudet, si flet, si tacet, hanc loquitur:
 Cœnat, propinat, poscit, negat, annuit, una est
 Nævia; si non sit Nævia, mutus erit.
 Scriberet hesternâ patri cûm luce salutem,
 Nævia lux, inquit, Nævia numen, ave.

200

Let Rufus weep, rejoice, stand, sit, or walk,
 Still he can nothing but of Nævia talk;
 Let him eat, drink, ask questions, or dispute,
 Still he must speak of Nævia, or be mute;
 He writ to his father, ending with this line,
 "I am, my lovely Nævia, ever thine."

Sir Richard Steele.

SIR ROGER AND HIS SERVANTS

(SPECTATOR, No. 107)

THE reception, manner of attendance, undisturbed freedom, and quiet, which I meet with here in the country, has confirmed me in the opinion I always had, that the general corruption of manners in servants is owing to the conduct of masters. The aspect of every one in the family carries so much satisfaction that it appears he knows the happy lot which has befallen him in being a member of it. There is one particular which I have seldom seen but at Sir
 10 Roger's; it is usual in all other places, that servants fly from the parts of the house through which their master is passing: on the contrary, here they industriously place themselves in his way; and it is on both sides, as it were, understood as a visit, when the servants appear without calling. This proceeds from the humane and equal temper of the man of the house, who also perfectly well knows how to enjoy a great estate with such economy as ever to be much beforehand. This makes his own mind un-

troubled, and consequently unapt to vent peevish 20
 expressions, or give passionate or inconsistent orders to those about him. Thus respect and love go together, and a certain cheerfulness in performance of their duty is the particular distinction of the lower part of his family. When a servant is called before his master, he does not come with an expectation to hear himself rated for some trivial fault, threatened to be stripped, or used with any other unbecoming language, which mean masters often give to worthy servants; but it is often to know 30
 what road he took that he came so readily back according to order; whether he passed by such a ground; if the old man who rents it is in good health; or whether he gave Sir Roger's love to him, or the like.

A man who preserves a respect founded on his benevolence to his dependents lives rather like a prince than a master in his family; his orders are received as favours, rather than duties; and the distinction of approaching him is part of the reward 40
 for executing what is commanded by him.

There is another circumstance in which my friend excels in his management, which is the manner of rewarding his servants: he has ever been of opinion that giving his cast clothes to be worn by valets has a very ill effect upon little minds, and creates a silly sense of equality between the parties, in persons affected only with outward things. I have heard him often pleasant on this occasion, and describe a young gentleman abusing his man in that coat which 50
 a month or two before was the most pleasing distinction he was conscious of in himself. He would turn his discourse still more pleasantly upon the ladies' bounties of this kind; and I have heard him say he knew a fine woman, who distributed rewards and punishments in giving becoming or unbecoming dresses to her maids.

But my good friend is above these little instances

of good-will, in bestowing only trifles on his servants; a good servant to him is sure of having it in his choice very soon of being no servant at all. As I before observed, he is so good an husband, and knows so thoroughly that the skill of the purse is the cardinal virtue of this life,—I say, he knows so well that frugality is the support of generosity, that he can often spare a large fine when a tenement falls, and give that settlement to a good servant who has a mind to go into the world, or make a stranger pay the fine to that servant, for his more comfortable
60 maintenance, if he stays in his service.

A man of honour and generosity considers it would be miserable to himself to have no will but that of another, though it were of the best person breathing, and for that reason goes on, as fast as he is able, to put his servants into independent livelihoods. The greatest part of Sir Roger's estate is tenanted by persons who have served himself or his ancestors. It was to me extremely pleasant to observe the visitants from several parts to welcome his
80 arrival into the country; and all the difference that I could take notice of between the late servants who came to see him, and those who stayed in the family, was that these latter were looked upon as finer gentlemen and better courtiers.

This manumission and placing them in a way of livelihood, I look upon as only what is due to a good servant; which encouragement will make his successor be as diligent, as humble, and as ready as he was. There is something wonderful in the narrow-
90 ness of those minds which can be pleased, and be barren of bounty to those who please them.

One might, on this occasion, recount the sense that great persons in all ages have had of the merit of their dependents, and the heroic services which men have done their masters in the extremity of their fortunes, and shown to their undone patrons that fortune was all the difference between them;

but as I design this my speculation only as a gentle admonition to thankless masters, I shall not go out of the occurrences of common life, but assert it as a 100
 general observation, that I never saw, but in Sir Roger's family, and one or two more, good servants treated as they ought to be. Sir Roger's kindness extends to their children's children, and this very morning he sent his coachman's grandson to prentice. I shall conclude this paper with an account of a picture in his gallery, where there are many which will deserve my future observation.

At the very upper end of this handsome structure I saw the portraiture of two young men standing in 110
 a river, the one naked, the other in a livery. The person supported seemed half dead, but still so much alive as to show in his face exquisite joy and love towards the other. I thought the fainting figure resembled my friend Sir Roger; and looking at the butler, who stood by me, for an account of it, he informed me that the person in the livery was a servant of Sir Roger's, who stood on the shore while his master was swimming, and observing him taken with some sudden illness, and sink under water, 120
 jumped in and saved him. He told me Sir Roger took off the dress he was in as soon as he came home, and by a great bounty at that time, followed by his favour ever since, had made him master of that pretty seat which we saw at a distance as we came to this house. I remembered, indeed, Sir Roger said there lived a very worthy gentleman, to whom he was highly obliged, without mentioning anything further. Upon my looking a little dis- 130
 satisfied at some part of the picture, my attendant informed me that it was against Sir Roger's will, and at the earnest request of the gentleman himself, that he was drawn in the habit in which he had saved his master.

Sir Richard Steele.

SIR ROGER IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

(SPECTATOR, No. 329)

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley told me t'other night that he had been reading my paper upon Westminster Abbey, in which, says he, there are a great many ingenious fancies. He told me, at the same time, that he observed I had promised another paper upon the tombs, and that he should be glad to go and see them with me, not having visited them since he had read history. I could not at first imagine how this came into the Knight's head, till I recollected that he had been very busy all last summer upon Baker's Chronicle, which he has quoted several times in his disputes with Sir Andrew Freeport since his last coming to town. Accordingly, I promised to call upon him the next morning, that we might go together to the Abbey.

I found the Knight under his butler's hands, who always shaves him. He was no sooner dressed than he called for a glass of the Widow Trueby's water, which he told me he always drank before he went abroad. He recommended to me a dram of it at the same time, with so much heartiness, that I could not forbear drinking it. As soon as I had got it down, I found it very unpalatable; upon which the Knight, observing that I had made several wry faces, told me that he knew I should not like it at first, but that it was the best thing in the world against the stone or gravel.

I could have wished, indeed, that he had acquainted me with the virtues of it sooner; but it was too late to complain, and I knew what he had done was out of good-will. Sir Roger told me, further, that he looked upon it to be very good for a man whilst he stayed in town, to keep off infection; and that he got together a quantity of it upon the first news of the sickness being at Dantzic. When of a sudden, turning short to one of his servants, who

stood behind him, he bid him call a hackney-coach, and take care it was an elderly man that drove it.

He then resumed his discourse upon Mrs. Trueby's water, telling me that the Widow Trueby was one 40 who did more good than all the doctors and apothecaries in the county; that she distilled every poppy that grew within five miles of her; that she distributed her water gratis among all sorts of people: to which the Knight added, that she had a very great jointure, and that the whole country would fain have it a match between him and her; "And truly," says Sir Roger, "if I had not been engaged, perhaps I could not have done better."

His discourse was broken off by his man's telling 50 him he had called a coach. Upon our going to it, after having cast his eye upon the wheels, he asked the coachman if his axletree was good; upon the fellow's telling him he would warrant it, the Knight turned to me, told me he looked like an honest man, and went in without further ceremony.

We had not gone far, when Sir Roger, popping out his head, called the coachman down from his box, and, upon his presenting himself at the window, asked him if he smoked: as I was considering what 60 this would end in, he bid him stop by the way at any good tobacconist's, and take in a roll of their best Virginia. Nothing material happened in the remaining part of our journey till we were set down at the west end of the Abbey.

As we went up the body of the church, the Knight pointed at the trophies upon one of the new monuments, and cried out, "A brave man, I warrant him!" Passing afterwards by Sir Cloudesley Shovel, he flung his hand that way, and cried, "Sir Cloudesley 70 Shovel! a very gallant man!" As we stood before Busby's tomb, the Knight uttered himself again after the same manner,—“Dr. Busby—a great man! he whipped my grandfather—a very great man! I

should have gone to him myself if I had not been a blockhead—a very great man!”

We were immediately conducted into the little chapel on the right hand. Sir Roger, planting himself at our historian's elbow, was very attentive to
80 everything he said, particularly to the account he gave us of the lord who had cut off the King of Morocco's head. Among several other figures, he was very well pleased to see the statesman Cecil upon his knees; and, concluding them all to be great men, was conducted to the figure which represents that martyr to good housewifery, who died by the prick of a needle. Upon our interpreter's telling us that she was a maid of honour to Queen Elizabeth, the Knight was very inquisitive into her name and
90 family; and, after having regarded her finger for some time, “I wonder,” says he, “that Sir Richard Baker has said nothing of her in his Chronicle.”

We were then conveyed to the two coronation chairs, where my old friend, after having heard that the stone underneath the most ancient of them, which was brought from Scotland, was called Jacob's Pillow, sat himself down in the chair; and, looking like the figure of an old Gothic king, asked our interpreter what authority they had to say that
100 Jacob had ever been in Scotland. The fellow, instead of returning him an answer, told him that he hoped his honour would pay his forfeit. I could observe Sir Roger a little ruffled upon being thus trepanned; but, our guide not insisting upon his demand, the Knight soon recovered his good-humour, and whispered in my ear that if Will Wimble were with us, and saw those two chairs, it would go hard but he would get a tobacco-stopper out of one or t'other of them.

110 Sir Roger, in the next place, laid his hand upon Edward the Third's sword, and, leaning upon the pommel of it, gave us the whole history of the Black Prince; concluding that, in Sir Richard

One] Sir Roger in Westminster Abbey 21

Baker's opinion, Edward the Third was one of the greatest princes that ever sat upon the English throne.

We were then shown Edward the Confessor's tomb, upon which Sir Roger acquainted us that he was the first who touched for the evil; and afterwards Henry the Fourth's, upon which he shook his head, and told us there was fine reading in the casualties in that reign. 120

Our conductor then pointed to that monument where there is the figure of one of our English kings without an head; and upon giving us to know that the head, which was of beaten silver, had been stolen away several years since, "Some Whig, I'll warrant you," says Sir Roger: "you ought to lock up your kings better; they will carry off the body too if you don't take care." 130

The glorious names of Henry the Fifth and Queen Elizabeth gave the Knight great opportunities of shining and of doing justice to Sir Richard Baker, who, as our Knight observed with some surprise, had a great many kings in him whose monuments he had not seen in the Abbey.

For my own part, I could not but be pleased to see the Knight show such an honest passion for the glory of his country, and such a respectful gratitude to the memory of its princes. 140

I must not omit that the benevolence of my good old friend, which flows out towards every one he converses with, made him very kind to our interpreter, whom he looked upon as an extraordinary man; for which reason he shook him by the hand at parting, telling him that he should be very glad to see him at his lodgings in Norfolk Buildings, and talk over these matters with him more at leisure.

Joseph Addison.

SIR ROGER IN TOWN

(SPECTATOR, No. 269)

I WAS this morning surprised with a great knocking at the door, when my landlady's daughter came up to me, and told me that there was a man below desired to speak with me. Upon my asking her who it was, she told me it was a very grave elderly person, but that she did not know his name. I immediately went down to him, and found him to be the coachman of my worthy friend Sir Roger de Coverley. He told me that his master came to town last
10 night, and would be glad to take a turn with me in Gray's-Inn Walks. As I was wondering in myself what had brought Sir Roger to town, not having lately received any letter from him, he told me that his master was come up to get a sight of Prince Eugene, and that he desired I would immediately meet him.

I was not a little pleased with the curiosity of the old Knight, though I did not much wonder at it, having heard him say more than once in private dis-
20 course, that he looked upon Prince Eugenio (for so the Knight always calls him), to be a greater man than Scanderbeg.

I was no sooner come into Gray's-Inn Walks, but I heard my friend upon the terrace hemming twice or thrice to himself with great vigour, for he loves to clear his pipes in good air (to make use of his own phrase), and is not a little pleased with any one who takes notice of the strength which he still exerts in his morning hems.

30 I was touched with a secret joy at the sight of the good old man, who before he saw me was engaged in conversation with a beggar-man that had asked an alms of him. I could hear my friend chide him for not finding out some work; but at the same time saw him put his hand in his pocket and give him sixpence.

Our salutations were very hearty on both sides, consisting of many kind shakes of the hand, and several affectionate looks which we cast upon one another. After which the Knight told me my good friend his chaplain was very well, and much at my service, and that the Sunday before he had made a most incomparable sermon out of Doctor Barrow. "I have left", says he, "all my affairs in his hands, and being willing to lay an obligation upon him, have deposited with him thirty marks, to be distributed among his poor parishioners." 40

He then proceeded to acquaint me with the welfare of Will Wimble. Upon which he put his hand into his fob and presented me in his name with a tobacco-stopper, telling me that Will had been busy all the beginning of the winter, in turning great quantities of them; and that he made a present of one to every gentleman in the county who has good principles, and smokes. He added, that poor Will was at present under great tribulation, for that Tom Touchy had taken the law of him for cutting some hazel sticks out of one of his hedges. 50

Among other pieces of news which the Knight brought from his country seat, he informed me that Moll White was dead; and that about a month after her death the wind was so very high, that it blew down the end of one of his barns. "But for my own part," says Sir Roger, "I do not think that the old woman had any hand in it." 60

He afterwards fell into an account of the diversions which had passed in his house during the holidays; for Sir Roger, after the laudable custom of his ancestors, always keeps open house at Christmas. I learned from him that he had killed eight fat hogs for the season, that he had dealt about his chines very liberally amongst his neighbours, and that in particular he had sent a string of hogs-puddings with a pack of cards to every poor family in the parish. "I have often thought," says Sir Roger, "it happens 70

very well that Christmas should fall out in the middle of the winter. It is the most dead, uncomfortable time of the year, when the poor people would suffer very much from their poverty and cold, if they had not good cheer, warm fires, and Christmas gambols to support them. I love to rejoice their poor hearts at this season, and to see the whole village merry in my great hall. I allow a double quantity of malt to my small beer, and set it a running for twelve days to every one that calls for it. I have always a piece of cold beef and a mince-pie upon the table, and am wonderfully pleased to see my tenants pass away a whole evening in playing their innocent tricks, and smutting one another. Our friend Will Wimble is as merry as any of them, and shows a thousand roguish tricks upon these occasions."

I was very much delighted with the reflection of my old friend, which carried so much goodness in it. He then launched out into the praise of the late Act of Parliament for securing the Church of England, and told me, with great satisfaction, that he believed it already began to take effect, for that a rigid Dissenter, who chanced to dine at his house on Christmas day, had been observed to eat very plentifully of his plum-porridge.

After having dispatched all our country matters, Sir Roger made several inquiries concerning the club, and particularly of his old antagonist Sir Andrew Freeport. He asked me with a kind of smile whether Sir Andrew had not taken advantage of his absence to vent among them some of his republican doctrines; but soon after, gathering up his countenance into a more than ordinary seriousness, "Tell me truly," says he, "don't you think Sir Andrew had a hand in the Pope's Procession?"—but without giving me time to answer him, "Well, well," says he, "I know you are a wary man, and do not care to talk of public matters."

The Knight then asked me if I had seen Prince Eugenio, and made me promise to get him a stand in some convenient place where he might have a full sight of that extraordinary man, whose presence does so much honour to the British nation. He dwelt very long on the praises of this great general, and I found that, since I was with him in the country, he had drawn many observations together out of his reading in Baker's Chronicle, and other authors, who always lie in his hall window, which very much redound to the honour of this prince. 120

Having passed away the greatest part of the morning in hearing the Knight's reflections, which were partly private, and partly political, he asked me if I would smoke a pipe with him over a dish of coffee at Squire's. As I love the old man, I take delight in complying with everything that is agreeable to him, and accordingly waited on him to the coffee-house, where his venerable figure drew upon us the eyes of the whole room. He had no sooner seated himself at the upper end of the high table, but he called for a clean pipe, a paper of tobacco, a dish of coffee, a wax candle, and the Supplement, with such an air of cheerfulness and good-humour, that all the boys in the coffee-room (who seemed to take pleasure in serving him) were at once employed on his several errands, insomuch that nobody else could come at a dish of tea, till the Knight had got all his conveniences about him. 130 140

Joseph Addison.

SIR ROGER AND WILL WIMBLE

(SPECTATOR, No. 108)

As I was yesterday morning walking with Sir Roger before his house, a country fellow brought him a huge fish, which, he told him, Mr. William Wimble had caught that very morning; and that he present-

ed it, with his service to him, and intended to come and dine with him. At the same time he delivered a letter, which my friend read to me as soon as the messenger left him.

“SIR ROGER,—

- 10 “I desire you to accept of a jack, which is the best I have caught this season. I intend to come and stay with you a week, and see how the perch bite in the Black River. I observed with some concern, the last time I saw you upon the bowling green, that your whip wanted a lash to it; I will bring half a dozen with me that I twisted last week, which I hope will serve you all the time you are in the country. I have not been out of the saddle for six days last past, having been at Eton with Sir
- 20 John’s eldest son. He takes to his learning hugely.

“I am, sir, your humble servant,

“WILL WIMBLE.”

- This extraordinary letter, and message that accompanied it, made me very curious to know the character and quality of the gentleman who sent them, which I found to be as follows. Will Wimble is younger brother to a baronet, and descended of the ancient family of the Wimbles. He is now between forty and fifty; but being bred to no business
- 30 and born to no estate, he generally lives with his elder brother as superintendent of his game. He hunts a pack of dogs better than any man in the country, and is very famous for finding out a hare. He is extremely well versed in all the handicrafts of an idle man: he makes a may-fly to a miracle, and furnishes the whole country with angle-rods. As he is a good-natured, officious fellow, and very much esteemed upon account of his family, he is a welcome guest at every house, and keeps up a good
- 40 correspondence among all the gentlemen about him. He carries a tulip-root in his pocket from one to another, or exchanges a puppy between a couple of

friends that live perhaps in the opposite sides of the county. Will is a particular favourite of all the young heirs, whom he frequently obliges with a net that he has weaved, or a setting-dog that he has *made* himself. He now and then presents a pair of garters of his own knitting to their mothers or sisters; and raises a great deal of mirth among them, by inquiring as often as he meets them how they 50 wear. These gentleman-like manufactures and obliging little humours make Will the darling of the country.

Sir Roger was proceeding in the character of him, when we saw him make up to us with two or three hazel-twigs in his hand, that he had cut in Sir Roger's woods, as he came through them in his way to the house. I was very much pleased to observe on one side the hearty and sincere welcome with which Sir Roger received him, and, on the other, 60 the secret joy which his guest discovered at sight of the good old Knight. After the first salutes were over, Will desired Sir Roger to lend him one of his servants to carry a set of shuttlecocks he had with him in a little box, to a lady that lived about a mile off, to whom it seems he had promised such a present for above this half year. Sir Roger's back was no sooner turned but honest Will began to tell me of a large cock-pheasant that he had sprung in one of the neighbouring woods, with two or three other 70 adventures of the same nature. Odd and uncommon characters are the game that I look for and most delight in; for which reason I was as much pleased with the novelty of the person that talked to me, as he could be for his life with the springing of a pheasant, and therefore listened to him with more than ordinary attention.

In the midst of his discourse the bell rung to dinner, where the gentleman I have been speaking of had the pleasure of seeing the huge jack he had 80 caught served up for the first dish in a most sump-

tuous manner. Upon our sitting down to it he gave us a long account how he had hooked it, played with it, foiled it, and at length drew it out upon the bank, with several other particulars that lasted all the first course. A dish of wild-fowl that came afterwards furnished conversation for the rest of the dinner, which concluded with a late invention of Will's for improving the quail-pipe.

90 Upon withdrawing into my room after dinner, I was secretly touched with compassion towards the honest gentleman that had dined with us, and could not but consider, with a great deal of concern, how so good an heart and such busy hands were wholly employed in trifles; that so much humanity should be so little beneficial to others, and so much industry so little advantageous to himself. The same temper of mind and application to affairs might have recom-
100 mended him to the public esteem, and have raised his fortune in another station of life. What good to his country or himself might not a trader or merchant have done with such useful though ordinary qualifications?

Will Wimble's is the case of many a younger brother of a great family, who had rather see their children starve like gentlemen than thrive in a trade or profession that is beneath their quality. This humour fills several parts of Europe with pride and beggary. It is the happiness of a trading nation,
110 like ours, that the younger sons, though incapable of any liberal art or profession, may be placed in such a way of life as may perhaps enable them to vie with the best of their family. Accordingly, we find several citizens that were launched into the world with narrow fortunes, rising by an honest industry to greater estates than those of their elder brothers. It is not improbable but Will was formerly tried at divinity, law, or physic; and that finding his genius did not lie that way, his parents gave him
120 up at length to his own inventions. But certainly,

however improper he might have been for studies of a higher nature, he was perfectly well turned for the occupations of trade and commerce.

Joseph Addison.

SIR ROGER AT CHURCH

(SPECTATOR, No. 112)

I AM always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon 10 indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the churchyard, as a citizen does upon the 'Change, the whole parish 20 politics being generally discussed in that place, either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger, being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing; he has likewise given a handsome pulpit cloth, and railed in the communion-table at his own expense. He has often told me that, at his coming to his estate, he found his parishioners very irregular; and that in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one 30

of them a hassock and a Common Prayer Book: and at the same time employed an itinerant singing-master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the Psalms; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will
40 suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and, if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servant to them. Several other of the old Knight's particularities break out upon these occasions: sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing Psalms half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes, when he is
50 pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces "Amen" three or four times to the same prayer; and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews it seems is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and
60 at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the Knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see anything ridiculous in his behaviour; besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character make his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody pre-⁷⁰sumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The Knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side, and every now and then inquires how such an one's wife, or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church,—which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The chaplain has often told me, that upon a cate-⁸⁰chising-day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next day for his encouragement, and sometimes accompanies it with a flitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place; and that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church service, has promised, upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

The fair understanding between Sir Roger and⁹⁰ his chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable, because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that rise between the parson and the squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The parson is always preaching at the squire, and the squire, to be revenged on the parson, never comes to church. The squire has made all his tenants atheists and tithe-stealers; while the parson instructs them every Sun-¹⁰⁰day in the dignity of his order, and insinuates to them in almost every sermon that he is a better man than his patron. In short, matters are come to such an extremity, that the squire has not said his prayers either in public or private this half year; and that the parson threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

Feuds of this nature, though too frequent in the

country, are very fatal to the ordinary people; who
110 are so used to be dazzled with riches, that they pay
as much deference to the understanding of a man of
an estate as of a man of learning; and are very
hardly brought to regard any truth, how important
soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they
know there are several men of five hundred a year
who do not believe it.

Joseph Addison.

SIR ROGER AT HOME

(SPECTATOR, No. 106)

HAVING often received an invitation from my friend
Sir Roger de Coverley to pass away a month with
him in the country, I last week accompanied him
thither, and am settled with him for some time at
his country-house, where I intend to form several
of my ensuing speculations. Sir Roger, who is very
well acquainted with my humour, lets me rise and
go to bed when I please, dine at his own table or in
my chamber as I think fit, sit still and say nothing
10 without bidding me be merry. When the gentlemen
of the country come to see him, he only shows me
at a distance: as I have been walking in his fields I
have observed them stealing a sight of me over an
hedge, and have heard the Knight desiring them
not to let me see them, for that I hated to be stared
at.

I am the more at ease in Sir Roger's family, be-
cause it consists of sober and staid persons; for, as
the Knight is the best master in the world, he seldom
20 changes his servants; and as he is beloved by all
about him, his servants never care for leaving him;
by this means his domestics are all in years, and
grown old with their master. You would take his
valet de chambre for his brother, his butler is gray-
headed, his groom is one of the gravest men that I

have ever seen, and his coachman has the looks of a privy counsellor. You see the goodness of the master even in the old house-dog, and in a gray pad that is kept in the stable with great care and tenderness, out of regard to his past services, though he has 30 been useless for several years.

I could not but observe with a great deal of pleasure, the joy that appeared in the countenances of these ancient domestics upon my friend's arrival at his country-seat. Some of them could not refrain from tears at the sight of their old master; every one of them pressed forward to do something for him, and seemed discouraged if they were not employed. At the same time the good old Knight, 40 with the mixture of the father and the master of the family, tempered the inquiries after his own affairs with several kind questions relating to themselves. This humanity and good-nature engages everybody to him, so that when he is pleasant upon any of them, all his family are in good humour, and none so much as the person whom he diverts himself with: on the contrary, if he coughs, or betrays any infirmity of old age, it is easy for a stander-by to observe a secret concern in the looks of all his servants. 50

My worthy friend has put me under the particular care of his butler, who is a very prudent man, and, as well as the rest of his fellow-servants, wonderfully desirous of pleasing me, because they have often heard their master talk of me as his particular friend.

My chief companion, when Sir Roger is diverting himself in the woods or the fields, is a very venerable man who is ever with Sir Roger, and has lived at his house in the nature of a chaplain above 60 thirty years. This gentleman is a person of good sense and some learning, of a very regular life and obliging conversation: he heartily loves Sir Roger, and knows that he is very much in the old Knight's

esteem, so that he lives in the family rather as a relation than a dependent.

I have observed in several of my papers that my friend Sir Roger, amidst all his good qualities, is something of an humorist; and that his virtues as
70 well as imperfections are, as it were, tinged by a certain extravagance, which makes them particularly *his*, and distinguishes them from those of other men. This cast of mind, as it is generally very innocent in itself, so it renders his conversation highly agreeable, and more delightful than the same degree of sense and virtue would appear in their common and ordinary colours. As I was walking with him last night, he asked me how I liked the good man whom I have just now mentioned, and without staying for my
80 answer told me that he was afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own table, for which reason he desired a particular friend of his at the University to find him out a clergyman rather of plain sense than much learning, of a good aspect, a clear voice, a sociable temper, and, if possible, a man that understood a little of backgammon. My friend, says Sir Roger, found me out this gentleman, who, besides the endowments required of him, is, they tell me, a good scholar, though he does not show it:
90 I have given him the parsonage of the parish; and, because I know his value, have settled upon him a good annuity for life. If he outlives me, he shall find that he was higher in my esteem than perhaps he thinks he is. He has now been with me thirty years, and, though he does not know I have taken notice of it, has never in all that time asked anything of me for himself, though he is every day soliciting me for something in behalf of one or other of my tenants, his parishioners. There has not been a law-
100 suit in the parish since he has lived among them; if any dispute arises they apply themselves to him for the decision; if they do not acquiesce in his judgment, which I think never happened above once

or twice at most, they appeal to me. At his first settling with me I made him a present of all the good sermons which have been printed in English, and only begged of him that every Sunday he would pronounce one of them in the pulpit. Accordingly he has digested them into such a series, that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued system of practical divinity. 110

As Sir Roger was going on in his story, the gentleman we were talking of came up to us; and upon the Knight's asking him who preached to-morrow (for it was Saturday night) told us the Bishop of St. Asaph in the morning, and Dr. South in the afternoon. He then showed us his list of preachers for the whole year, where I saw with a great deal of pleasure Archbishop Tillotson, Bishop Saunderson, Dr. Barrow, Dr. Calamy, with several living authors who have published discourses of practical divinity. 120 I no sooner saw this venerable man in the pulpit, but I very much approved of my friend's insisting upon the qualifications of a good aspect and a clear voice; for I was so charmed with the gracefulness of his figure and delivery, as well as with the discourses he pronounced, that I think I never passed any time more to my satisfaction. A sermon repeated after this manner is like the composition of a poet in the mouth of a graceful actor. 130

I could heartily wish that more of our country clergy would follow this example; and, instead of wasting their spirits in laborious compositions of their own, would endeavour after a handsome elocution, and all those other talents that are proper to enforce what has been penned by greater masters. This would not only be more easy to themselves, but more edifying to the people.

Joseph Addison.

DEATH OF SIR ROGER

(SPECTATOR, No. 517)

WE last night received a piece of ill news at our Club, which very sensibly afflicted every one of us. I question not but my readers themselves will be troubled at the hearing of it. To keep them no longer in suspense, Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY *is dead*. He departed this life at his house in the country, after a few weeks' sickness. Sir ANDREW FREEPORT has a letter from one of his correspondents in those parts, that informs him the old man caught a
10 cold at the County-Sessions, as he was very warmly promoting an address of his own penning, in which he succeeded according to his wishes. But this particular comes from a Whig-Justice of Peace, who was always Sir Roger's enemy and antagonist. I have letters both from the chaplain and Captain Sentry which mention nothing of it, but are filled with many particulars to the honour of the good old man. I have likewise a letter from the butler,
20 who took so much care of me last summer when I was at the Knight's house. As my friend the butler mentions, in the simplicity of his heart, several circumstances the others have passed over in silence, I shall give my reader a copy of his letter, without any alteration or diminution.

"Honoured Sir,

"Knowing that you was my old Master's good Friend, I could not forbear sending you the melancholy News of his Death, which has afflicted the whole Country, as well as his poor Servants, who
30 loved him, I may say, better than we did our Lives. I am afraid he caught his Death the last County Sessions, where he would go to see Justice done to a poor Widow Woman. and her Fatherless Children, that had been wronged by a neighbouring Gentleman; for you know, Sir, my good Master was

always the poor Man's Friend. Upon his coming home, the first Complaint he made was, that he had lost his Roast-Beef Stomach, not being able to touch a Sirloin, which was served up according to Custom; and you know he used to take great Delight in it. 40 From that time forward he grew worse and worse, but still kept a good Heart to the last. Indeed we were once in great Hopes of his Recovery, upon a kind Message that was sent him from the Widow Lady whom he had made love to the Forty last Years of his Life; but this only proved a Light'n-ing before Death. He has bequeathed to this Lady, as a token of his Love, a great Pearl Necklace, and a Couple of Silver Bracelets set with Jewels, which belonged to my good old Lady his Mother: He has 50 bequeathed the fine white Gelding, that he used to ride a hunting upon, to his Chaplain, because he thought he would be kind to him, and has left you all his Books. He has, moreover, bequeathed to the Chaplain a very pretty Tenement with good Lands about it. It being a very cold Day when he made his Will, he left for Mourning, to every Man in the Parish, a great Frize-Coat, and to every Woman a black Riding-hood. It was a most moving Sight to see him take leave of his poor Servants, com- 60 mending us all for our Fidelity, whilst we were not able to speak a Word for weeping. As we most of us are grown Gray-headed in our Dear Master's Service, he has left us Pensions and Legacies, which we may live very comfortably upon, the remaining part of our Days. He has bequeath'd a great deal more in Charity, which is not yet come to my Knowledge, and it is peremptorily said in the Parish, that he has left Mony to build a Steeple to the Church; for he was heard to say some time ago, 70 that if he lived two Years longer, Coverly Church should have a steeple to it. The Chaplain tells every body that he made a very good End, and never speaks of him without Tears. He was buried,

according to his own Directions, among the Family of the Coverly's, on the Left Hand of his father Sir *Arthur*. The Coffin was carried by Six of his Tenants, and the Pall held up by Six of the *Quorum*: The whole Parish follow'd the Corps with heavy
 80 Hearts, and in their Mourning Suits, the Men in Frize, and the Women in Riding-Hoods. Captain SENTRY, my Master's Nephew, has taken Possession of the Hall-House, and the whole Estate. When my old Master saw him a little before his Death, he shook him by the Hand, and wished him Joy of the Estate which was falling to him, desiring him only to make good Use of it, and to pay the several Legacies, and the Gifts of Charity which he told him he had left as Quitrents upon the Estate. The
 90 Captain truly seems a courteous Man, though he says but little. He makes much of those whom my Master loved, and shows great Kindness to the old House-dog, that you know my poor Master was so fond of. It would have gone to your Heart to have heard the Moans the dumb Creature made on the Day of my Master's Death. He has ne'er joyed himself since; no more has any of us. 'Twas the melancholiest Day for the poor People that ever happened in Worcestershire. This being all from,

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"Honoured Sir,

"Your most Sorrowful Servant,

"Edward Biscuit.

"P. S. My Master desired, some Weeks before he died, that a Book which comes up to you by the Carrier should be given to Sir Andrew Freeport, in his Name."

This letter, notwithstanding the poor butler's manner of writing it, gave us such an idea of our good old friend, that upon the reading of it there was not
 110 a dry eye in the Club. Sir Andrew opening the book, found it to be a collection of Acts of Parlia-

ment. There was in particular the Act of Uniformity, with some passages in it marked by Sir Roger's own hand. Sir Andrew found that they related to two or three points, which he had disputed with Sir Roger the last time he appeared at the Club. Sir Andrew, who would have been merry at such an incident on another occasion, at the sight of the old man's hand-writing burst into tears, and put the book into his pocket. Captain Sentry informs me, 120
that the Knight has left rings and mourning for every one in the Club.

Joseph Addison.

VISIT TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY (CITIZEN OF THE WORLD, LETTER XIII)

I AM just returned from Westminster Abbey, the place of sepulture for the philosophers, heroes, and kings of England. What a gloom do monumental inscriptions and all the venerable remains of deceased merit inspire! Imagine a temple marked with the hand of antiquity, solemn as religious awe, adorned with all the magnificence of barbarous profusion, dim windows, fretted pillars, long colonnades, and dark ceilings. Think, then, what were my sensations at being introduced to such a scene. 10
I stood in the midst of the temple, and threw my eyes round on the walls, filled with the statues, the inscriptions, and the monuments of the dead.

Alas, I said to myself, how does pride attend the puny child of dust even to the grave! Even humble as I am, I possess more consequence in the present scene than the greatest hero of them all: they have toiled for an hour to gain a transient immortality, and are at length retired to the grave, where they have no attendant but the worm, none to flatter but 20
the epitaph.

As I was indulging such reflections, a gentleman

dressed in black, perceiving me to be a stranger, came up, entered into conversation, and politely offered to be my instructor and guide through the temple. "If any monument," said he, "should particularly excite your curiosity, I shall endeavour to satisfy your demands." I accepted, with thanks, the gentleman's offer, adding, that "I was come to observe the policy, the wisdom, and the justice of the English, in conferring rewards upon deceased merit. If adulation like this" continued I, "be properly conducted, as it can no ways injure those who are flattered, so it may be a glorious incentive to those who are now capable of enjoying it. It is the duty of every good government to turn this monumental pride to its own advantage; to become strong in the aggregate from the weakness of the individual. If none but the truly great have a place in this awful repository, a temple like this will give the finest lessons of morality, and be a strong incentive to true ambition. I am told, that none have a place here but characters of the most distinguished merit." The Man in Black seemed impatient at my observations, so I discontinued my remarks, and we walked on together to take a view of every particular monument in order as it lay.

As the eye is naturally caught by the finest objects, I could not avoid being particularly curious about one monument, which appeared more beautiful than the rest. "That," said I to my guide, "I take to be the tomb of some very great man. By the peculiar excellence of the workmanship, and the magnificence of the design, this must be a trophy raised to the memory of some king who has saved his country from ruin, or lawgiver who has reduced his fellow-citizens from anarchy into just subjection."—"It is not requisite," replied my companion, smiling, "to have such qualifications in order to have a very fine monument here: more humble abilities will suffice."—"What! I suppose, then, the gaining

two or three battles, or the taking half a score of towns, is thought a sufficient qualification?"—"Gaining battles, or taking towns," replied the Man in Black, "may be of service; but a gentleman may have a very fine monument here without ever seeing a battle or a siege."—"This, then, is the monument of some poet, I presume—of one whose wit has gained him immortality?"—"No, sir," replied my guide, "the gentleman who lies here never made 70 verses; and as for wit, he despised it in others, because he had none himself."—"Pray tell me, then, in a word," said I, peevishly, "what is the great man who lies here particularly remarkable for?"—"Remarkable, sir!" said my companion; "why, sir, the gentleman that lies here is remarkable, very remarkable—for a tomb in Westminster Abbey."—"But, head of my ancestors! how has he got here? I fancy he could never bribe the guardians of the temple to give him a place. Should he not be 80 ashamed to be seen among company where even moderate merit would look like infamy?"—"I suppose," replied the Man in Black, "the gentleman was rich, and his friends, as is usual in such a case, told him he was great. He readily believed them; the guardians of the temple, as they got by the self-delusion, were ready to believe him too; so he paid his money for a fine monument; and the workman, as you see, has made him one of the most beautiful. Think not, however, that this gentleman is singular 90 in his desire of being buried among the great; there are several others in the temple, who, hated and shunned by the great while alive, have come here fully resolved to keep them company now they are dead."

As we walked along to a particular part of the temple, "There," says the gentleman, pointing with his finger, "that is the Poet's Corner; there you see the monuments of Shakespeare, and Milton, and Prior, and Drayton."—"Drayton!" I replied; "I 100

never heard of him before; but I have been told of one Pope—is he there?”—“It is time enough,” replied my guide, “these hundred years; he is not long dead; people have not done hating him yet.”—“Strange,” cried I; “can any be found to hate a man whose life was wholly spent in entertaining and instructing his fellow-creatures?”—“Yes,” says my guide, “they hate him for that very reason. There are a set of men called answerers of books, who
110 take upon them to watch the republic of letters, and distribute reputation by the sheet. These answerers have no other employment but to cry out Duncce and Scribbler; to praise the dead and revile the living; to grant a man of confessed abilities some small share of merit; to applaud twenty blockheads in order to gain the reputation of candour; and to revile the moral character of the man whose writings they cannot injure. Such wretches are kept in pay by some mercenary bookseller, or more frequently
120 the bookseller himself takes this dirty work off their hands, as all that is required is to be very abusive and very dull. Every poet of any genius is sure to find such enemies; he feels, though he seems to despise, their malice; they make him miserable here, and in the pursuit of empty fame, at last he gains solid anxiety.”

“Has this been the case with every poet I see here?” cried I.—“Yes, with every mother’s son of them,” replied he, “except he happened to be born a
130 mandarine. If he has much money, he may buy reputation from your book-answerers, as well as a monument from the guardians of the temple.”

“But are there not some men of distinguished taste, as in China, who are willing to patronize men of merit, and soften the rancour of malevolent dullness.”

“I own there are many,” replied the Man in Black; “but, alas! sir, the book-answerers crowd about them, and calls themselves the writers of books; and

the patron is too indolent to distinguish: thus poets 140
are kept at a distance, while their enemies eat up all
their rewards at the mandarine's table."

Leaving this part of the temple, we made up to
an iron gate, through which my companion told me
we were to pass, in order to see the monuments of
the kings. Accordingly, I marched up without fur-
ther ceremony, and was going to enter, when a per-
son who held the gate in his hand told me I must
pay first. I was surprised at such a demand; and
asked the man, whether the people of England kept 150
a show?—whether the paltry sum he demanded was
not a national reproach?—whether it was not more
to the honour of the country to let their magnificence
or their antiquities be openly seen, than thus meanly
to tax a curiosity which tended to their own honour?
—"As for your questions," replied the gate-keeper,
"to be sure they may be very right, because I don't
understand them; but, as for that there threepence,
I farm it from one—who rents it from another—
who hires it from a third—who leases it from the 160
guardians of the temple: and we all must live." I
expected, upon paying here, to see something extra-
ordinary, since what I had seen for nothing filled
me with such surprise; but in this I was disap-
pointed; there was little more within than black cof-
fins, rusty armour, tattered standards, and some few
slovenly figures in wax. I was sorry I had paid,
but I comforted myself by considering it would be
my last payment. A person attended us who with-
out once blushing told an hundred lies: he talked of 170
a lady who died by pricking her finger, of a king
with a golden head, and twenty such pieces of ab-
surdity. "Look ye there, gentlemen," says he, point-
ing to an old oak chair, "there's a curiosity for ye;
in that chair the kings of England were crowned:
you see also a stone underneath, and that stone is
Jacob's pillow." I could see no curiosity either in
the oak chair or the stone: could I, indeed, behold

one of the old kings of England seated in this, or
180 Jacob's head laid upon the other, there might be
something curious in the sight; but in the present
case, there was no more reason for my surprise,
than if I should pick a stone from their streets, and
call it a curiosity, merely because one of the kings
happened to tread upon it as he passed in a proces-
sion.

From hence our conductor led us through several
dark walks and winding ways, uttering lies, talking
to himself, and flourishing a wand which he held in
190 his hand. He reminded me of the black magicians
of Kobi. After we had been almost fatigued with
a variety of objects, he at last desired me to con-
sider attentively a certain suit of armour, which
seemed to show nothing remarkable. "This ar-
mour," said he, "belonged to General Monk." —
"Very surprising that a general should wear ar-
mour!"—"And pray," added he, "observe this cap;
this is General Monk's cap."—"Very strange indeed,
very strange, that a general should have a cap also!
200 Pray, friend, what might this cap have cost origi-
nally?"—"That, sir," says he, "I don't know; but
this cap is all the wages I have for my trouble."—
"A very small recompense, truly," said I.—"Not so
very small," replied he, "for every gentleman puts
some money into it, and I spend the money." —
"What, more money! still more money!"—"Every
gentleman gives something, sir."—"I'll give thee
nothing," returned I; "the guardians of the temple
should pay you your wages, friend, and not permit
210 you to squeeze thus from every spectator. When
we pay our money at the door to see a show, we
never give more as we are going out. Sure, the
guardians of the temple can never think they get
enough. Show me the gate; if I stay longer, I may
probably meet with more of those ecclesiastical beg-
gars."

Thus leaving the temple precipitately, I returned

to my lodgings, in order to ruminate over what was great, and to despise what was mean, in the occurrences of the day.

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Oliver Goldsmith.

DREAM CHILDREN

(ESSAYS OF ELIA)

CHILDREN love to listen to stories about their elders, when *they* were children; to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditionary great-uncle, or grandame, whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field, who lived in a great house in Norfolk (a hundred times bigger than that in which they and papa lived) which had been the scene—so at least it was generally believed in that part of the country—of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of the Children in the Wood. Certain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in wood upon the chimney-piece of the great hall, the whole story down to the Robin Red-breasts; till a foolish rich person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it. Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called up-
braiding. Then I went on to say, how religious and how good their great-grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by everybody, though she was not indeed the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it (and yet in some respects she might be said to be the mistress of it too) committed to her by the owner, who preferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining county; but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been

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her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived, which afterwards came to decay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were set up, and looked as awkward as if some one were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the Abbey, and stick them up in Lady C.'s tawdry gilt drawing-room. Here John smiled, as much as to say, "that
40 would be foolish indeed." And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry too, of the neighbourhood for many miles round, to show their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good and religious woman; so good indeed that she knew all the Psalter by heart, ay, and a great part of the Testament besides. Here little Alice spread her hands. Then I told what a tall, upright, graceful person their great-grand-
50 mother Field once was; and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer—here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till, upon my looking grave, it desisted—the best dancer, I was saying, in the county, till a cruel disease, called a cancer, came, and bowed her down with pain; but it could never bend her good spirits, or make them stoop, but they were still upright, because she was so good and religious. Then I told how she was used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the
60 great lone house; and how she believed that an apparition of two infants was to be seen at midnight gliding up and down the great staircase near where she slept, but she said "those innocents would do her no harm;" and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she—and yet I never saw the infants. Here John expanded all his eyebrows and tried to look courageous. Then I told how good she was to all her

grandchildren, having us to the great house in the 70
holy-days, where I in particular used to spend many
hours by myself, in gazing upon the old busts of the
Twelve Cæsars, that had been Emperors of Rome,
till the old marble heads would seem to live again,
or I to be turned into marble with them; how I
never could be tired with roaming about that huge
mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their
worn-out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved
oaken panels, with the gilding almost rubbed out—
sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens, 80
which I had almost to myself, unless when now and
then a solitary gardening man would cross me—
and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the
walls, without my ever offering to pluck them, be-
cause they were forbidden fruit, unless now and
then,—and because I had more pleasure in strolling
about among the old melancholy-looking yew-trees,
or the firs, and picking up the red berries, and the
fir-apples, which were good for nothing but to look
at—or in lying about upon the fresh grass, with all 90
the fine garden smells around me—or basking in the
orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening
too along with the oranges and the limes in that
grateful warmth—or in watching the dace that dart-
ed to and fro in the fishpond, at the bottom of the
garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hang-
ing midway down the water in silent state, as if it
mocked at their impertinent friskings,—I had more
pleasure in these busy-idle diversions than in all the
sweet flavours of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and 100
such-like common baits of children. Here John
slyly deposited back upon the plate a bunch of
grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice, he had
meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing
to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant.
Then, in somewhat a more heightened tone, I told
how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all
her grandchildren, yet in an especial manner she

might be said to love their uncle, John L——, because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us; and, instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it carry him half over the county in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out—and yet he loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries—and how their uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of everybody, but of their great-grand-mother Field most especially; and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy—for he was a good bit older than me—many a mile when I could not walk for pain;—and how in after life he became lame-footed too, and I did not always (I fear) make allowances enough for him when he was impatient and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed; and how when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and death; and how I bore his death as I thought pretty well at first, but afterwards it haunted and haunted me; and though I did not cry or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness, and I missed his cross-ness, and wished him to be alive again, to be quarrelling with him (for we quarrelled sometimes), rather than not have him again, and was as uneasy without him, as he, their poor uncle, must have been when the doctor took off his limb. Here the children fell a crying, and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for uncle John, and they looked up, and prayed me not to go on about their

uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother. Then I told how for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet per-¹⁵⁰sisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W—n; and, as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and denial, meant in maidens—when suddenly turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of re-presentment, that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was; and while I stood gaz-¹⁶⁰ing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding, till nothing at last but two mournful fatures were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech: “We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice called Bartrum father. We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence, and a name”—and immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my ¹⁷⁰bachelor arm-chair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side—but John L — (or James Elia) was gone for ever.

Charles Lamb.

ROAST PIG

(ESSAYS OF ELIA)

MANKIND, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Con-
fucius in the second chapter of his Mundane Mu-

tations, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Chofang, literally the Cooks' Holiday. The manuscript goes on to say, that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother) was accidentally discovered in the manner following. The swine-herd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as youngers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian make-shift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East, from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labour of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odour assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from?—not from the burnt cottage—he had smelt that smell before—indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his

fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—*crackling!* Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hail-stones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure, which he experienced in his lower regions, had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued.

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you! but you must be eating fire, and I know not what—what have you got there, I say?"

"O father, the pig, the pig! do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats."

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and

fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste—O Lord!"—with such-like barbarous ejaculations, 90 cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavour, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a 100 little tedious) both father and son fairly set down to the mess, and never left off till they had despatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbours would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than 110 ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Peking, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the ob- 120 noxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it;

and burning their fingers as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given,—to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present— 130
without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and when the court was dismissed, went privily and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his Lordship's town-house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. 140
Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance-offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it) without the neces- 150
sity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string, or spit, came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious, arts make their way among mankind.—

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting 160
houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favour of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in ROAST PIG.

Of all the delicacies in the whole *mundus edibilis*, I will maintain it to be the most delicate—*princeps obsoniorum*.

I speak not of your grown porkers—things between pig and pork—those hobbledehoys—but a young and tender suckling—under a moon old—
170 guiltless as yet of the sty—with no original speck of the *amor immunditiæ*, the hereditary failing of the first parent, yet manifest—his voice as yet not broken, but something between a childish treble and a grumble—the mild forerunner, or *prælude*, of a grunt.

He must be roasted. I am not ignorant that our ancestors ate them seethed, or boiled—but what a sacrifice of the exterior tegument!

There is no flavour comparable, I will contend, to
180 that of the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not over-roasted, *crackling*, as it is well called—the very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet in overcoming the coy, brittle resistance—with the adhesive oleaginous—O call it not fat! but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it—the tender blossoming of fat—fat cropped in the bud—taken in the shoot—in the first innocence—the cream and quintessence of the child-pig's yet pure food—the lean, no lean, but a kind of animal
190 manna—or, rather, fat and lean (if it must be so) so blended and running into each other, that both together make but one ambrosian result or common substance.

Behold him while he is “doing”—it seemeth rather a refreshing warmth, than a scorching heat, that he is so passive to. How equably he twirleth round the string!—Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age! he hath wept out his pretty eyes—radiant jellies—shoot-
200 ing stars—

See him in the dish, his second cradle, how meek he lieth!—wouldst thou have had this innocent grow

up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany maturer swinehood? Ten to one he would have proved a glutton, a sloven, an obstinate, disagreeable animal—wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation—from these sins he is happily snatched away—

Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
Death came with timely care—

210

his memory is odoriferous—no clown curseth, while his stomach half rejecteth, the rank bacon—no coal-heaver bolteth him in reeking sausages—he hath a fair sepulchre in the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure—and for such a tomb might be content to die.

He is the best of saporers. Pine-apple is great. She is indeed almost too transcendent—a delight, if not sinful, yet so like to sinning, that really a tender-conscienced person would do well to pause—too ravishing for mortal taste, she woundeth and ex-
coriateth the lips that approach her—like lovers' kisses, she biteth—she is a pleasure bordering on pain from the fierceness and insanity of her relish—but she stoppeth at the palate—she meddleth not with the appetite—and the coarsest hunger might barter her consistently for a mutton-chop. 220

Pig—let me speak his praise—is no less provocative of the appetite than he is satisfactory to the criticalness of the censorious palate. The strong
man may batten on him, and the weakling refuseth not his mild juices. 230

Unlike to mankind's mixed characters, a bundle of virtues and vices, inexplicably intertwined, and not to be unravelled without hazard, he is—good throughout. No part of him is better or worse than another. He helpeth, as far as his little means extend, all around. He is the least envious of banquets. He is all neighbours' fare.

I am one of those who freely and ungrudgingly
impart a share of the good things of this life which 240

fall to their lot (few as mine are in this kind) to a friend. I protest I take as great an interest in my friend's pleasures, his relishes, and proper satisfactions, as in mine own. "Presents," I often say, "endear Absents." Hares, pheasants, partridges, snipes, barn-door chickens (those "tame villatic fowl"), capons, plovers, brawn, barrels of oysters, I dispense as freely as I receive them. I love to
250 taste them, as it were, upon the tongue of my friend. But a stop must be put somewhere. One would not, like Lear, "give everything." I make my stand upon pig. Methinks it is an ingratitude to the Giver of all good flavours to extra-domiciliate, or send out of the house, slightly, (under pretext of friendship, or I know not what) a blessing so particularly adapted, predestined, I may say, to my individual palate.—It argues an insensibility.

I remember a touch of conscience in this kind
260 at school. My good old aunt, who never parted from me at the end of a holiday without stuffing a sweetmeat, or some nice thing, into my pocket, had dismissed me one evening with a smoking plumcake, fresh from the oven. In my way to school (it was over London Bridge) a grey-headed old beggar saluted me (I have no doubt, at this time of day, that he was a counterfeit). I had no pence to console him with, and in the vanity of self-denial, and the very coxcombry of charity, school-boy like,
270 I made him a present of—the whole cake! I walked on a little, buoyed up, as one is on such occasions, with a sweet soothing of self-satisfaction; but, before I had got to the end of the bridge, my better feelings returned, and I burst into tears, thinking how ungrateful I had been to my good aunt, to go and give her good gift away to a stranger that I had never seen before, and who might be a bad man for aught I knew; and then I thought of the pleasure my aunt would be taking in thinking that
280 I—I myself, and not another—would eat her nice

cake—and what should I say to her the next time I saw her—how naughty I was to part with her pretty present—and the odour of that spicy cake came back upon my recollection, and the pleasure and the curiosity I had taken in seeing her make it, and her joy when she sent it to the oven, and how disappointed she would feel that I had never had a bit of it in my mouth at last—and I blamed my impertinent spirit of alms-giving, and out-of-place hypocrisy of goodness; and above all I wished never to see the face again of that insidious, good-for-nothing, old grey impostor. 290

Our ancestors were nice in their methods of sacrificing these tender victims. We read of pigs whipt to death with something of a shock, as we hear of any other obsolete custom. The age of discipline is gone by, or it would be curious to inquire (in a philosophical light merely) what effect this process might have towards intenerating and dulcifying a substance, naturally so mild and dulcet as the flesh of young pigs. It looks like refining a violet. Yet we should be cautious, while we condemn the inhumanity, how we censure the wisdom of the practice. It might impart a gusto— 300

I remember an hypothesis, argued upon by the young students, when I was at St. Omer's, and maintained with much learning and pleasantry on both sides, "Whether, supposing that the flavour of a pig who obtained his death by whipping (*per flagellationem extremam*) superadded a pleasure upon the palate of a man more intense than any possible suffering we can conceive in the animal, is man justified in using that method of putting the animal to death?" I forget the decision. 310

His sauce should be considered. Decidedly, a few breadcrumbs, done up with his liver and brains, and a dash of mild sage. But banish, dear Mrs. Cook, I beseech you, the whole onion tribe. Barbecue your whole hogs to your palate, steep them in

320 shalots, stuff them out with plantations of the rank and guilty garlic; you cannot poison them, or make them stronger than they are—but consider, he is a weakling—a flower.

Charles Lamb.

A PLEA FOR GAS LAMPS

(VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE)

CITIES given, the problem was to light them. How to conduct individual citizens about the burgess-warren, when once heaven had withdrawn its leading luminary? or—since we live in a scientific age—when once our spinning planet has turned its back upon the sun? The moon, from time to time, was doubtless very helpful; the stars had a cheery look among the chimney-pots; and a cresset here and there, on church or citadel, produced a fine pictorial
10 effect, and, in places where the ground lay unevenly, held out the right hand of conduct to the benighted. But sun, moon, and stars abstracted or concealed, the night-faring inhabitant had to fall back — we speak on the authority of old prints — upon stable
lanthorns two storeys in height. Many holes, drilled in the conical turret-roof of this vagabond
Pharos, let up spouts of dazzlement into the bearer's eyes; and as he paced forth in the ghostly darkness,
carrying his own sun by a ring about his finger,
20 day and night swung to and fro and up and down about his footsteps. Blackness haunted his path; he was beleaguered by goblins as he went; and, curfew being struck, he found no light but that he travelled in throughout the township.

Closely following on this epoch of migratory
lanthorns in a world of extinction, came the era of
oil-lights, hard to kindle, easy to extinguish, pale
and wavering in the hour of their endurance. Rude-
ly puffed the winds of heaven; roguishly clomb up
30 the all-destructive urchin; and, lo! in a moment

night re-established her void empire, and the cit groped along the wall, suppered but bedless, occult from guidance, and sorrily wading in the kennels. As if gamesome winds and gamesome youths were not sufficient, it was the habit to sling these feeble luminaries from house to house above the fairway. There, on invisible cordage, let them swing! And suppose some crane-necked general to go speeding by on a tall charger, spurring the destiny of nations, red-hot in expedition, there would indubitably be 40 some effusion of military blood, and oaths, and a certain crash of glass; and while the chieftain rode forward with a purple coxcomb, the street would be left to original darkness, unpiloted, unvoyageable, a province of the desert night.

The conservative, looking before and after, draws from each contemplation the matter for content. Out of the age of gas lamps he glances back slightly at the mirk and glimmer in which his ancestors wandered; his heart waxes jocund at the contrast; nor do his lips refrain from a stave, in the 50 highest style of poetry, lauding progress and the golden mean. When gas first spread along a city, mapping it forth about evenfall for the eye of observant birds, a new age had begun for sociality and corporate pleasure-seeking, and begun with proper circumstance, becoming its own birthright. The work of Prometheus had advanced by another stride. Mankind and its supper parties were no longer at the mercy of a few miles of sea-fog; sun- 60 down no longer emptied the promenade; and the day was lengthened out to every man's fancy. The city-folk had stars of their own; biddable domesticated stars.

It is true that these were not so steady, nor yet so clear as their originals; nor indeed was their lustre so elegant as that of the best wax candles. But then the gas stars, being nearer at hand, were more practically efficacious than Jupiter himself. It is

70 true, again, that they did not unfold their rays with the appropriate spontaneity of the planets, coming out along the firmament one after another, as the need arises. But the lamplighters took to their heels every evening, and ran with a good heart. It was pretty to see man thus emulating the punctuality of heaven's orbs; and though perfection was not absolutely reached, and now and then an individual may have been knocked on the head by the ladder of the flying functionary, yet people com-
80 mended his zeal in a proverb, and taught their children to say, "God bless the lamplighter!" And since his passage was a piece of the day's programme, the children were well pleased to repeat the benediction, not, of course, in so many words, which would have been improper, but in some chaste circumlocution, suitable for infant lips.

God bless him, indeed! For the term of his twilight diligence is near at hand; and for not much longer shall we watch him speeding up the street,
90 and, at measured intervals, knocking another luminous hole into the dusk. The Greeks would have made a noble myth of such an one; how he distributed starlight, and, as soon as the need was over, re-collected it; and the little bull's-eye, which was his instrument, and held enough fire to kindle a whole parish, would have been fitly commemorated in the legend. Now, like all heroic tasks, his labours draw towards apotheosis, and in the light of victory himself shall disappear. For another ad-
100 vance has been effected. Our tame stars are to come out in future, not one by one, but all in a body and at once. A sedate electrician somewhere in a back office touches a spring—and behold! from one end to another of the city, from east to west, from the Alexandra to the Crystal Palace, there is light! *Fiat Lux*, says the sedate electrician. What a spectacle, on some clear, dark nightfall, from the edge of Hampstead Hill, when in a moment, in the

twinkling of an eye, the design of the monstrous city flashes into vision — a glittering hieroglyph 110 many square miles in extent; and when, to borrow and debase an image, all the evening street lamps burst together into song! Such is the spectacle of the future, preluded the other day by the experiment in Pall Mall. Star-rise by electricity, the most romantic flight of civilisation; the compensatory benefit for an innumerable array of factories and bankers' clerks. To the artistic spirit exercised about Thirlmere, here is a crumb of consolation; consolatory, at least, to such of them as look out 120 upon the world through seeing eyes, and contentedly accept beauty where it comes.

But the conservative, while lauding progress, is ever timid of innovation; his is the hand upheld to counsel pause; his is the signal advising slow advance. The word *electricity* now sounds the note of danger. In Paris, at the mouth of the Passage des Princes, in the place before the Opera portico, and in the Rue Drouot at the *Figaro* office, a new sort of urban star now shines out nightly, horrible, 130 unearthly, obnoxious to the human eye; a lamp for a nightmare! Such a light as this should shine only on murders and public crime, or along the corridors of lunatic asylums, a horror to heighten horror. To look at it only once is to fall in love with gas, which gives a warm domestic radiance fit to eat by. Mankind, you would have thought, might have remained content with what Prometheus stole for them and not gone fishing the profound heaven with kites to catch and domesticate the wildfire of 140 the storm. Yet here we have the levin brand at our doors, and it is proposed that we should henceforward take our walks abroad in the glare of permanent lightning. A man need not be very superstitious if he scruple to follow his pleasures by the light of the Terror that Flieth, nor very epicurean if he prefer to see the face of beauty more becomingly

displayed. That ugly blinding glare may not im-
properly advertise the home of slanderous *Figaro*,
150 which is a back-shop to the infernal regions; but
where soft joys prevail, where people are convoked
to pleasure and the philosopher looks on smiling
and silent, where love and laughter and deifying
wine abound, there, at least, let the old mild lustre
shine upon the ways of man.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE SAXOPHONE

THE supreme luxury of these post-war years, sweet
and strong enough for the dullest palate of the sud-
den rich, that lets most other tidbits of life pass
unappreciated, is to listen to a new sound, the au-
thentic voice of the age. To hear it, in its various
tones and moods, and so enjoy this pleasure of self-
revelation and full communion with our generation,
you need not harness your head with steel and hard
rubber to listen to the wireless, nor loiter at the
10 dangerous edges of a hunger crowd in Moscow or
Berlin, though in these too our generation seems
to speak. This voice is to be heard in comfort
and security, in the innermost hall of capital hotels,
Ritz, Adlon, Savoy, in the chief cities of Europe.
There, in a cushioned wicker chair, at night or in
later afternoon, if you are rich you may hear the
saxophone, the *Zeitgeist* singing to itself.

This is the newest instrument, quite typical of
our times. It was invented, years out of its time,
20 by a half-mythical Monsieur Sax, but had to wait
for its opportunity for our half-beat syncopated
music, our easy spending to pay its players, and,
most of all, for the peculiar temper of our times,
that it interprets. The nineteenth century had
violins and pianos: we are tired of them, and of
four years of drum and fife. We needed a new

sound. Marinetti's baby rattles and futurist whistles were too stupid and noisy for our nerves and intelligence. So some rummager refound this Saxophone in the lumber room of musical invention. 30

It is both pipe and horn; bell-mouthed, flexible, an ingenious bridge between wood and metal, that joins passionate organic and resonant inorganic more cleverly than any other instrument. The men of the 1900 Grand Exposition, because of this, gave it a prize; but they could not endure its sound, which startled and displeased them. It did not belong to their times; it would not blend with their orchestras. Nor could any one be found properly 40 to play it. For, though the fingering is hopefully easy, this Saxophone needs a tragic skill and energy that wears out the heart and the lungs. The star saxophonist lasts no more than three years. The caste is almost priestly, marked out by their salary and fate from any mere trombonists, or musicians less sincere.

I heard it for the first time in the lukewarm atmosphere of a great hotel; at the end of a hundred velvet yards of corridor and draught-proof 50 revolving doors, in a vast room prepared for tea. Hundreds of easy chairs were grouped round little tables, in encampment round a polished parquet, as sacredly empty as the nave of a church. In the end sanctuary was a raised dais, growing out of palms, symbolical of luxury; on this two seated rows of saxophonists, in black evening coats, symbolical of elegance.

The band begins softly, as if considerate for the general hush. The leader stands away from his 60 chair, which he will not use while playing, for mimicry and grimaces are part of what he is paid for, and his audience expects that he should, himself, plainly feel the intoxication of his own music. He is a dervish; an ecstatic; paid to whip this

dull, hard crowd into an excitement they can feel.

As he starts, couples slide and slouch past on the empty floor; the inexplicable young men hold the wives of profiteers slackly, dutifully, and the
70 band does not hurry them. The great saxophonist slowly raises himself through pacing, ordered rhythms, deceptively serious, to the plane of emotion we are come to feel. In this beginning the saxophone is an unusual throbbing, rich vibration, nothing more, though with a savor of the savage in it, the pulse of war drums in Africa, that we have grown used to since the war; almost banal. But there is no excitement left in it, it is purified of the naïve shouts and bangings that the first
80 jazz Negroes brought with them four years ago. It is steady, savage, serene; in place under this mock mother-of-pearl ceiling, this synthetic gold of machine-made luxury, this artless magnificence of the hotel de luxe. They play fox-trots, one-steps, blues, sometimes dances of our time; that figure, I suppose, economy of effort and have only the passion of a bodily tired man. The day of throaty waltzes, yearning two-steps, eternally sentimentalizing about love, is gone with violin orchestras, and
90 none believes in the banjo any more than they do in the harp. The dancers amuse themselves solemnly, wordlessly; the saxophone gives them no ethics, and not caring if anything, even its adepts, survives another hour, continues its droning for a time.

But, perhaps by accumulation of this steady, smooth massaging of the nerves, perhaps because, as the dance goes on he comes to less sober tunes, the saxophonist climbs imperceptibly to a new step,
100 the sliding dance becomes more jaunty. Then suddenly I hear the real note of the saxophone, unforgettable, high, and clear, as if from a heart of brass, the new thing, the thing we have come to hear. To me it has quite passed out of humanity,

this famous upper register, but it is still near enough for me to understand; piercing, musical, the cry of a faun that is beautiful and hurt. The leader tips his instrument into the air; he blows with all his force but his cheeks remain pale. He is now at the height of his art. The voice of our age has come through his lips through this marvelous instrument. He is a priest possessed with a half human god, endlessly sorrowful, yet utterly unsentimental. Incapable of regret, with no past, no memory, no future, no hope. The sound pricks the dancers, parts their lips, puts spring into their march. These unexpressive, unethical, unthinking men have discovered their unethical, unsentimental reaction to our age. 110

This is the thing that makes the saxophone great and brings fortunes and ruin to its players. But it is a changeable instrument and can feign many things. Then, in spite of its nature, the saxophone seems to brood and almost regret the years that have brought it to favour, the war, the peace, and this state to which Europe through its own fault has come; and ghosts of broken promises and broken soldiers seem sadly to look over the shoulders of the dancers. 120

Every beat of the impeccable rhythm is heavy with the tread of the armies of Somme and Marne, and under it is the heavy echo of the unarmed millions of Russians marching to Tannenberg. Then the saxophone seems burdened with an illusory despair; other days before Europe was ruined rise up before this assembly of those who were not ruined. 130

But this mood is a fancy and the saxophone will not allow it long. It turns with a curve into "I Don't Care", or "Let's Pretend"; not even regretting our regrets, absorbed in the present, that owes no debts either to the irretrievable past or to the incomprehensible future, it strikes up "Rambler 140

Rose", the latest fox-trot, the march past of our age. That is more to our taste—we modern Europeans, that oppose to the dangers with which we are beleaguered not fear, nor courage, only impassibility; and who have substituted for human aspiration that needs belief, this innocence of the
150 faun behind the saxophone. So, for the supreme expression of our hard, unreflective joys, we have chosen this instrument. Our fathers left it uncomprehended; our children will shiver at it, and discard it again. For the present it makes audible the spirit of our age.

William Bolitho.

II MISCELLANEOUS FORMS

DAVID'S LAMENT FOR SAUL AND JONATHAN

(II SAMUEL, CHAPTER I)

AND it came to pass after the death of Saul, when David was returned from the slaughter of the Amalekites, and David had abode two days in Ziklag; it came even to pass on the third day, that, behold, a man came out of the camp from Saul with his clothes rent, and earth upon his head: and so it was, when he came to David, that he fell to the earth, and did obeisance. And David said unto him, From whence comest thou? And he said unto him, Out of the camp of Israel am I escaped. ¹⁰ And David said unto him, How went the matter? I pray thee, tell me. And he answered, The people are fled from the battle, and many of the people also are fallen and dead; and Saul and Jonathan his son are dead also. And David said unto the young man that told him, How knowest thou that Saul and Jonathan his son be dead? And the young man that told him said, As I happened by chance upon mount Gilboa, behold, Saul leaned upon his spear; and, lo, the chariots and the horsemen followed hard after ²⁰ him. And when he looked behind him, he saw me, and called unto me. And I answered, Here am I. And he said unto me, Who art thou? And I answered him, I am an Amalekite. And he said unto me, Stand, I pray thee, beside me, and slay me, for anguish hath taken hold of me; because my life is yet whole in me. So I stood beside him, and slew

him, because I was sure that he could not live after that he was fallen: and I took the crown that was
30 upon his head, and the bracelet that was on his arm, and have brought them hither unto my lord. Then David took hold on his clothes, and rent them; and likewise all the men that were with him: and they mourned, and wept, and fasted until even, for Saul, and for Jonathan his son, and for the people of the Lord, and for the house of Israel; because they were fallen by the sword. And David said unto the young man that told him, Whence art thou? And he answered, I am the son of a stranger, an Amale-
40 kite. And David said unto him, How wast thou not afraid to put forth thine hand to destroy the Lord's anointed? And David called one of the young men, and said, Go near, and fall upon him. And he smote him that he died. And David said unto him, Thy blood be upon thy head; for thy mouth hath testified against thee, saying, I have slain the Lord's anointed.

And David lamented with this lamentation over Saul and over Jonathan his son: And he bade them
50 teach the children of Judah the song of the bow: behold it is written in the book Jashar.

DAVID'S LAMENT

Thy glory, O Israel, is slain upon thy high places!
How are the mighty fallen!
Tell it not in Gath,
Publish it not in the streets of Ashkelon;
Lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice,
Lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph.
Ye mountains of Gilboa,
60 Let there be no dew nor rain upon you, neither
fields of offerings:
For there the shield of the mighty was vilely cast
away,
The shield of Saul, not anointed with oil.

From the blood of the slain,
From the fat of the mighty,
 The bow of Jonathan turned not back,
 And the sword of Saul returned not empty.
Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in
 their lives, 70
And in their death they were not divided;
 They were swifter than eagles,
 They were stronger than lions.
Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul,
 Who clothed you in scarlet delicately,
 Who put ornaments of gold upon your apparel.
How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle!
 Jonathan is slain upon thy high places.
I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan:
Very pleasant hast thou been unto me: 80
 Thy love to me was wonderful,
 Passing the love of women.
How are the mighty fallen,
And the weapons of war perished!

The Bible.

BIRTH AND ACCESSION OF ARTHUR

(MORTE DARTHUR)

THEN the time came that the queen Igraine should bear a child. Soon came Merlin unto the king and said, Sir, ye must purvey you for the nourishing of your child. As thou wilt, said the king, be it. Well, said Merlin, I know a lord of yours in this land, that is a passing true man and a faithful, and he shall have the nourishing of your child, and his name is Sir Ector, and he is a lord of fair livelihood in many parts in England and Wales. And this lord, Sir Ector, let him be sent for, for to come and 10 speak with you, and desire him yourself, as he loveth you, that he will put his own child to nourish-

ing to another woman, and that his wife nourish yours. And when the child is born let it be delivered unto me at yonder privy postern unchristened. So like as Merlin devised it was done. And when Sir Ector was come he made affiance to the king for to nourish the child like as the king desired; and there the king granted Sir Ector great rewards.

20 Then when the lady was delivered, the king commanded two knights and two ladies to take the child bound in a cloth of gold, and that ye deliver him to what poor man ye meet at the postern gate of the castle. So the child was delivered unto Merlin, and so he bare it forth unto Sir Ector, and made an holy man to christen him, and named him Arthur; and so Sir Ector's wife nourished him with her own breast.

Then within two years king Uther fell sick of a

30 great malady. And in the meanwhile his enemies usurped upon him, and did a great battle upon his men, and slew many of his people. Sir, said Merlin, ye may not lie so as ye do, for ye must to the field, though ye ride on an horse-litter; for ye shall never have the better of your enemies but if your person be there, and then shall ye have the victory. So it was done as Merlin had devised, and they carried the king forth in a horse-litter with a great host towards his enemies. And at St. Albans there met

40 with the king a great host of the North. And that day Sir Ulfus and Sir Brastias did great deeds of arms, and king Uther's men overcame the Northern battle, and slew many people, and put the remnant to flight. And then the king returned unto London, and made great joy of his victory. And then he fell passing sore sick, so that three days and three nights he was speechless; wherefore all the barons made great sorrow, and asked Merlin what counsel were best. There is none other remedy, said Merlin,

50 but God will have his will. But look ye all barons be before king Uther to-morn, and God and I shall

make him to speak. So on the morn all the barons with Merlin came tofore the king: then Merlin said aloud unto king Uther, Sir, shall your son Arthur be king after your days, of this realm, with all the appurtenance? Then Uther Pendragon turned him and said in hearing of them all, I give him God's blessing and mine, and bid him pray for my soul, and righteously and worshipfully that he claim the crown upon forfeiture of my blessing. And there- 60 with he yielded up the ghost. And then was he interred as longed to a king. Wherefore the queen, fair Igraine, made great sorrow and all the barons.

Then stood the realm in great jeopardy long while, for every lord that was mighty of men made him strong, and many wend to have been king. Then Merlin went to the archbishop of Canterbury, and counselled him for to send for all the lords of the realm, and all the gentlemen of arms, that they should to London come by Christmas upon pain of 70 cursing: and for this cause—that Jesus, that was born on that night, that he would of his great mercy shew some miracle, as he was come to be king of mankind, for to shew some miracle who should be rightwise king of this realm. So the archbishop by the advice of Merlin sent for all the lords and gentlemen of arms, that they should come by Christmas even unto London. And many of them made them clean of their life, that their prayer might be the more acceptable unto God. So in the greatest church 80 of London (whether it were Paul's or not, the French book maketh no mention) all the estates were long or day in the church for to pray. And when matins and the first mass was done, there was seen in the churchyard against the high altar a great stone four square, like unto a marble stone, and in the midst thereof was like an anvil of steel a foot on high, and therein stack a fair sword naked by the point, and letters there were written in gold about the sword that said thus: Whoso pulleth out this 90

sword of this stone and anvil is rightwise king born of all England. Then the people marvelled and told it to the archbishop. I command, said the archbishop, that ye keep you within your church, and pray unto God still; that no man touch the sword till the high mass be all done. So when all masses were done all the lords went to behold the stone and the sword. And when they saw the scripture, some assayed—such as would have been king. But none might stir the sword nor move it. He is not here, said the archbishop, that shall achieve the sword, but doubt not God will make him known. But this is my counsel, said the archbishop, that we let purvey ten knights, men of good fame, and they to keep this sword. So it was ordained, and then there was made a cry, that every man should assay that would, for to win the sword.

And upon New Year's Day the barons let make a justs and a tournament, that all knights that would joust or tourney there might play: and all this was ordained for to keep the lords together and the commons, for the archbishop trusted that God would make him known that should win the sword. So upon New Year's Day when the service was done the barons rode to the field, some to just, and some to tourney; and so it happened that Sir Ector, that had great livelihood about London, rode unto the justs, and with him rode Sir Kay his son and young Arthur that was his nourished brother, and Sir Kay was made knight at Allhallowmas afore. So as they rode to the just-ward Sir Kay had lost his sword, for he had left it at his father's lodging, and so he prayed young Arthur to ride for his sword. I will well, said Arthur, and rode fast after the sword; and when he came home the lady and all were out to see the justing. Then was Arthur wroth, and said to himself, I will ride to the churchyard and take the sword with me that sticketh in the stone, for my brother Sir Kay shall not be

without a sword this day. So when he came to the churchyard Sir Arthur alighted, and tied his horse to the stile, and so he went to the tent, and found no knights there, for they were at the justing; and so he handled the sword by the handles, and lightly and fiercely pulled it out of the stone, and took his horse and rode his way till he came to his brother Sir Kay, and delivered him the sword. And as soon as Sir Kay saw the sword he wist well it was the sword of the stone, and so he rode to his father Sir Ector, and said: Sir, lo here is the sword of the stone; wherefore I must be king of this land. When Sir Ector beheld the sword he returned again and came to the church, and there they alighted all three and went into the church, and anon he made Sir Kay to swear upon a book how he came to that sword. Sir, said Sir Kay, by my brother Arthur, for he brought it to me. How gat ye this sword? said Sir Ector to Arthur. Sir, I will tell you: when I came home for my brother's sword, I found nobody at home to deliver me his sword and so I thought my brother Sir Kay should not be swordless, and so I came hither eagerly and pulled it out of the stone without any pain. Found ye any knights about this sword? said Sir Ector. Nay, said Arthur. Now, said Sir Ector to Arthur, I understand ye must be king of this land. Wherefore I, said Arthur, and for what cause? Sir, said Ector, for God will have it so: for there should never man have drawn out this sword but he that shall be rightwise king of this land. Now let me see whether ye can put the sword there as it was, and pull it out again. That is no mastery, said Arthur: and so he put it into the stone. Therewith Sir Ector essayed to pull out the sword and failed. Now assay, said Sir Ector to Sir Kay. And anon he pulled at the sword with all his might, but it would not be. Now shall ye assay, said Sir Ector to Arthur. I will well, said Arthur, and pulled it

out easily. And therewithal Sir Ector kneeled down
170 to the earth, and Sir Kay. Alas, said Arthur, mine
own dear father and brother, why kneel ye to me.
Nay, nay, my lord Arthur, it is not so: I was never
your father nor of your blood, but I wote well ye
are of an higher blood than I wend ye were. And
then Sir Ector told him all, how he was betaken him
for to nourish him, and by whose commandment,
and by Merlin's deliverance. Then Arthur made
great dole when he understood that Sir Ector was
not his father. Sir, said Ector unto Arthur, will ye
180 be my good and gracious lord when ye are king?
Else were I to blame, said Arthur, for ye are the
man in the world that I am most beholding to, and
my good lady and mother your wife, that as well
as her own hath fostered me and kept. And if ever
it be God's will that I be king, as ye say, ye shall
desire of me what I may do, and I shall not fail you:
God forbid I should fail you. Sir, said Sir Ector,
I will ask no more of you but that you will make
my son, your foster-brother Sir Kay, seneschal of all
190 your lands. That shall be done, said Arthur, and
more by the faith of my body, that never man
shall have that office but he while he and I live.

Therewithal they went unto the archbishop, and
told him how the sword was achieved, and by whom.
And on Twelfth Day all the barons came thither,
and to assay to take the sword who that would
assay. But there afore them all there might none
take it out but Arthur, wherefore there were many
lords wroth, and said it was great shame unto
200 them all and the realm, to be over governed with a
boy of no high blood born. And so they fell out at
that time that it was put off till Candlemas, and then
all the barons should meet there again. But always
the ten knights were ordained to watch the sword
day and night, and so they set a pavilion over the
stone and the sword, and five always watched.. So
at Candlemas many more great lords came thither

for to have won the sword, but there might none prevail. And right as Arthur did at Christmas he did at Candlemas, and pulled out the sword easily, 210 whereof the barons were sore aggrieved, and put it off in delay till the high feast of Easter. And as Arthur sped afore, so did he at Easter: yet there were some of the great lords had indignation that Arthur should be their king, and put it off in a delay till the feast of Pentecost. Then the archbishop of Canterbury by Merlin's providence let purvey then of the best knights that they might get, and such knights as king Uther Pendragon loved best and most trusted in his days, and such knights were put 220 about Arthur, as Sir Baudwin of Britain, Sir Kay, Sir Ulfus, Sir Brastias. All these, with many other, were always about Arthur, day and night, till the feast of Pentecost.

And at the feast of Pentecost all manner of men assayed to pull at the sword that would assay, but none might prevail but Arthur; and he pulled it out afore all the lords and commons that were there, wherefore all the commons cried at once: We will have Arthur unto our king; we will put him no 230 more in delay, for we all see that it is God's will that he shall be our king, and who that holdeth against it we will slay him. And therewithal they kneeled down all at once, both rich and poor, and cried Arthur mercy, because they had delayed him so long. And Arthur forgave them, and took the sword between both his hands, and offered it upon the altar where the archbishop was, and so was he made knight of the best man that was there. And so anon was the coronation made, and there was he 240 sworn unto his lords and the commons for to be a true king, to stand with true justice from thenceforth the days of this life. Also then he made all the lords that held of the crown to come in, and to do service as they ought to do. And many complaints were made unto Sir Arthur of great wrongs that

were done since the death of king Uther, of many lands that were bereaved lords, knights, ladies, and gentlemen. Wherefore king Arthur made the lands
250 to be given again unto them that owned them. When this was done that the king had stablished all the countries about London, then he let make Sir Kay seneschal of England; and Sir Baudwin of Britain was made constable; and Sir Ulfias was made chamberlain; and Sir Brastias was made warden to wait upon the north from Trent forwards, for it was that time for the most part the king's enemies. But within few years after, Arthur won all the north, Scotland and all that were under their obeisance.
260 Also Wales, a part of it held against Arthur, but he overcame them all as he did the remnant through the noble prowess of himself and his knights of the Round Table.

Sir Thomas Malory.

GOLDSMITH.

(ENGLISH HUMOURISTS)

WHO, of all the millions whom Goldsmith has amused, does not love him? To be the most beloved of English writers, what a title that is for a man! A wild youth, wayward, but full of tenderness and affection, quits the country village where his boyhood has been passed in happy musing, in idle shelter, in fond longing to see the great world out of doors, and achieve name and fortune—and after years of dire struggle, and neglect and poverty,
10 his heart turning back as fondly to his native place, as it had longed eagerly for change when sheltered there, he writes a book and a poem, full of the recollections and feelings of home—he paints the friends and scenes of his youth, and peoples Auburn and Wakefield with remembrances of Lissoy. Wander he must, but he carries away a home-relic

with him, and dies with it on his breast. His nature is truant; in repose it longs for change: as on the journey it looks back for friends and quiet. He passes to-day in building an air castle for to-mor-
row, or in writing yesterday's elegy; and he
would fly away this hour, but that a cage and
necessity keeps him. What is the charm of his
verse, of his style, and humour? His sweet regrets,
his delicate compassion, his soft smile, his
tremulous sympathy, the weakness which he owns?
Your love for him is half pity. You come hot and
tired from the day's battle, and this sweet minstrel
sings to you. Who can harm the kind vagrant
harper? Whom did he ever hurt? He carries no
weapon—save the harp on which he plays to you;
and with which he delights great and humble, young
and old, the captains in the tents, or the soldiers
round the fire, or the women and children in the
villages, at whose porches he stops and sings his
simple songs of love and beauty. With that sweet
story of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, he has found
entry into every castle and every hamlet in Europe.
Not one of us, however busy or hard, but once
or twice in our lives, has passed an evening with
him, and undergone the charm of his delightful
music.

Goldsmith's father was no doubt the good Doctor Primrose, whom all of us know. Swift was yet alive, when the little Oliver was born at Pallas, or Pallasmore, in the county of Longford in Ireland. In 1730, two years after the child's birth, Charles Goldsmith removed his family to Lissoy, in the County Westmeath, that sweet "Auburn," which every person who hears me has seen in fancy. Here
the kind parson brought up his eight children; and
loving all the world, as his son says, fancied all the
world loved him. He had a crowd of poor dependants besides those hungry children. He kept an open table; round which sat flatterers and poor

friends, who laughed at the honest rector's many jokes, and ate the produce of his seventy acres of farm. Those who have seen an Irish house in the present day can fancy that one at Lissoy. The old
60 beggar still has his allotted corner by the kitchen turf; the maimed old soldier still gets his potatoes and buttermilk; the poor cottier still asks his honour's charity, and prays God bless his Reverence for the sixpence; the ragged pensioner still takes his place by right and sufferance. There's still a crowd in the kitchen, and a crowd round the parlor table, profusion, confusion, kindness, poverty. If an Irishman comes to London to make his fortune, he has a half dozen of Irish dependants who take a
70 percentage of his earnings. The good Charles Goldsmith left but little provision for his hungry race when death summoned him; and, one of his daughters being engaged to a Squire of rather superior dignity, Charles Goldsmith impoverished the rest of his family to provide the girl with a dowry.

The small-pox, which scourged all Europe at that time, and ravaged the roses off the cheeks of half the world, fell foul of poor little Oliver's face, when the child was eight years old, and left him scarred
80 and disfigured for his life. An old woman in his father's village taught him his letters, and pronounced him a dunce: Paddy Byrne, the hedge-schoolmaster, took him in hand; and from Paddy Byrne, he was transmitted to a clergyman at Elphin. When a child was sent to school in those days, the classic phrase was that he was placed under Mr. So-and-so's *ferule*. Poor little ancestors! It is hard to think how ruthlessly you were birched; and how much of needless whipping and tears our small
90 forefathers had to undergo! A relative, kind Uncle Contarine, took the main charge of little Noll; who went through his schooldays righteously doing as little work as he could: robbing orchards, playing at ball, and making his pocket money fly about when-

ever fortune sent it to him. Everybody knows the story of that famous *Mistake of a Night*, when the young schoolboy, provided with a guinea and a nag, rode up to the 'best house' in Ardagh, called for the landlord's company over a bottle of wine at supper, and for a hot cake for breakfast in the morning; and found when he asked for the bill, that the best house was Squire Featherstone's and not the inn for which he mistook it. Who does not know every story about Goldsmith? That is a delightful and fantastic picture of the child dancing and capering about in the kitchen at home, when the old fiddler gibed at him for his ugliness, and called him Æsop, and little Noll made his repartee of "Heralds proclaim aloud this saying—see Æsop dancing and his monkey playing." One can fancy the queer pitiful look of humour and appeal upon that little scarred face—the funny little dancing figure, the funny little brogue. In his life, and his writings, which are the honest expression of it, he is constantly bewailing that homely face and person; anon, he surveys them in the glass ruefully; and presently assumes the most comical dignity. He likes to deck out his little person in splendour and fine colours. He presented himself to be examined for ordination in a pair of scarlet breeches, and said honestly that he did not like to go into the church, because he was fond of coloured clothes. When he tried to practise as a doctor, he got by hook or by crook a black-velvet suit, and looked as big and grand as he could, and kept his hat over a patch on the old coat: in better days he bloomed out in plum-colour, in blue silk, and in new velvet. For some of those splendours the heirs and assignees of Mr. Filby, the tailor, have never been paid to this day; perhaps the kind tailor and his creditor have met and settled the little account in Hades.

They showed until lately a window at Trinity College, Dublin, on which the name of O. Gold-

smith was engraved with a diamond. Whose diamond was it? Not the young Sizar's, who made but a poor figure in that place of learning. He was idle, penniless, and fond of pleasure: he learned his way early to the pawnbroker's shop. He wrote ballads they say for the street singers, who paid
140 him a crown for a poem: and his pleasure was to steal out at night and hear his verses sung. He was chastised by his tutor for giving a dance in his rooms, and took the box on the ear so much to heart, that he packed up his all, pawned his books and little property, and disappeared from college and family. He said he intended to go to America, but when his money was spent, the young prodigal came home ruefully, and the good folks there killed their calf—it was but a lean one—and welcomed
150 him back.

After College he hung about his mother's house, and lived for some years the life of a buckeen—passed a month with this relation and that, a year with one patron, a great deal of time at the public house. Tired of this life, it was resolved that he should go to London, and study at the Temple, but he got no farther on the road to London and the woolsack than Dublin, where he gambled away the fifty pounds given him for his outfit, and whence
160 he returned to the indefatigable forgiveness of home. Then he determined to be a doctor, and Uncle Contarine helped him to a couple of years at Edinburgh. Then from Edinburgh he felt that he ought to hear the famous professors of Leyden and Paris, and wrote most amusing pompous letters to his uncle about the great Farheim, Du Petit, and Duhamel du Monceau, whose lectures he proposed to follow. If Uncle Contarine believed those letters—if Oliver's mother believed that story which the
170 youth related of his going to Cork, with the purpose of embarking for America of his having paid his passage-money, and having sent his kit on

board; of the anonymous captain sailing away with Oliver's valuable luggage, in a nameless ship, never to return; if Uncle Contarine and the mother at Ballymahon believed his stories, they must have been a very simple pair; as it was a very simple rogue indeed who cheated them. When the lad, after failing in his clerical examination, after failing in his plan for studying the law, took leave of these projects and of his parents, and set out for Edinburgh, he saw mother, and uncle, and lazy Ballymahon, and green native turf, and sparkling river for the last time. He was never to look on old Ireland more, and only in fancy revisit her. 180

But me not destined such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care,
Impelled, with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good that mocks me with the view;
That like the circle bounding earth and skies 190
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies:
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone
And find no spot of all the world my own.

I spoke in a former lecture of that high courage which enabled Fielding, in spite of disease, remorse, and poverty, always to retain a cheerful spirit and to keep his manly benevolence and love of truth intact, as if these treasures had been confided to him for the public benefit, and he was accountable to posterity for their honourable employ; and a constancy equally happy and admirable I think was shown by Goldsmith, whose sweet and friendly nature bloomed kindly always in the midst of a life's storm, and rain, and bitter weather. The poor fellow was never so friendless but he could befriend some one; never so pinched and wretched but he could give of his crust, and speak his word of compassion. If he had but his flute left, he could give that, and make the children happy in the dreary London court. He could give the coals in that queer coal-scuttle we read of to his poor neighbour: he could give away his blankets in college to the 200 210

poor widow, and warm himself as he best might in the feathers: he could pawn his coat to save his landlord from gaol: when he was a school-usher he spent his earnings in treats for the boys, and the good-natured schoolmaster's wife said justly that she ought to keep Mr. Goldsmith's money as well as the young gentlemen's. When he met his pupils
220 in later life, nothing would satisfy the Doctor but he must treat them still. "Have you seen the print of me after Sir Joshua Reynolds?" he asked of one of his pupils. "Not seen it? not bought it? Sure, Jack, if your picture had been published, I'd not have been without it half-an-hour." His purse and his heart were everybody's, and his friends' as much as his own. When he was at the height of his reputation, and the Earl of Northumberland, going as Lord-Lieutenant to Ireland, asked if he
230 could be of any service to Dr. Goldsmith? Goldsmith recommended his brother, and not himself, to the great man. "My patrons," he gallantly said, "are the booksellers, and I want no others." Hard patrons they were, and hard work he did; but he did not complain much; if in his early writings some bitter words escaped him, some allusions to neglect and poverty, he withdrew these expressions when his works were republished, and better days seemed to open for him; and he did not care to complain that
240 printer or publisher had overlooked his merit, or left him poor. The Court face was turned from honest Oliver, the Court patronized Beattie; the fashion did not shine on him—fashion adored Sterne. Fashion pronounced Kelly to be the great writer of comedy of his day. A little—not ill-humour, but plaintiveness—a little betrayal of wounded pride which he showed render him not the less amiable. The author of *The Vicar of Wakefield* had a right to protest when Newbery kept back the MS. for two years; had a right to be a little peevish with Sterne; a little
250 angry when Colman's actors declined their parts in

his delightful comedy, when the manager refused to have a scene painted for it, and pronounced its damnation before hearing. He had not the great public with him; but he had the noble Johnson, and the admirable Reynolds, and the great Gibbon, and the great Burke, and the great Fox—friends and admirers illustrious indeed, as famous as those who, fifty years before, sat round Pope's table.

Nobody knows, and I daresay Goldsmith's buoyant temper kept no account of, all the pains which he endured during the early period of his literary career. Should any man of letters in our day have to bear up against such, Heaven grant he may come out of the period of misfortune with such a pure kind heart as that which Goldsmith obstinately bore in his breast. The insults to which he had to submit are shocking to read of—slander, contumely, vulgar satire, brutal malignity perverting his commonest motives and actions; he had his share of these, and one's anger is roused at reading of them, as it is at seeing a woman insulted or a child assaulted, at the notion that a creature so very gentle and weak, and full of love, should have had to suffer so. And he had worse than insult to undergo—to own to fault, and deprecate the anger of ruffians. There is a letter of his extant to one Griffiths, a bookseller, in which poor Goldsmith is forced to confess that certain books sent by Griffiths are in the hands of a friend from whom Goldsmith had been forced to borrow money. "He was wild, sir," Johnson said, speaking of Goldsmith to Boswell, with his great, wise benevolence and noble mercifulness of heart,—“Dr. Goldsmith was wild, sir; but he is so no more.” Ah! if we pity the good and weak man who suffers undeservedly, let us deal very gently with him from whom misery extorts not only tears, but shame; let us think humbly and charitably of the human nature that suffers so sadly and falls so low. Whose turn may it be to-morrow?

What weak heart, confident before trial, may not succumb under temptation invincible? Cover the good man who has been vanquished—cover his face and pass on.

For the last half-dozen years of his life, Goldsmith was far removed from the pressure of any ignoble necessity: and in the receipt, indeed, of a pretty large income from the booksellers, his patrons. Had he lived but a few years more, his public fame would have been as great as his private reputation, and he might have enjoyed alive a part of that esteem which his country has ever since paid to the vivid and versatile genius who has touched on almost every subject of literature, and touched nothing that he did not adorn. Except in rare instances, a man is known in our profession and esteemed as a skilful workman, years before the lucky hit, which trebles his usual gains, and stamps him a popular author. In the strength of his age, and the dawn of his reputation, having for backers and friends the most illustrious literary men of his time, fame and prosperity might have been in store for Goldsmith, had fate so willed it; and, at forty-six, had not sudden disease carried him off. I say prosperity rather than competence, for it is probable that no sum could have put order into his affairs or sufficed for his irreclaimable habits of dissipation. It must be remembered that he owed £2000 when he died. “Was ever poet,” Johnson asked, “so trusted before?” As has been the case with many another good fellow of his nation, his life was tracked and his substance wasted by crowds of hungry beggars and lazy dependants. If they came at a lucky time (and be sure they knew his affairs better than he did himself, and watched his pay day), he gave them of his money: if they begged on empty-purse days he gave them his promissory bills: or he treated them to a tavern where he had credit; or he obliged them with

an order upon honest Mr. Filby for coats, for 330
which he paid as long as he could earn, and until
the shears of Filby were to cut for him no more.
Staggering under a load of debt and labour, tracked
by bailiffs and reproachful creditors, running from
a hundred poor dependants whose appealing looks
were perhaps the hardest of all pains for him to
bear, devising fevered plans for the morrow, new
histories, new comedies, all sorts of new literary
schemes, flying from all these into seclusion, and
out of seclusion into pleasure—at last, at five-and 340
forty, death seized him and closed his career. I
have been many a time in the chambers in the Tem-
ple which were his, and passed up the staircase,
which Johnson, and Burke, and Reynolds trod to
see their friend, their poet, their kind Goldsmith—
the stair on which the poor women sat, weeping
bitterly when they heard that greatest and most
generous of all men was dead within the black oak
door. Ah, it was a different lot from that for
which the poor fellow sighed, when he wrote with 350
heart yearning for home those most charming of
all fond verses, in which he fancies he revisits
Auburn—

Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes, with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care, 360
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose;
I still had hopes—for pride attends us still—
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt and all I saw;

370 And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew—
I still had hopes—my long vexations past,
Here to return, and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline!
Retreats from care that never must be mine—
How blest is he who crowns in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
380 For him no wretches born to work and weep
Explore the mine or tempt the dangerous deep;
No surly porter stands in guilty state
To spurn imploring famine from the gate:
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
Whilst resignation gently slopes the way;
And all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.

390 In these verses, I need not say with what melody,
with what touching truth, with what exquisite
beauty of comparison—as indeed in hundreds more
pages of the writings of this honest soul—the whole
character of the man is told—his humble confession
of faults and weakness; his pleasant little vanity
and desire that his village should admire him; his
simple scheme of good in which everybody was to
be happy—no beggar was to be refused his dinner—
nobody in fact was to work much, and he to be the
400 harmless chief of the Utopia, and the monarch of
the Irish Yvetôt. He would have told again, and
without fear of their failing, those famous jokes
which had hung fire in London; he would have
talked of his great friends of the Club—of my Lord
Clare and my Lord Bishop, my Lord Nugent—sure
he knew them intimately, and was hand and glove
with some of the best men in town—and he would
have spoken of Johnson and of Burke and of
Sir Joshua who had painted him—and he would
410 have told wonderful sly stories of Ranelagh and

the Pantheon, and the masquerades at Madame Cornelis'; and he would have toasted, with a sigh, the Jessamy Bride—the lovely Mary Horneck.

The figure of that charming young lady forms one of the prettiest recollections of Goldsmith's life. She and her beautiful sister, who married Bunbury, the graceful and humourous amateur artist of those days, when Gilray had but just begun to try his powers, were among the kindest and dearest of Goldsmith's many friends, cheered and pitied him, travelled abroad with him, made him welcome at their home, and gave him many a pleasant holiday. He bought his finest clothes to figure at their country house at Barton—he wrote them droll verses. They loved him, laughed at him, played him tricks and made him happy. He asked for a loan from Garrick, and Garrick kindly supplied him, to enable him to go to Barton: but there were to be no more holidays, and only one brief struggle more for poor Goldsmith—a lock of his hair was taken from the coffin and given to the Jessamy Bride. She lived quite into our time. Hazlitt saw her an old lady, but beautiful still, in Northcote's painting room, who told the eager critic how proud she always was that Goldsmith had admired her. The younger Colman has left a touching reminiscence of him.

"I was only five years old," he says, "when Goldsmith took me on his knee one evening whilst he was drinking coffee with my father, and began to play with me, which amiable act I returned, with the ingratitude of a peevish brat, by giving him a very smart slap on the face: it must have been a tingler, for it left the marks of my spiteful paw on his cheek. This infantile outrage was followed by summary justice, and I was locked up by my indignant father in an adjoining room to undergo solitary imprisonment in the dark. Here I began to howl and scream most abominably, which was no bad step towards my liberation, since those who were

450 not inclined to pity me might be likely to set me free for the purpose of abating a nuisance.

“At length a generous friend appeared to extricate me from jeopardy, and that generous friend was no other than the man I had so wantonly molested by assault and battery—it was the tender-hearted Doctor himself, with a lighted candle in his hand, and a smile upon his countenance, which was still partially red from the effects of my petulance. I sulked and sobbed as he fondled and soothed, till I
460 began to brighten. Goldsmith seized the propitious moment of returning good-humour, when he put down the candle and began to conjure. He placed three hats, which happened to be in the room, and a shilling under each. The shillings he told me were England, France, and Spain. ‘Hey presto cockalorum!’ cried the Doctor, and lo, on uncovering the shillings, which had been dispersed each beneath a separate hat, they were all found congregated under one. I was no politician at five years old, therefore
470 might not have wondered at the sudden revolution which brought England, France, and Spain all under one crown; but, as also I was no conjuror, it amazed me beyond measure. . . . From that time, whenever the Doctor came to visit my father, ‘I plucked his gown to share the good man’s smile;’ a game at romps constantly ensued, and we were always cordial friends and merry playfellows. Our unequal companionship varied somewhat as to sports as I grew older; but it did not last long: my senior
480 playmate died in his forty-fifth year, when I had attained my eleventh. . . . In all the numerous accounts of his virtues and foibles, his genius and absurdities, his knowledge of nature and ignorance of the world, his ‘compassion for another’s woe’ was always predominant; and my trivial story of his humouring a froward child weighs but as a feather in the recorded scale of his benevolence.”

Think of him reckless, thriftless, vain if you like

—but merciful, gentle, generous, full of love and pity. He passes out of our life, and goes to render his account beyond it. Think of the poor pensioners weeping at his grave; think of the noble spirits that admired and deplored him; think of the righteous pen that wrote his epitaph—and of the wonderful and unanimous response of affection with which the world has paid back the love he gave it. His humour delighting us still: his song fresh and beautiful as when first he charmed with it: his words in all our mouths: his very weaknesses beloved and familiar—his benevolent spirit seems still to smile upon us: to do gentle kindnesses: to succour with sweet charity: to soothe, caress, and forgive: to plead with the fortunate for the unhappy and the poor.

W. M. Thackeray.

THE CROSS OF SACRIFICE

(ADDRESS AT VIMY RIDGE)

THE Great War is past; the war that tried through and through every quality of mystery of the human mind and might of human spirit; the war that closed, we hope, for ever, the long story of the arbitrament of men's differences by force. The last clash and crash of earth's millions is over now. There can be heard only sporadic conflicts, the moan of prostrate nations, the cries of the bereaved and the desolate, the struggling of exhausted peoples to rise and stand and move onward. We live among the ruins and echoes of Armageddon. Its shadow is receding backward into history.

At this time the proper occupation of the living is, first, to honour our dead; next, to repair the havoc, human and material, which surrounds us; and, lastly, to learn aright and apply with courage the lessons of the war.

Here, in the heart of Europe, we meet to unveil a memorial to our country's dead. In that
20 earth which has resounded to the drums and the tramlings of many conflicts, they rest in the quiet of God's Acre, with the brave of all the world. At death they sheathed in their hearts the sword of devotion, and now from oft-stricken fields they hold aloft the cross of sacrifice, mutely beckoning those who would share their immortality.

No words can add to their fame, nor, so long as gratitude holds place in men's hearts, can our forgetfulness be suffered to detract from their re-
30 nown. Just as the war dwarfed by its magnitude all contests of the past, so the wonder of human resource and the splendour of human heroism have reached a zenith never witnessed before.

Ours, we had thought, were prosaic days when the great causes of earlier times had lost their inspiration, leaving for attainment those things which demanded only the petty passing inconveniences of the hour. And yet the nobility of manhood had
40 but to hear again the summons of duty and honour to make response which shook the world. The danger to the treasury of common things—for common things are, when challenged, most sacred of all—the danger to the treasury of common things ever stirred our fathers to action, and it has not lost its appeal to their sons.

France lives and France is free, and Canada is better because she did something worth while to help free France to live. In many hundreds of plots throughout these hills and valleys, all the way
50 from Flanders to Picardy, lie fifty thousand of our dead. Their resting-places have been dedicated to their memory forever by the kindly and grateful heart of France, and will be tended and cared for by us in the measure of love we bear them.

Around and over all are being planted the maple

trees of Canada in the thought that her sons will rest the better under the trees which they knew so well in life. Across the leagues of the Atlantic the heartstrings of our Canadian nation will reach through all time to these graves in France. We shall never let pass the spirit bequeathed to us by those who fell—"Their Name Liveth Forevermore."

Arthur Meighen.

MOUNTAINS

(THE OUTLINE OF SCIENCE)

WE shall see when we come to consider the story of a piece of sandstone, how the forces of running water and frost break up rocks into fragments, and how the streams sweep these fragments down into the sea; and we shall see, too, that these forces act more powerfully in the mountains than anywhere else. If these forces could go on unchecked, they would in time wear down the surface of the earth's rocky crust until it was quite flat. We know, too, that the sea covers a much greater area of the earth than the land does, and that the highest mountains could be completely drowned in the greatest depths of the sea. What is it, then, that has saved the earth from being worn into a uniform ball, covered all over by a shallow, level-floored sea? The answer is that the earth still has a vast store of energy, and as fast as the old mountains are worn away new ones arise to take their place.

There are several ways in which mountains may be built. The simplest are those which are mere heaps of material on the surface of the earth, and these are called *accumulation* mountains. A volcano, for instance, will build up round its mouth a cone consisting of layers of dust and cinders and rock-fragments, with perhaps sheets of lava which have welled over the lip of the hollow or crater thus

formed. In this way are built the stately cones of Teneriffe, of Fujiyama in Japan, and many others. But a volcano is an uncertain and capricious builder, and is at all times liable to blow away in a single explosion the accumulated ashes of a century of smouldering fires. This has happened more than once in the story of Vesuvius in Italy, round whose slopes lie the ruins of an older and larger cone. A volcano which has become inactive may be so worn away by weathering, that nothing remains but the plug or *neck* of rock which hardened in the pipe leading down to the molten mass in the interior of the earth. Volcanoes are the chief builders of accumulation mountains, but small examples may be formed by the piling-up of stones at the foot of a glacier, where the ice-stream which carried them melts; and if a geologist be allowed to make a mountain out of a mole-hill, it is in this group that he must classify it.

More important mountains, and especially mountain *chains*, are formed, not by the heaping-up of materials on the surface of the crust but by warpings and pinchings of the crust itself. Sometimes, where the crust is hard, a block of solid rock is raised up or tilted all in one piece, as a loose brick may stick up out of its place in a brick floor. At other times, where the rocks of the crust are newer and more yielding, they are bent and folded into a series of waves.

Folded mountains arise from the crumpling and folding along special lines of weakness in the earth's crust. In front of a firm land-mass or continent, the surface sinks, so as to form a trough-like depression, which is of course occupied by a sea. Into this sea the rivers of the continent which form its shore sweep sand and mud washed from the surface of the land. The floor of the sea is covered by thick deposits of sandstone and clay, and limestone derived mainly from the shells and skele-

tons of marine animals: but the wrinkle in the earth's surface goes on deepening, so that the trough is never quite filled. In this way is formed a great sheet of sediments, young, soft, and pliable.

In the next stage this sheet of new rocks is 70 crumpled or folded. This is due to pressure, not from above or below, but from the sides. When we wish to bend a sheet of cardboard, we do not dent it in the centre, we press the two edges towards each other till it buckles. If the pressure be only moderate, the folds form a series of wave crests and troughs, like those of corrugated iron. But if the pressure be very great, the folds are squeezed together, they become tall and narrow, and arch over to one side like the breakers on the sea-shore. In 80 the end they may lean over upon the next fold, so that the whole becomes pleated. The folds may even be broken by the strain, and slide over one another.

The most important folded mountains of Europe are the Alps. The first steps in their formation began at the beginning of the Secondary era, when a trough-like sea formed where they now stand. Throughout that incalculable length of time, the era 90 of the first birds and mammals, of the early flowering plants, and of the giant extinct reptiles, this sea was becoming charged with enormous layers, thousands of feet thick, of sandstones, shales, and limestones. In the next (the Tertiary) era, the continent to the south sank below the waters of what is now the Mediterranean. This movement was the signal for intense folding to begin in the Alpine region. The folds leant over to the northwest, and formed sheets of rock lying almost horizontally on top of each other.

The enormous pressures which accompanied these crumplings had their effect upon the nature of the rocks. The clays and shales were changed by squeezing into slates and schists; the granites were

crushed so that their minerals became arranged in parallel bands.

After the folding, the last step was for the crumpled rocks to be raised out of the sea to their present height. Immediately the forces of weather-
110 ing set to work. Already, in what is geologically a relatively short time, the surface is transformed. The highest summits of the Alps (Mont Blanc, the Matterhorn, and others) are formed out of very old rocks, which must have been covered by great thicknesses of younger sediments; but, because of their hardness, these older rocks have more successfully resisted weathering. Only here and there do the crests of the mountains correspond with the crests of the folds. The relief of the country is
120 determined almost entirely by the sculpturing action of the streams of ice and water.

The ultimate fate of a range of mountains, if the attacks of weathering go on unchecked, is to be worn down into a plain. Plains may, however, also be formed by the accumulation of even, undisturbed layers of sediments; the great plain of Russia, the oldest landmark on the map of Europe, is an example. But however flat and regular a plain of
130 either kind may be it will not yield uniformly to weathering. If a plain be raised up by earth-movements into a plateau, its flat surface will soon be cut up by river valleys. In the course of time only some surviving peaks and ridges will remain. Mountains formed in this way are called *relict* mountains; they are the remains of what was once a tract of high land.

The mountains of Scotland and of Norway are of this type. At the beginning of geological history they arose first as a chain of folded mountains like
140 the Alps of to-day. Several times since then, however, have they been worn down and raised up anew. Although the rocks of which they are built are among the oldest in the world, the mountains

are at the same time very young, since they were raised to their present height in the last geological period, later even than the Alps. In some disturbance of the earth's crust, these old mountain masses, too tough and hard to be folded, were tilted up in one vast block. We can see, by the lengths of the rivers, that in general the Atlantic side of the block is shorter and steeper than the European side. But in both Scotland and Scandinavia, the mountains owe their shape to the action of streams of ice and water. 150

We see, then, that there are two principal ways in which mountains are made. Firstly, there are those mountains which are actually *built up*, and are known as *original*. They include such types as volcanic cones, which are mere heaps of material, like a child's sand-castle on the beach; and also there are the folded mountains, which are portions of the earth's crust squeezed and warped like clay under the hands of the modeller. Secondly, there are the *relict* mountains, which are the remains of former high land; they may be considered as monuments of weathering, cut from the solid rock. 160

Mountains are invariably the scene of intense weathering. Rock-fragments once broken off will not accumulate upon steep slopes, so that there is no protecting layer of soil, and therefore no vegetation. Moreover, isolated peaks are very much exposed to all attacks. Lightning may split the rocks of the summits: Leslie Stephen, speaking of a shoulder of Mont Blanc, says "the lightning's strokes have covered numbers of stones with little glass-like beads, showing that this must be one of its favourite haunts." But the chief splitter of rocks is frost. Water which has penetrated the cracks and joints of the rocks expands in freezing, with tremendous force. The angular fragments called "scree," which litter the slopes or fill the gullies below the crags, are almost all split off in this way 170 180

Frost-riven summits, like the Coolin Hills of Skye or the "Aiguilles" of Chamonix, are sharp and spire-like.

In the Alps and elsewhere, where the snow lies throughout the year in great masses, it becomes hardened and compacted, partly by melting and freezing and partly by its own weight, into ice. 190 Mountaineers distinguish between the "black" ice formed by the freezing of pools and streams, and the granular "blue" ice made of compacted snow. By its own weight and by the pressure of the masses of snow, this blue ice begins to creep from the snow-fields, down the mountain slopes, down the valleys, in the great rivers of ice called *glaciers*. Not a pile of broken fragments, but a solid mass, always welded together by fresh meltings and freezings, the glacier fills the valley from wall to wall. It is too 200 solid to be readily melted, and so it creeps down into the green valleys far below the snow-line. It moves infinitely slowly, ten thousand times more slowly than water, often no faster than the minute hand of a watch. From the valley walls blocks of stone fall on to the glacier and accumulate there in long heaps called *moraines*; the ice bears them down to the foot of the glacier, where it melts, and there the stones are dropped and form great heaps. Much of the finer material is washed away by the river 210 which the melting ice supplies; a stream which springs from a glacier is always exceedingly muddy.

The action of a glacier in sculpturing the valleys through which it makes its way is very different from that of a river. A mountain stream cuts a valley, like a furrow cut by a knife in a wooden board; narrow at the foot, with sloping sides, V-shaped, often very sinuous. The great mass of a glacier acts principally by grinding the stones which it carries against the rocks which surround it, like 220 a gouge; the valley is U-shaped, with steep sides and a wide floor, and no sudden curves. Moreover,

a glacier rounds off the outlines, and polishes, but at the same time scratches the surface of the rocks it passes over.

All of these features, as well as the abandoned moraines, can be recognised in countries where no glaciers now exist, for example in the Highlands of Scotland. For in the last geological period, the great Ice Age, all Northern Europe, including the whole of Britain north of the Thames, and all Canada were covered by a vast sheet or sea of ice, like the Antarctic Continent or Greenland to-day. The causes of these changes in the climate remain obscure. 230

We have seen, then, that the regions where the breaking-up of rocks proceeds most rapidly are the mountains, the deserts, and the cliffs of the sea-shore. On the cliffs, the fiercest attack is that of the waves and the pebbles which they carry; in times of storm, tremendous blows are struck, and pressures of over two tons per square foot are recorded. In the deserts, the rocks crack under the influence of the blazing sun alternating with the cold of the nights, and under the ceaseless grinding of wind-blown sand they are shaped and polished. In the mountains, the cold and the freezing of water strike the first blows. Gravity alone, or the slow glaciers, or the summer rains, or the water that streams from the melting snow when the sun shines or the warm *Foehn* wind blows, carry the fragments away. With long periods of rest, as they lie upon level ground or at the bottom of lakes, they make their way down to the sea. In the sea, at last, they are spread and sorted and hardened into rocks. From the sea-floor, they may again be lifted and crumpled into a new range of mountains. The weathering will recommence; the particles lifted up in the folded strata, ranked and filed in their orderly battalions, will find their way back to the sea as a horde of stragglers. 250

And so mountains are built up and worn down in endless succession. There are three stages of mountain-making: the forming and hardening of the rocks, the folding, the uplifting. There are three stages of mountain-destruction: the splitting, the transport of particles, the forming of new rocks; and the last stage of the one is the first stage of the other. One generation of mountains follows another. To what end? Does the earth shrink each time? 270 Is it becoming less round and more angular? Are the continents moving away from each other? We cannot be sure. Mountains are insignificant wrinkles at best: the highest make no more difference to the earth's diameter than a woollen sock makes to a man's height: but that they play their part in the story of the earth as a whole is certain. Four times, since geological history begins, have new generations of mountains risen in Europe. There is no reason to suppose that the oldest of the four belongs to the 280 first of the great cycles of growth and decay in the earth's history; there is no reason to suppose that we ourselves are living in the last.

J. Arthur Thomson.

LETTER TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

COLEBROOK COTTAGE,
April 6, 1825.

DEAR WORDSWORTH,—

I have been several times meditating a letter to you concerning the good thing which has befallen me, but the thought of poor Monkhouse came across me. He was one that I had exulted in the prospect of congratulating me. He and you were to have been the first participators, for indeed it has been ten weeks since the first motion of it. Here I am then, after thirty-three years' slavery, sitting in 10 my own room at eleven o'clock this finest of all April mornings, a freed man, with 441£ a year for

the remainder of my life, live I as long as John Dennis who outlived his annuity and starved at ninety; 441£ *i.e.*, 450£, with a deduction of 9£ for a provision secured to my sister, she being survivor, the pension guaranteed by Act Georgii Tertii, etc.

I came home FOR EVER on Tuesday in last week. The incomprehensibleness of my condition overwhelmed me. It was like passing from life into eternity. Every year to be as long as three, *i.e.*, to have three times as much real time (time that is my own) in it! I wandered about thinking I was happy, but feeling I was not. But that tumultuousness is passing off, and I begin to understand the nature of the gift. Holydays, even the annual month, were always uneasy joys; their conscious fugitiveness; the craving after making the most of them. Now, when all is holyday, there are no holydays. I can sit at home, in rain or shine, without a restless impulse for walkings. I am daily steadying, and shall soon find it as natural to me to be my own master, as it has been irksome to have had a master. Mary wakes every morning with an obscure feeling that some good has happened to us.

Leigh Hunt and Montgomery after their releasements, describe the shock of their emancipation much as I feel mine. But it hurt their frames. I eat, drink, and sleep as sound as ever. I lay no anxious schemes for going hither and thither, but take things as they occur. Yesterday I excursed twenty miles; to-day I write a few letters. Pleasuring was for fugitive play-days; mine are fugitive only in the sense that life is fugitive. Freedom and life are co-existent! . . .

Charles Lamb.

SPEECH ON AN ADDRESS TO THE
THRONE

I RISE, my Lords, to declare my sentiments on this most solemn and serious subject. It has imposed a load upon my mind, which, I fear, nothing can remove; but which impels me to endeavour its alleviation, by a free and unreserved communication of my sentiments.

In the first part of the Address, I have the honour of heartily concurring with the noble Earl who moved it. No man feels sincerer joy than I do; none
10 can offer more genuine congratulation on every accession of strength to the Protestant succession: I therefore join in every congratulation on the birth of another princess, and the happy recovery of her Majesty. But I must stop here; my courtly complaisance will carry me no further: I will not join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace: I cannot concur in a blind and servile address, which approves, and endeavours to sanctify the monstrous measures which have heaped disgrace and misfor-
20 tune upon us—which have brought ruin to our doors. This, my Lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment! It is not a time for adulation. The smoothness of flattery cannot now avail—cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the Throne in the language of truth. We must dispel the delusion and the darkness which envelop it; and display, in its full danger and true colours, the ruin that is brought to our doors.

This, my Lords, is our duty; it is the proper func-
30 tion of this noble assembly, sitting, as we do, upon our honours in this House, the hereditary council of the Crown. And *who* is the minister—*where* is the minister, that has dared to suggest to the Throne the contrary, unconstitutional language this day delivered from it?—The accustomed language from the Throne has been application to Parliament for

advice, and a reliance on its constitutional advice and assistance: as it is the right of Parliament to give, so it is the duty of the Crown to ask it. But on this day, and in this extreme momentous exigency, no 40 reliance is reposed on our constitutional counsels! no advice is asked from the sober and enlightened care of Parliament! But the Crown, from itself, and by itself, declares an unalterable determination to pursue measures—and what measures, my Lords? —The measures that have produced the imminent perils that threaten us; the measures that have brought ruin to our doors.

Can the Minister of the day now presume to expect a continuance of support in this ruinous infatuation? Can Parliament be so dead to its dignity and 50 its duty as to be thus deluded into the loss of the one and the violation of the other?—To give an unlimited credit and support for the *steady* perseverance in measures; that is the word and the conduct—proposed for our parliamentary advice, but dictated and forced upon us—in measures, I say, my Lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to ruin and contempt!—“*But yesterday, and England might have stood against the world; now 60 none so poor to do her reverence.*” I use the words of a poet; but though it be poetry, it is no fiction. It is a shameful truth, that not only the power and strength of this country are wasting away and expiring, but her well-earned glories, her true honour, and substantial dignity, are sacrificed. France, my Lords, has insulted you; she has encouraged and sustained America; and whether America be wrong or right, the dignity of this country ought to spurn at the officious insult of French interference. The 70 ministers and ambassadors of those who are called rebels and enemies are in Paris; in Paris they transact the reciprocal interests of America and France. Can there be a more mortifying insult? Can even our ministers sustain a more humiliating disgrace?

Do they dare to resent it? Do they presume even to hint a vindication of their honour, and the dignity of the state, by requiring the dismissal of the plenipotentiaries of America? Such is the degradation to which they have reduced the glories of
80 England! The people whom they affect to call contemptible rebels, but whose growing power has at last obtained the name of enemies; the people with whom they have engaged this country in war, and against whom they now command our implicit support in every measure of desperate hostility: this people, despised as rebels, or acknowledged as enemies, are abetted against you, supplied with every military store, their interests consulted, and their
90 ambassadors entertained by your inveterate enemy! and our ministers dare not interpose with dignity or effect. Is this the honour of a great kingdom? Is this the indignant spirit of England, who, but yesterday, gave law to the House of Bourbon? My Lords, the dignity of nations demands a decisive conduct in a situation like this. Even when the greatest prince that perhaps this country ever saw, filled our throne, the requisition of a Spanish general on a similar subject, was attended to, and complied
100 with; for on the spirited remonstrance of the Duke of Alva, Elizabeth found herself obliged to deny the Flemish exiles all countenance, support, or even entrance into her dominions, and the Count le Marque, with his few desperate followers, was expelled the kingdom. Happening to arrive at the Brill, and finding it weak in defence, they made themselves masters of the place: and this was the foundation of the United Provinces.

My Lords, this ruinous and ignominious situation,
110 where we cannot act with success, nor suffer with honour, calls upon us to remonstrate in the strongest and loudest language of truth, to rescue the ear of Majesty from the delusions which surround it. The desperate state of our arms abroad is in part known:

no man thinks more highly of them than I do: I love and honour the English troops: I know their virtues and their valour: I know they can achieve anything except impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of English America *is an impossibility*. You cannot, I venture to say it, **YOU CANNOT conquer** 120 America. Your armies' last war effected everything that could be effected; and what was it? It cost a numerous army, under the command of a most able general, now a noble Lord in this House, a long and laborious campaign, to expel five thousand Frenchmen from French America. My Lords, *you cannot conquer America*. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst; but we know, that in three campaigns we have done nothing and suffered much. Besides the sufferings, perhaps *total* 130 *loss*, of the northern force; the best appointed army that ever took the field, commanded by Sir William Howe, has retired from the American lines; *he was obliged* to relinquish his attempt, and with great delay and danger to adopt a new and distant plan of operations. We shall soon know, and in any event have reason to lament, what may have happened since. As to conquest, therefore, my Lords, I repeat, it is impossible.—You may swell every expense and every effort, still more extravagantly; pile and 140 accumulate every assistance you can buy or borrow; traffic and barter with every little pitiful German prince that sells and sends his subjects to the shambles of a foreign prince; your efforts are for ever vain and impotent—doubly so from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your enemies — to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder; devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty! If I were an Ameri- 150 can, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms—never—never—never.

Your own army is infected with the contagion of these illiberal allies. The spirit of plunder and of rapine is gone forth among them. I know it—and notwithstanding what the noble Earl, who moved the address, has given as his opinion of our American army, I know from authentic information, and
160 the *most experienced officers*, that our discipline is deeply wounded. Whilst this is notoriously our sinking situation, America grows and flourishes: whilst our strength and discipline are lowered, theirs are rising and improving.

But, my Lords, who is the man, that in addition to these disgraces and mischiefs of our army, has dared to authorise and associate to our arms the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage? To call into civilised alliance the wild and inhuman savage of the woods, to delegate to the merciless Indian
170 the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My Lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment; unless thoroughly done away, it will be a stain on the national character—it is a violation of the Constitution—I believe it is against law. It is not the least of our national misfortunes that the strength and character of our army are thus impaired; infected with the mercenary spirit
180 of robbery and rapine—familiarised to the horrid scenes of savage cruelty, it can no longer boast of the noble and generous principles which dignify a soldier; no longer sympathise with the dignity of the royal banner, nor feel the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war, “that make ambition virtue!” What makes ambition virtue?—the sense of honour. But is the sense of honour consistent with a spirit of plunder, or the practice of murder? Can it flow from mercenary motives, or can it prompt
190 to cruel deeds? Besides these murderers and plunderers, let me ask our ministers what other allies have they acquired? What *other powers* have they

associated to their cause? Have they entered into alliance with the *king of the gypsies*? Nothing my Lords, is too low or too ludicrous to be consistent with their counsels.

The independent views of America have been stated and asserted as the foundation of this address. My Lords, no man wishes for the due dependence of America on this country more than I 200 do. To preserve it, and not confirm that state of independence into which *your measures* hitherto have *driven* them, is the object which we ought to unite in attaining. The Americans, contending for their rights against the arbitrary exactions, I love and admire; it is the struggle of free and virtuous patriots: but contending for independency and total disconnection from England, as an Englishman I cannot wish them success; for in a due constitutional dependence, including the ancient supremacy 210 of this country in regulating their commerce and navigation, consists the mutual happiness and prosperity both of England and America. She derived assistance and protection from us, and we reaped from her the most important advantages.—She was, indeed, the fountain of our wealth, the nerve of our strength, the nursery and basis of our naval power. It is our duty, therefore, my Lords, if we wish to save our country, most seriously to endeavour the recovery of these most beneficial subjects: 220 and in this perilous crisis, perhaps the present moment may be the only one in which we can hope for success: for in their negotiations with France they have, or think they have, reason to complain: though it be notorious that they have received from that power important supplies and assistance of various kinds, yet it is certain they expected it in a more decisive and immediate degree. America is in ill humour with France, on some points that have not entirely answered her expectations: let us wisely 230 take advantage of every possible moment of recon-

ciliation. Besides, the natural disposition of America herself still leans towards England; to the old habits of connection and mutual interest that united both countries. This *was* the established sentiment of all the Continent, and still, my Lords, in the great and principal part, the sound part of America, this wise and affectionate disposition prevails; and there is a very considerable part of America yet sound—
240 the middle and the southern provinces. Some parts may be factious and blind to their true interests, but if we express a wise and benevolent disposition to communicate with them those immutable rights of nature and those constitutional liberties to which they are equally entitled with ourselves, by a conduct so just and humane we shall confirm the favourable and conciliate the adverse. I say, my Lords, the rights and liberties to which they are equally entitled with ourselves, but no more. I
250 would participate to them every enjoyment and freedom which the colonising subjects of a free state can possess, or wish to possess; and I do not see why they should not enjoy every fundamental right in their property, and every original substantial liberty which Devonshire or Surrey, or the county I live in, or any other county in England, can claim, reserving always, as the sacred right of the mother country, the due constitutional dependency of the colonies. The inherent supremacy of the State in
260 regulating and protecting the navigation and commerce of all her subjects, is necessary for the mutual benefit and preservation of every part, to constitute and preserve the prosperous arrangement of the whole empire.

The sound parts of America, of which I have spoken, must be sensible of these great truths and of their real interests. America is not in that state of desperate and contemptible rebellion which this country has been deluded to believe. It is not a wild
270 and lawless banditti, who, having nothing to lose,

might hope to snatch something from public convulsions. Many of their leaders and great men have a great stake in this great contest: the gentleman who conducts their armies, I am told, has an estate of four or five thousand pounds a year; and when I consider these things I cannot but lament the inconsiderate violence of our penal acts, our declarations of treason and rebellion, with all the fatal effects of attainder and confiscation.

As to the disposition of foreign powers, which is 280 asserted to be pacific and friendly, let us judge, my Lords, rather by their actions and the nature of things than by interested assertions. The uniform assistance supplied to America by France suggests a different conclusion:—The most important interests of France in aggrandising and enriching herself with what she most wants, supplies of every naval store from America, must inspire her with different sentiments. The extraordinary preparations of the House of Bourbon, by land and by sea, from Dun- 290 kirk to the Straits, equally ready and willing to overwhelm these defenceless islands, should rouse us to a sense of their real disposition and our own danger. Not five thousand troops in England!—hardly three thousand in Ireland! What can we oppose to the combined force of our enemies? Scarcely twenty ships of the line fully or sufficiently manned that any admiral's reputation would permit him to take the command of. The river of Lisbon in the possession of our enemies!—The seas swept by Am- 300 erican privateers. — Our Channel trade torn to pieces by them! In this complicated crisis of danger, weakness at home, and calamity abroad, terrified and insulted by the neighbouring powers—unable to act in America, or acting only to be destroyed—where is the man with the forehead to promise or hope for success in such a situation? or from perseverance in the measures that have driven

us to it? Who has the forehead to do so? Where
310 is that man? I should be glad to see his face.

You cannot *conciliate* America by your present measures—you cannot *subdue* her by your present, or by any measures. What, then, can you do? You cannot conquer, you cannot gain, but you can *address*; you can lull the fears and anxieties of the moment into an ignorance of the danger that should produce them. But, my Lords, the time demands the language of truth: we must not now apply the flattering unction of servile compliance, or blind
320 complaisance. In a just and necessary war, to maintain the rights or honour of my country, I would strip the shirt from my back to support it. But in such a war as this, unjust in its principle, impracticable in its means, and ruinous in its consequences, I would not contribute a single effort, nor a single shilling. I do not call for vengeance on the heads of those who have been guilty, I only recommend to them to make their retreat. Let them walk off, and let them make haste, or they may be assured
330 that speedy and condign punishment will overtake them.

My Lords, I have submitted to you, with the freedom and truth which I think my duty, my sentiments on your present awful situation. I have laid before you the ruin of your power, the disgrace of your reputation, the pollution of your discipline, the contamination of your morals, the complication of calamities, foreign and domestic, that overwhelm your sinking country. Your dearest interests, your
340 own liberties, the Constitution itself, totters to the foundation. All this disgraceful danger, this multitude of misery, is the monstrous offspring of this unnatural war. We have been deceived and deluded too long: let us now stop short: this is the crisis—may be the only crisis, of time and situation, to give us a possibility of escape from the fatal effects of our delusions. But if in an obstinate and infatuated

perseverance in folly, we slavishly echo the peremptory words this day presented to us, nothing can save this devoted country from complete and final ruin. We madly rush into multiplied miseries and "confusion worse confounded."

Is it possible, can it be believed, that ministers are yet blind to this impending destruction? I did hope, that instead of this false and empty vanity, this overweening pride, engendering high conceits, and presumptuous imaginations, that ministers would have humbled themselves in their errors, would have confessed and retracted them, and by an active, though a late repentance, have endeavoured to redeem them. But, my Lords, since they had neither sagacity to foresee, nor justice nor humanity to shun, these oppressive calamities; since not even severe experience can make them feel, nor the imminent ruin of their country awaken them from their stupefaction, the guardian care of Parliament must interpose. I shall, therefore, my Lords, propose to you an amendment to the address to his Majesty, to be inserted immediately after the two first paragraphs of congratulation on the birth of a princess: to recommend an immediate cessation of hostilities, and the commencement of a treaty to restore peace and liberty to America, strength and happiness to England, security and permanent prosperity to both countries.—This, my Lords, is yet in our power; and let not the wisdom and justice of your Lordships neglect the happy and, perhaps, the only opportunity. By the establishment of irrevocable law founded on mutual rights and ascertained by treaty, these glorious enjoyments may be firmly perpetuated. And let me repeat to your Lordships that the strong bias of America, at least of the wise and sounder parts of it, naturally inclines to this happy and constitutional re-connection with you. Notwithstanding the temporary intrigues with France, we may still be assured of their ancient and con-

390 firmed partiality to us. America and France cannot be congenial; there is something decisive and confirmed in the honest American that will not assimilate to the futility and levity of Frenchmen.

My Lords, to encourage and confirm that innate inclination to this country, founded on every principle of affection, as well as consideration of interest—to restore that favourable disposition into a permanent and powerful reunion with this country—to revive the mutual strength of the Empire; again, to awe the House of Bourbon instead of meanly truckling, as our present calamities compel us, to every insult of French caprice and Spanish punctilio
400 —to re-establish our commerce—to re-assert our rights and our honour—to confirm our interests and renew our glories for ever (a consummation most devoutly to be endeavoured, and which, I trust, may yet arise from reconciliation with America)—I have the honour of submitting to you the following amendment, which I move to be inserted after the two first paragraphs of the address.

“And that this House does most humbly advise and supplicate his Majesty to be pleased to cause the
410 most speedy and effectual measures to be taken for restoring peace in America; and that no time may be lost in proposing an immediate cessation of hostilities there in order to the opening a treaty for the final settlement of the tranquillity of these invaluable provinces by a removal of the unhappy causes of this ruinous civil war; and by a just and adequate security against the return of the like calamities in times to come. And this House desire to offer the most dutiful assurances to his Majesty that they
420 will, in due time, cheerfully co-operate with the magnanimity and tender goodness of his Majesty, for the preservation of his people, by such explicit and most solemn declarations, and provisions of fundamental and irrevocable laws, as may be judged necessary for the ascertaining and fixing for ever

the respective rights of Great Britain and her colonies."

[The amendment was defeated. During the debate the employment of Indians in war was declared by the Secretary of State to be necessary and justifiable on grounds of principle—"justifiable to use all the means that God and nature had put into our hands." Roused to indignation by this statement, Chatham made this famous reply.] 430

I AM ASTONISHED! shocked! to hear such principles confessed — to hear them avowed in this House, or in this country: principles equally unconstitutional, inhuman, and unchristian!

My Lords, I did not intend to have encroached again upon your attention; but I cannot repress my indignation—I feel myself impelled by every duty. My Lords, we are called upon as members of this House, as men, as Christian men, to protest against such notions standing near the throne, polluting the ear of Majesty. "That God and nature put into our hands." I know not what ideas that Lord may entertain of God and nature, but I know that such abominable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity.—What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife—to the cannibal savage torturing, murdering, roasting, and eating; literally, my Lords, *eating* the mangled victims of his barbarous battles! Such horrible notions shock every precept of religion, divine or natural, and every generous feeling of humanity. And, my Lords, they shock every sentiment of honour; they shock me as a lover of honourable war, and a detester of murderous barbarity. 440

These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that *Right Reverend* Bench, those holy ministers of the gospel, and pious pastors of our Church; I conjure them to join in the 460

holy work, and vindicate the religion of their God: I appeal to the wisdom and the law of *this learned* Bench to defend and support the justice of their country: I call upon the Bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn;—upon the learned
470 Judges to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution: I call upon the honour of your Lordships, to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own: I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country to vindicate the national character: I invoke the genius of the Constitution. From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble Lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. In vain he led your victorious fleets against
480 the boasted Armada of Spain; in vain he defended and established the honour, the liberties, the religion, the *Protestant religion*, of this country against the arbitrary cruelties of Popery and the Inquisition, if these more than popish cruelties and inquisitorial practices are let loose among us; to turn forth into our settlements, among our ancient connections, friends, and relations, the merciless cannibal, thirsting for the blood of man, woman, and child! to send forth the infidel savage — against whom? against
490 your Protestant brethren; to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name, with these horrible hell-hounds of savage war!—*hell-hounds, I say, of savage war*. Spain armed herself with blood-hounds to extirpate the wretched natives of America; and we improve on the inhuman example even of Spanish cruelty—we turn loose these savage hell-hounds against our brethren and countrymen in America, of the same language, laws, liberties, and religion; endeared to
500 us by every tie that should sanctify humanity.

My Lords, this awful subject, so important to our honour, our Constitution, and our religion, demands the most solemn and effectual inquiry. And I again

call upon your Lordships, and the united powers of the State, to examine it thoroughly and decisively, and to stamp upon it an indelible stigma of the public abhorrence. And I again implore those holy prelates of our religion to do away these iniquities from among us. Let them perform a lustration; let them purify this House, and this country, from this sin. 510

My Lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more; but my feelings and indignation were too strong to have said less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor reposed my head on my pillow, without giving this vent to my eternal abhorrence of such preposterous and enormous principles.

William Pitt, Earl of Chatham.

THE ROCKIES

(LETTERS FROM AMERICA)

AT CALGARY, if you can spare a minute from more important matters, slip beyond the hurrying white city, climb the golf links, and gaze west. A low bank of dark clouds disturbs you by the fixity of its outline. It is the Rockies, seventy miles away. On a good day, it is said, they are visible twice as far, so clear and serene is this air. Five hundred miles west is the coast of British Columbia, a region with a different climate, different country, and different problems. It is cut off from the 10 prairies by vast tracts of wild country and uninhabitable ranges. For nearly two hundred miles the train pants through the homeless grandeur of the Rockies and the Selkirks. Four or five hotels, a few huts or tents, and a rare mining-camp—that is all the habitation in many thousands of square miles. Little even of that is visible from the train. That is one of the chief differences between the effect of the Rockies and that of the

20 Alps. There, you are always in sight of a civilisation which has nestled for ages at the feet of those high places. They stand, enrobed with worship, and grander by contrast with the lives of men. These unmemoried heights are inhuman—or rather, irrelevant to humanity. No recorded Hannibal has struggled across them; their shadow lies on no remembered literature. They acknowledge claims neither of the soul nor of the body of man. He is a stranger, neither Nature's enemy
30 nor her child. She is there alone, scarcely a unity in the heaped confusion of these crags, almost without grandeur among the chaos of earth.

Yet this horrid and solitary wildness is but one aspect. There is beauty here, at length, for the first time in Canada, the real beauty that is always too sudden for mortal eyes, and brings pain with its comfort. The Rockies have a remoter, yet a kindlier beauty than the Alps. Their rock is of a browner colour, and such rugged peaks
40 and crowns as do not attain snow continually suggest gigantic castellations, or the ramparts of Titans. Eastward, the foothills are few and low, and the mountains stand superbly. The heart lifts to see them. They guard the sunset. Into this rocky wilderness you plunge, and toil through it hour by hour, viewing it from the rear of the Observation-Car. The Observation-Car is a great invention of the new world. At the end of the train is a compartment with large windows, and a
50 little platform behind it, roofed over, but exposed otherwise to the air. On this platform are sixteen little perches, for which you fight with Americans. Victorious, you crouch on one, and watch the ever-receding panorama behind the train. It is an admirable way of viewing scenery. But a day of being perpetually drawn backwards at a great pace through some of the grandest mountains in the world has a queer effect. Like life, it leaves you

with a dizzy irritation. For, as in life, you never see the glories till they are past, and then they 60 vanish with incredible rapidity. And if you crane to see the dwindling further peaks, you miss the new splendours.

The day I went through most of the Rockies was, by some standards, a bad one for the view. Rain scudded by in forlorn, grey showers, and the upper parts of the mountains were wrapped in cloud, which was but rarely blown aside to reveal the heights. Sublimity, therefore, was left to the imagination; but desolation was most vividly pres- 70 ent. In no weather could the impression of loneliness be stronger. The pines drooped and sobbed. Cascades, born somewhere in the dun firmament above, dropped down the mountain sides in ever-growing white threads. The rivers roared and plunged with aimless passion down the ravines. Stray little clouds, left behind when the wrack lifted a little, ran bleating up and down the forlorn hill-sides. More often, the clouds trailed along the 80 valleys, a long procession of shrouded, melancholy figures, seeming to pause, as with an indeterminate, tragic, vain gesture, before passing out of sight up some ravine.

Yet desolation is not the final impression that will remain of the Rockies and the Selkirks. I was advised by various people to "stop off" at Banff and at Lake Louise, in the Rockies. I did so. They are supposed to be equally the beauty spots of the mountains. How perplexing it is that advisers are always so kindly and willing to help, 90 and always so indiscriminating! It is equally disastrous to be a sceptic and to be credulous. Banff is an ordinary little tourist resort in mountainous country, with hills and a stream and snow peaks beyond. Beautiful enough, and invigorating. But Lake Louise—Lake Louise is of another world. Imagine a little round lake 6000 feet up, a mile

across, closed in by great cliffs of brown rock, round the shoulders of which are thrown mantles
100 of close dark pine. At one end the lake is fed by a vast glacier, and its milky tumbling stream; and the glacier climbs to snowfields of one of the highest and loveliest peaks in the Rockies, which keeps perpetual guard over the scene. To this place you go up three or four miles from the railway. There is the hotel at one end of the lake, facing the glacier; else no sign of humanity. From the windows you may watch the water and the peaks all day, and never see the same view twice.
110 In the lake, ever-changing, is Beauty herself, as nearly visible to mortal eyes as she may ever be. The water, beyond the flowers, is green, always a different green. Sometimes it is tranquil, glassy, shot with blue, of a peacock tint. Then a little wind awakes in the distance, and ruffles the surface, yard by yard, covering it with a myriad tiny wrinkles, till half the lake is milky emerald, while the rest still sleeps. And, at length, the whole is astir, and the sun catches it, and Lake Louise is
120 a web of laughter, the opal distillation of all the buds of all the spring. On either side go up the dark processional pines, mounting to the sacred peaks, devout, kneeling, motionless, in an ecstasy of homely adoration, like the donors and their families in a Flemish picture. Among these you may wander for hours by little rambling paths, over white and red and golden flowers, and, continually, you spy little lakes, hidden away, each a shy, soft jewel of a new strange tint of green or blue, mutable and lovely And beyond all is the
130 glacier and the vast fields and peaks of eternal snow.

If you watch the great white cliff, from the foot of which the glacier flows—seven miles away, but it seems two—you will sometimes see a little puff of silvery smoke go up, thin, and vanish. A few seconds later comes the roar of terrific, distant

thunder. The mountains tower and smile unregarding in the sun. It was an avalanche. And if you climb any of the ridges or peaks around, there are discovered other valleys and heights and ranges, wild and desert, stretching endlessly away. 140
As day draws to an end the shadows on the snow turn bluer, the crying of innumerable waters hushes, and the immense, bare ramparts of westward-facing rock that guard the great valley win a rich, golden-brown radiance. Long after the sun has set they seem to give forth the splendour of the day, and the tranquillity of their centuries, in undiminished fulness. They have that other-worldly serenity which a perfect old age possesses. 150
And as with a perfect old age, so here, the colour and the light ebb so gradually out of things that you could swear nothing of the radiance and glory gone up to the very moment before the dark.

It was on such a height, and at some such hour as this, that I sat and considered the nature of the country in this continent. There was perceptible, even here, though less urgent than elsewhere, the strangeness I had noticed in woods by the St. Lawrence, and on the banks of the Delaware (where are red-haired girls who sing at dawn), and in British Columbia, and afterwards among the brown hills and colossal trees of California, but especially by that lonely golden beach in Manitoba, where the high-stepping little brown deer run down to drink, and the wild geese through the evening go flying and crying. It is an empty land. To love the country here—mountains are worshipped, not loved—it is like embracing a wraith. 160
A European can find nothing to satisfy the hunger of his heart. 170
The air is too thin to breathe. He requires haunted woods, and the friendly presence of ghosts. The immaterial soil of England is heavy and fertile with the decaying stuff of past seasons and generations. Here is the floor of a

new wood, yet uncumbered by one year's autumn fall. We Europeans find the Orient stale and get too luxuriantly fetid by reason of the multitude of bygone lives and thoughts, oppressive with the crowded presence of the dead, both men and gods. So, I imagine, a Canadian would feel our woods and fields heavy with the past and the invisible, and suffer claustrophobia in an English countryside beneath the dreadful pressure of immortals. For his own forests and wild places are windswept and empty. That is their charm, and their terror. You may lie awake all night and never feel the passing of evil presences, nor hear printless feet; neither do you lapse into slumber with the comfortable consciousness of those friendly watchers who sit invisibly by a lonely sleeper under an English sky. Even an Irishman would not see a row of little men with green caps lepping along beneath the fire-weed and the golden daisies; nor have the subtler fairies of England found these wilds. It has never paid a steamship or railway company to arrange for their emigration.

In the bush of certain islands of the South Seas you may hear a crashing on windless noons, and, looking up, see a corpse swinging along head downwards at a great speed from tree to tree, holding by its toes, grimacing, dripping with decay. Americans, so active in this life, rest quiet afterwards. And though every stone of Wall Street have its separate Lar, their kind have not gone out beyond city-lots. The maple and the birch conceal no dryads, and Pan has never been heard amongst these reed-beds. Look as long as you like upon a cataract of the New World, you shall not see a white arm in the foam. A godless place. And the dead do not return. That is why there is nothing lurking in the heart of the shadows, and no human mystery in the colours, and neither the same joy nor the kind of peace in dawn and sunset that

older lands know. It is, indeed, a new world. How far away seem those grassy, moonlit places in England that have been Roman camps or roads, where there is always serenity, and the spirit of a purpose at rest, and the sunlight flashes upon more than flint! Here one is perpetually a first-comer. 220 The land is virginal, the wind cleaner than elsewhere, and every lake new-born, and each day is the first day. The flowers are less conscious than English flowers, the breezes have nothing to remember, and everything to promise. There walk, as yet, no ghosts of lovers in Canadian lanes. This is the essence of the grey freshness and brisk melancholy of this land. And for all the charm of those qualities, it is also the secret of the European's discontent. For it is possible, at a pinch, to do 230 without gods. But one misses the dead.

Rupert Brooke.

LETTER FROM
THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD
TO HIS SON, PHILIP STANHOPE, ESQ.

LONDON: *November 24, 1747.*

DEAR BOY,—

As often as I write to you (and that you know is pretty often) so often am I in doubt whether it is to any purpose, and whether it is not labour and paper lost. This entirely depends upon the degree of reason and reflection which you are master of, or think proper to exert. If you give yourself time to think, and have sense enough to think right, two reflections must necessarily occur to you; the one is, that I have a great deal of experience and that you have none; the other is, that I am the only man living 10 who cannot have, directly or indirectly, any interest concerning you, but your own. From which two un-

deniable principles, the obvious and necessary conclusion is, that you ought, for your own sake, to attend to and follow my advice.

If, by the application which I recommend to you, you acquire great knowledge, you alone are the gainer; I pay for it. If you should deserve either a good or a bad character, mine will be exactly
20 what it is now, and will neither be the better in the first case, nor the worse in the latter. You alone will be the gainer or the loser.

Whatever your pleasures may be, I neither can nor shall envy you them, as old people are sometimes suspected, by young people, to do; and I shall only lament, if they should prove such as are unbecoming a man of honour, or below a man of sense. But you will be the real sufferer, if they are such. As
30 therefore it is plain that I have no other motive than that of affection in whatever I say to you, you ought to look upon me as your best, and for some years to come, your only friend.

True friendship requires certain proportions of age and manners, and can never subsist where they are extremely different, except in the relations of parent and child; where affection on one side, and regard on the other, make up the difference. The friendship which you may contract with people of your own age, may be sincere, may be warm; but
40 must be for some time reciprocally unprofitable, as there can be no experience on either side.

The young leading the young, is like the blind leading the blind; "they will both fall into the ditch." The only sure guide is he who has often gone the road which you want to go. Let me be that guide: who have gone all roads; and who can consequently point out to you the best. If you ask me why I went
any of the bad roads myself, I will answer you very truly, that is for want of a good guide; ill example
50 invited me one way, and a good guide was wanting to show me a better. But if anybody, capable of

advising me, had taken the same pains with me, which I have taken, and will continue to take with you, I should have avoided many follies and inconveniences, which undirected youth ran me into. My father was neither able nor desirous to advise me; which is what I hope you cannot say of yours. You see that I make use only of the word *advise*; because I would much rather have the assent of your reason to my advice, than the submission of your will to my authority. This, I persuade myself, will happen, from that degree of sense which I think you have; and therefore I will go on advising, and with hopes of success. You are now settled for some time at Leipsic: the principal object of your stay there is the knowledge of books and sciences; which if you do not, by attention and application, make yourself master of while you are there, you will be ignorant of them all the rest of your life: and take my word for it a life of ignorance is not only a very contemptible, but a very tiresome one. Redouble your attention then, to Mr. Harte, in your private studies of the Literæ Humaniores, especially Greek. State your difficulties whenever you have any; do not suppress them either from mistaken shame, lazy indifference or in order to have done the sooner. Do the same with Professor Mas-cow, or any other professor.

When you have thus usefully employed your mornings, you may with a safe conscience divert yourself in the evenings, and make those evenings very useful too, by passing them in good company, and, by observation and attention, learning as much of the world as Leipsic can teach you. You will observe and imitate the manners of the people of the best fashion there; not that they are (it may be) the best manners in the world; but because they are the best manners of the place where you are, to which a man of sense always conforms. The nature of things is always and everywhere the same; but

the modes of them vary, more or less, in every country; and an easy and genteel conformity to them, or rather the assuming of them at proper times, and in proper places, is what particularly constitutes a man of the world, and a well-bred man.

Here is advice enough, I think, and too much, it may be, you will think, for one letter; if you follow it, you will get knowledge, character, and pleasure by it; if you do not, I only lose *operam et oleum*,
100 which, in all events, I do not grudge you.

I send you, by a person who sets out this day for Leipsic, a small packet from your Mamma, containing some valuable things which you left behind, to which I have added, by way of New Year's gift, a very pretty tooth-pick case; and, by the way, pray take great care of your teeth, and keep them extremely clean. I have likewise sent you the Greek roots, lately translated into English from the French of the Port Royal. Inform yourself what the Port
110 Royal is. To conclude with a quibble; I hope you will not only feed upon these Greek roots, but likewise digest them perfectly. Adieu.

VISION OF SUDDEN DEATH

(ENGLISH MAIL COACH)

FROM Manchester to Kendal, which virtually (though not in law) is the capital of Westmoreland, there were at this time seven stages of eleven miles each. The first five of these, counting from Manchester, terminate in Lancaster, which is therefore fifty-five miles north of Manchester, and the same distance exactly from Liverpool. The first three stages terminate in Preston (called, by way of distinction from other towns of that name, *proud*
10 Preston), at which place it is that the separate roads from Liverpool and from Manchester to the north become confluent. Within these first three

stages lay the foundation, the progress, and termination of our night's adventure. During the first stage I found out that Cyclops was mortal: he was liable to the shocking affection of sleep—a thing which previously I had never suspected. If a man indulges in the vicious habit of sleeping, all the skill in aurigation of Apollo himself, with the horses of Aurora to execute his notions, avail him nothing. “Oh, Cyclops!” I exclaimed, “thou art mortal. My friend, thou snoorest.” Through the first eleven miles, however, this infirmity—which I grieve to say that he shared with the whole Pagan Pantheon—betrayed itself only by brief snatches. On waking up, he made an apology for himself, which, instead of mending matters, laid open a gloomy vista of coming disasters. The summer assizes, he reminded me, were now going on at Lancaster; in consequence of which, for three nights and three days, he had not lain down in a bed. During the day he was waiting for his own summons as a witness on the trial in which he was interested; or else, lest he should be missing at the critical moment, was drinking with the other witnesses, under the pastoral surveillance of the attorneys. During the night, or that part of it which at sea would form the middle watch, he was driving. This explanation certainly accounted for his drowsiness, but in a way which made it much more alarming; since now, after several days' resistance to this infirmity, at length he was steadily giving way. Throughout the second stage he grew more and more drowsy. In the second mile of the third stage, he surrendered himself finally and without a struggle to his perilous temptation. All his past resistance had but deepened the weight of this final oppression. Seven atmospheres of sleep rested upon him; and to consummate the case, our worthy guard, after singing “Love amongst the Roses” for perhaps thirty times, without invitation,

and without applause, had in revenge moodily resigned himself to slumber—not so deep, doubtless, as the coachman's, but deep enough for mischief. And thus at last, about ten miles from Preston, it came about that I found myself left in charge of his Majesty's London and Glasgow mail, then running at the least twelve miles an hour.

What made this negligence less criminal than
60 else it must have been thought, was the condition of the roads at night during the assizes. At that time, all the law business of populous Liverpool, and also of populous Manchester, with its vast cincture of populous rural districts, was called up by ancient usage to the tribunal of Lilliputian Lancaster. To break up this old traditional usage required, 1, a conflict with powerful established interests; 2, a large system of new arrangements; and 3, a new parliamentary statute. But as yet
70 this change was merely in contemplation. As things were at present, twice in the year so vast a body of business rolled northwards, from the southern quarter of the county, that for a fortnight at least it occupied the severe exertions of two judges in its despatch. The consequence of this was, that every horse available for such a service, along the whole line of road, was exhausted in carrying down the multitudes of people who were parties to the different suits. By sunset, therefore, it
80 usually happened that, through utter exhaustion amongst men and horses, the road sank into profound silence. Except the exhaustion in the vast adjacent county of York from a contested election, no such silence succeeding to no such fiery uproar was ever witnessed in England.

On this occasion, the usual silence and solitude prevailed along the road. Not a hoof nor a wheel was to be heard. And to strengthen this false
luxurious confidence in the noiseless roads, it hap-
90 pened also that the night was one of peculiar solem-

nity and peace. For my own part, though slightly alive to the possibilities of peril, I had so far yielded to the influence of the mighty calm as to sink into a profound reverie. The month was August, in the middle of which lay my own birthday—a festival to every thoughtful man suggesting solemn and often sigh-born thoughts. The county was my own native county—upon which, in its southern section, more than upon any equal area known to man past or present, had descended the original 100 curse of labour in its heaviest form, not mastering the bodies only of men as of slaves, or criminals in mines, but working through the fiery will. Upon no equal space of earth was, or ever had been, the same energy of human power put forth daily. At this particular season also of the assizes, that dreadful hurricane of flight and pursuit, as it might have seemed to a stranger, which swept to and from Lancaster all day long, hunting the county up and down, and regularly subsiding back into silence 110 about sunset, could not fail (when united with this permanent distinction of Lancashire as the very metropolis and citadel of labour) to point the thoughts pathetically upon that counter vision of rest, of saintly repose from strife and sorrow, towards which, as to their secret haven, the profounder aspirations of man's heart are in solitude continually travelling. Obliquely upon our left we were nearing the sea, which also must, under the present circumstances, be repeating the general state 120 of halcyon repose. The sea, the atmosphere, the light, bore each an orchestral part in this universal lull. Moonlight, and the first timid tremblings of the dawn, were by this time blending; and the blendings were brought into a still more exquisite state of unity by a slight silvery mist, motionless and dreamy, that covered the woods and fields, but with a veil of equable transparency. Except the feet of our own horses, which, running on a sandy

130 margin of the road, made but little disturbance, there was no sound abroad. In the clouds, and on the earth, prevailed the same majestic peace; and in spite of all that the villain of a schoolmaster has done for the ruin of our sublimer thoughts, which are the thoughts of our infancy, we still believe in no such nonsense as a limited atmosphere. Whatever we may swear with our false feigning lips, in our faithful hearts we still believe, and must for ever believe, in fields of air traversing the total
140 gulf between earth and the central heavens. Still, in the confidence of children that tread without fear *every* chamber in their father's house, and to whom no door is closed, we, in that Sabbath vision which sometimes is revealed for an hour upon nights like this, ascend with easy steps from the sorrow-stricken fields of earth, upwards to the sandals of God.

Suddenly, from thoughts like these, I was awakened to a sullen sound, as of some motion on the
150 distant road. It stole upon the air for a moment; I listened in awe; but then it died away. Once roused, however, I could not but observe with alarm the quickened motion of our horses. Ten years' experience had made my eye learned in the valuing of motion; and I saw that we were now running thirteen miles an hour. I pretend to no presence of mind. On the contrary, my fear is, that I am miserably and shamefully deficient in that quality as regards action. The palsy of doubt and
160 distraction hangs like some guilty weight of dark unfathomed remembrances upon my energies, when the signal is flying for *action*. But, on the other hand, this accursed gift I have, as regards *thought*, that in the first step towards the possibility of a misfortune, I see its total evolution; in the radix of the series I see too certainly and too instantly its entire expansion; in the first syllable of the dreadful sentence, I read already the last. It was

not that I feared for ourselves. *Us*, our bulk and impetus charmed against peril in any collision. And I had ridden through too many hundreds of perils that were frightful to approach, that were matter of laughter to look back upon, the first face of which was horror—the parting face a jest, for any anxiety to rest upon *our* interests. The mail was not built, I felt assured, nor bespoke, that could betray *me* who trusted to its protection. But any carriage that we could meet would be frail and light in comparison of ourselves. And I remarked this ominous accident of our situation. We were on the wrong side of the road. But then, it may be said, the other party, if other there was, might also be on the wrong side; and two wrongs may make a right. *That* was not likely. The same motive which had drawn *us* to the right-hand side of the road—viz., the luxury of the soft beaten sand, as contrasted with the paved centre—would prove attractive to others. The two adverse carriages would therefore, to a certainty, be travelling on the same side; and from this side, as not being ours in law, the crossing over to the other would, of course, be looked for from *us*. Our lamps, still lighted, would give the impression of vigilance on our part. And every creature that met *us* would rely upon *us* for quartering. All this, and if the separate links of the anticipation had been a thousand times more, I saw, not discursively, or by effort, or by succession, but by one flash of horrid simultaneous intuition.

Under this steady though rapid anticipation of the evil which *might* be gathering ahead, ah! what a sullen mystery of fear, what a sigh of woe, was that which stole upon the air, as again the far-off sound of a wheel was heard! A whisper it was—a whisper from, perhaps, four miles off—secretly announcing a ruin that, being foreseen, was not the less inevitable; that, being known, was not, there-

fore, healed. What could be done?—who was it who could do it—to check the storm-flight of these
210 maniacal horses? Could I not seize the reins from the grasp of the slumbering coachman? You, reader, think that it would have been in *your* power to do so. And I quarrel not with your estimate of yourself. But, from the way in which the coachman's hand was viced between his upper and lower thigh, this was impossible. Easy, was it? See, then, that bronze equestrian statue. The cruel rider has kept the bit in the horse's mouth for two centuries. Unbridle him, for a minute, if you
220 please, and wash his mouth with water. Easy, was it? Unhorse me, then, that imperial rider; knock me those marble feet from those marble stirrups of Charlemagne.

The sounds ahead strengthened, and were now too clearly the sounds of wheels. Who and what could it be? Was it industry in a taxed cart? Was it youthful gaiety in a gig? Was it sorrow that loitered, or joy that raced? For as yet the snatches of sound were too intermitting, from distance, to
230 decipher the character of the motion. Whoever were the travellers, something must be done to warn them. Upon the other party rest the active responsibility, but upon *us*—and, woe is me! that *us* was reduced to my frail, opium-shattered self—rests the responsibility of warning. Yet, how should this be accomplished? Might I not sound the guard's horn? Already, on the first thought, I was making my way over the roof of the guard's seat. But this, from the accident which I have
240 mentioned, of the foreign mails' being piled upon the roof, was a difficult and even dangerous attempt to one cramped by nearly three hundred miles of outside travelling. And, fortunately, before I had lost much time in the attempt, our frantic horses swept round an angle in the road, which opened upon us that final stage where the collision

must be accomplished, and the catastrophe sealed. All was apparently finished. The court was sitting; the case was heard; the judge had finished; and only the verdict was yet in arrear.

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Before us lay an avenue, straight as an arrow, six hundred yards, perhaps, in length; and the umbrageous trees, which rose in a regular line from either side, meeting high overhead, gave to it the character of a cathedral aisle. These trees lent a deeper solemnity to the early light; but there was still light enough to perceive, at the further end of this Gothic aisle, a frail reedy gig, in which were seated a young man, and by his side a young lady. Ah, young sir! what are you about? If it is requisite that you should whisper your communications to this young lady—though really I see nobody, at an hour and on a road so solitary, likely to overhear you—is it therefore requisite that you should carry your lips forward to hers? The little carriage is creeping on at one mile an hour; and the parties within it being thus tenderly engaged, are naturally bending down their heads. Between them and eternity, to all human calculation, there is but a minute and a half. Oh heavens! what is it that I shall do? Speaking or acting, what help can I offer? Strange it is, and to a mere auditor of the tale might seem laughable, that I should need a suggestion from the *Iliad* to prompt the sole resource that remained. Yet so it was. Suddenly I remembered the shout of Achilles, and its effect. But could I pretend to shout like the son of Peleus, aided by Pallas? No: but then I needed not the shout that should alarm all Asia militant; such a shout would suffice as might carry terror into the hearts of two thoughtless young people, and one gig-horse. I shouted—and the young man heard me not. A second time I shouted—and now he heard me, for now he raised his head.

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Here, then, all had been done that, by me, *could* be done: more on *my* part was not possible. Mine had been the first step; the second was for the young man; the third was for God. If, said I, this stranger is a brave man, and if, indeed, he loves the young girl at his side—or, loving her not, if he feels the obligation, pressing upon every man worthy to be called a man, of doing his utmost for a woman confided to his protection—he will, at least, make some effort to save her. If *that* fails, he will not perish the more, or by a death more cruel, for having made it; and he will die as a brave man should, with his face to the danger, and with his arm about the woman that he sought in vain to save. But, if he makes no effort, shrinking, without a struggle, from his duty, he himself will not the less certainly perish for this baseness of poltroonery. He will die no less: and why not? Wherefore should we grieve that there is one craven less in the world? No; *let* him perish, without a pitying thought of ours wasted upon him; and, in that case, all our grief will be reserved for the fate of the helpless girl who now, upon the least shadow of failure in *him*, must, by the fiercest of translations—must, without time for a prayer—must, within seventy seconds, stand before the judgment-seat of God.

But craven he was not: sudden had been the call upon him, and sudden was his answer to the call. He saw, he heard, he comprehended, the ruin that was coming down: already its gloomy shadow darkened above him; and already he was measuring his strength to deal with it. Ah! what a vulgar thing does courage seem, when we see nations buying it and selling it for a shilling a day: ah! what a sublime thing does courage seem, when some fearful summons on the great deeps of life carries a man, as if running before a hurricane, up to the giddy crest of some tumultuous crisis, from which lie two

courses, and a voice says to him audibly, "One way lies hope; take the other, and mourn forever!" How grand a triumph, if, even then, amidst the raving of all around him, and the frenzy of the danger, the man is able to confront his situation—is able to retire for a moment into solitude with 330 God, and to seek his counsel from *Him*!

For seven seconds, it might be, of his seventy, the stranger settled his countenance steadfastly upon us, as if to search and value every element in the conflict before him. For five seconds more of his seventy he sat immovably, like one that mused on some great purpose. For five more, perhaps, he sat with eyes upraised, like one that prayed in sorrow, under some extremity of doubt, for light that should guide him to the better choice. Then sud- 340 denly he rose; stood upright; and by a powerful strain upon the reins, raising his horse's fore-feet from the ground, he slewed him round on the pivot of his hind legs, so as to plant the little equipage in a position nearly at right angles to ours. Thus far his condition was not improved; except as a first step had been taken towards the possibility of a second. If no more were done, nothing was done; for the little carriage still occupied the very centre of our path, though in an altered direction. 350 Yet even now it may not be too late: fifteen of the seventy seconds may still be unexhausted; and one almighty bound may avail to clear the ground. Hurry, then, hurry! for the flying moments—*they* hurry! Oh, hurry, hurry, my brave young man! for the cruel hoofs of our horses—*they* also hurry! Fast are the flying moments, faster are the hoofs of our horses. But fear not for *him*, if human energy can suffice; faithful was he that drove, to his terrific duty; faithful was the horse to *his* com- 360 mand. One blow, one impulse given with voice and hand, by the stranger, one rush from the horse, one bound as if in the act of rising to a fence,

landed the docile creature's fore-feet upon the crown or arching centre of the road. The larger half of the little equipage had then cleared our overtowering shadow: *that* was evident even to my own agitated sight. But it mattered little that one wreck should float off in safety, if upon the wreck that perished were embarked the human freightage. The rear part of the carriage—was *that* certainly beyond the line of absolute ruin? What power could answer the question? Glance of eye, thought of man, wing of angel, which of these had speed enough to sweep between the question and the answer, and divide the one from the other? Light does not tread upon the steps of light more indivisibly than did our all-conquering arrival upon the escaping efforts of the gig. *That* must the young man have felt too plainly. His back was now turned to us; not by sight could he any longer communicate with the peril; but by the dreadful rattle of our harness, too truly had his ear been instructed—that all was finished as regarded any further effort of *his*. Already in resignation he had rested from his struggle; and perhaps in his heart he was whispering, “Father, which art in heaven, do Thou finish above what I on earth have attempted.” Faster than ever mill-race we ran past them in our inexorable flight. Oh, raving of hurricanes that must have sounded in their young ears at the moment of our transit! Even in that moment the thunder of collision spoke aloud. Either with the swingle-bar, or with the haunch of our near leader, we had struck the offwheel of the little gig, which stood rather obliquely, and not quite so far advanced, as to be accurately parallel with the near-wheel. The blow, from the fury of our passage, resounded terrifically. I rose in horror, to gaze upon the ruins we might have caused. From my elevated station I looked down, and looked back upon the scene, which in a mo-

ment told its own tale, and wrote all its records on my heart forever.

Here was the map of the passion that now had finished. The horse was planted immovably, with his fore-feet upon the paved crest of the central road. He of the whole party might be supposed untouched by the passion of death. The little cany carriage—partly, perhaps, from the violent torsion 410 of the wheels in its recent movement, partly from the thundering blow we had given to it—as if it sympathised with human horror, was all alive with tremblings and shiverings. The young man trembled not, nor shivered. He sat like a rock. But *his* was the steadiness of agitation frozen into rest by horror. As yet he dared not to look around; for he knew that, if anything remained to do, by him it could no longer be done. And as yet he knew not for certain if their safety were accom- 420 plished. But the lady——

But the lady——! Oh, heavens! will that spectacle ever depart from my dreams, as she rose and sank upon her seat, sank and rose, threw up her arms wildly to heaven, clutched at some visionary object in the air, fainting, praying, raving, despairing? Figure to yourself, reader, the elements of the case; suffer me to recall before your mind the circumstances of that unparalleled situation. From the silence and deep peace of this saintly 430 summer night—from the pathetic blending of this sweet moonlight, dawnlight, dreamlight—from the manly tenderness of this flattering, whispering, murmuring love—suddenly as from the woods and fields—suddenly as from the chambers of the air opening in revelation—suddenly as from the ground yawning at her feet, leaped upon her, with the flashing of cataracts, Death the crownèd phantom with all the equipage of his terrors, and the tiger roar of his voice. 440

The moments were numbered; the strife was

finished ; the vision was closed. In the twinkling of an eye, our flying horses had carried us to the termination of the umbrageous aisle ; at right angles we wheeled into our former direction ; the turn of the road carried the scene out of my eyes in an instant, and swept it into my dreams forever.

Thomas De Quincey.

III SHORT STORIES

THE DAUGHTER OF HIPPOCRATES

IN the time of the Norman reign in Sicily, a vessel bound from that island for Smyrna was driven by a westerly wind upon the island of Cos. The crew did not know where they were, though they had often visited the island; for the trading towns lay in other quarters, and they saw nothing before them but woods and solitudes. They found, however, a comfortable harbour; and the wind having fallen in the night, they went on shore next morning for water. The country proved as solitary as they 10 thought it; which was the more extraordinary, inasmuch as it was very luxuriant, full of wild figs and grapes, with a rich uneven ground, and stocked with goats and other animals, who fled whenever they appeared. The bees were remarkably numerous; so that the wild honey, fruits, and delicious water, especially one spring which fell into a beautiful marble basin, made them more and more wonder, at every step, that they could see no human inhabitants. 20

Thus idling about and wondering, stretching themselves now and then among the wild thyme and grass, and now getting up to look at some specially fertile place which another called them to see, and which they thought might be turned to fine trading purpose, they came upon a mound covered with trees, which looked into a flat, wide lawn of rank grass, with a house at the end of it. They crept nearer towards the house along the mound, still continuing among the trees, for fear they were 30

trespassing at last upon somebody's property. It had a large garden wall at the back, as much covered with ivy as if it had been built of it. Fruit-trees looked over the wall with an unpruned thickness; and neither at the back nor front of the house were there any signs of humanity. It was an ancient marble building, where glass was not to be expected in the windows; but it was much dilapidated, and the grass grew up over the steps. They listened
40 again and again; but nothing was to be heard like a sound of men; nor scarcely of anything else. There was an intense noonday silence. Only the hares made a rustling noise as they ran about the long hiding grass. The house looked like the tomb of human nature amidst the vitality of earth.

"Did you see?" said one of the crew, turning pale, and hastening to go. "See what?" said the others. "What looked out of the window." They all turned their faces towards the house, but saw nothing.
50 Upon this they laughed at heir companion, who persisted, however, with great earnestness, and with great reluctance at stopping, to say that he saw a strange, hideous kind of face look out of the window. "Let us go, sir," said he, to the Captain;—"for I tell ye what: I know this place now: and you, Signor Gualtier," continued he, turning to a young man, "may now follow that adventure I have often heard you wish to be engaged in." The crew turned pale, and Gualtier among them. "Yes," added the
60 man, "we are fallen upon the enchanted part of the island of Cos, where the daughter of —— Hush! Look there!" They turned their faces again, and beheld the head of a large serpent looking out of the window. Its eyes were direct upon them; and stretching out of the window, it lifted back its head with little sharp jerks like a fowl; and so stood keenly gazing.

The terrified sailors would have begun to depart quicklier than they did, had not fear itself made

them move slowly. Their legs seemed melting 70
 from under them. Gualtier tried to rally his voice.
 "They say," said he, "it is a gentle creature.
 The hares that feed right in front of the
 house are a proof of it;—let us all stay." The
 others shook their heads, and spoke in whispers,
 still continuing to descend the mound as well as they
 could. "There is something unnatural in that very
 thing," said the Captain: "but we will wait for you
 in the vessel, if you stay. We will, by St. Ermo."
 The captain had not supposed that Gualtier would 80
 stay an instant; but seeing him linger more than
 the rest, he added the oath in question, and in the
 meantime was hastening with the others to get away.
 The truth is, Gualtier was, in one respect, more
 frightened than any of them. His legs were more
 rooted to the spot. But the same force of imagina-
 tion that helped to detain him, enabled him to
 muster up courage beyond those who found their
 will more powerful: and in the midst of his terror
 he could not help thinking what a fine adventure 90
 this would be to tell in Salerno, even if he did but
 conceal himself a little, and stay a few minutes
 longer than the rest. The thought, however, had
 hardly come upon him, when it was succeeded by a
 fear still more lively; and he was preparing to fol-
 low the others with all the expedition he could con-
 trive, when a fierce rustling took place in the trees
 behind him, and in an instant the serpent's head was
 at his feet. Gualtier's brain as well as heart seemed
 to sicken, as he thought the monstrous object 100
 scented him like a bear; but despair coming in aid
 of a courage naturally fanciful and chivalrous, he
 bent his eyes more steadily, and found the huge
 jaws and fangs not only abstaining from hurting
 him, but crouching and fawning at his feet like a
 spaniel. At the same time he called to mind the old
 legend respecting the creature, and, corroborated as
 he now saw it, he ejaculated with good firmness,

"In the name of God and his saints, what art thou?"

110 "Hast thou not heard of me?" answered the serpent in a voice whose singular human slenderness made it seem the more horrible. "I guess who thou art," answered Gaultier;—"the fearful thing in the island of Cos."

"I am that loathly thing," replied the serpent; "once not so." And Gaultier thought that its voice trembled sorrowfully.

The monster told Gaultier that what was said of her was true; that she had been a serpent hundreds
120 of years, feeling old age and renewing her youth at the end of each century; that it was a curse of Diana's which had changed her; and that she was never to resume a human form, till somebody was found kind and bold enough to kiss her on the mouth. As she spoke this word, she raised her crest, and sparkled so with her fiery green eyes, dilating at the same time the corners of her jaws, that the young man thrilled through his very scalp. He stepped back, with a look of the utmost horror and loathing.
130 The creature gave a sharp groan inwardly, and after rolling her neck frantically on the ground, withdrew a little back likewise, and seemed to be looking another way. Gaultier heard two or three little sounds as of a person weeping piteously, yet trying to subdue its voice; and looking with breathless curiosity, he saw the side of the loathly creature's face bathed in tears.

"Why speakest thou, lady," said he, "if lady thou art, of the curse of the false goddess Diana, who
140 never was, or only a devil? I cannot kiss thee,"—and he shuddered with a horrible shudder as he spoke, "but I will bless thee in the name of the true God, and even mark thee with this cross."

The serpent shook her head mournfully, still keeping it turned round. She then faced him again, hanging her head in a dreary and desponding manner. "Thou knowest not," said she, "what I know.

Diana both was and never was; and there are many other things on earth which are and yet are not. Thou canst not comprehend it, even though thou art kind. But the heavens alter not, neither the sun nor the strength of nature; and if thou wert kinder, I should be as I once was, happy and human. Suffice it, that nothing can change me but what I said." 150

"Why wert thou changed, thou fearful and mysterious thing?" said Gualtier.

"Because I denied Diana, as thou dost," answered the serpent; "and it was pronounced an awful crime in me, though it is none in thee; and I was to be made a thing loathsome in men's eyes. Let me not catch 160
thine eye, I beseech thee; but go thy way and be safe; for I feel a cruel thought coming on me, which will shake my innermost soul, though it shall not harm thee. But I could make thee suffer for the pleasure of seeing thine anguish; even as some tyrants do: and is not that dreadful?" And the monster openly shed tears, and sobbed.

There was something in this mixture of avowed cruelty, and weeping contradiction to it, which made Gualtier remain in spite of himself. But fear was 170
still uppermost in his mind when he looked upon the mouth that was to be kissed; and he held fast round the tree with one hand, and his sword as fast in the other, watching the movements of her neck as he conversed. "How did thy father, the sage Hippocrates," asked he, "suffer thee to come to this?" "My father," replied she, "sage and good as he was, was but a Greek mortal; and the great Virgin was a worshipped Goddess. I pray thee, go." She uttered the last word in a tone of loud 180
anguish; but the very horror of it made Gualtier hesitate, and he said, "How can I know that it is not thy destiny to deceive the merciful into this horrible kiss, that then and then only thou mayest devour them?"

But the serpent rose higher at this, and looking

around loftily, said, in a mild and majestic tone of voice, "O ye green and happy woods, breathing like sleep! O safe and quiet population of these leafy
190 places, dying brief deaths! O sea! O earth! O heavens, never uttering syllable to man! Is there no way to make better known the meaning of your gentle silence, of your long basking pleasures and brief pains? And must the want of what is beautiful and kind from others, ever remain different from what is beautiful and kind in itself? And must form obscure essence; and human confidence in good from within never be bolder than suspicion of evil from without? O ye large-looking and
200 grand benignities of creation, is it that we are atoms in a dream, or that your largeness and benignity are in those only who see them, and that it is for us to hang over ye till we wake you into a voice with our kisses? I yearn to be made beautiful by one kind action, and beauty itself will not believe me."

Gualtier, though not a foolish youth, understood little or nothing of this mystic apostrophe; but something made him bear in mind, and really incline to believe, that it was a transformed woman speaking
210 to him; and he was making a violent internal effort to conquer his repugnance to the kiss, when some hares, starting from him as they passed, ran and cowered behind the folds of the monster: and she stooped her head, and licked them. "By Christ," exclaimed he, "whom the wormy grave gathered into its arms to save us from our corruptions, I will do this thing; so may he have mercy on my soul, whether I live or die: for the very hares take refuge in her shadow." And shuddering and shutting his
220 eyes, he put his mouth out for her to meet; and he seemed to feel, in his blindness, that dreadful mouth approaching; and he made the sign of the cross; and he murmured internally the name of him who cast seven devils out of Mary Magdalen, that afterwards anointed his feet; and in the midst of his

courageous agony he felt a small mouth fast and warm upon his, and a hand about his neck, and another on his left hand; and opening his eyes, he dropped them upon two of the sweetest that ever looked into the eye of man. But the hares fled; 230 for they had loved the serpent, but knew not the beautiful human being.

Great was the fame of Gualtier, not only throughout the Grecian islands, but on both continents; and most of all in Sicily, where every one of his countrymen thought he had had a hand in the enterprise, for being born on the same soil. The Captain and his crew never came again; for, alas! they had gone off without waiting as they promised. But Tancred, Prince of Salerno, came himself with a 240 knightly train to see Gualtier, who lived with his lady in the same place, all her past sufferings appearing as nothing to her before a month of love; and even sorrowful habit had endeared it to her. Tancred, and his knights and learned clerks, came in a noble ship, every oar having a painted scutcheon over the rowlock; and Gualtier and his lady feasted them nobly, and drank to them amidst music in cups of Hippocras—that knightly liquor afterwards so renowned, which she retained the secret 250 making from her sage father, whose name it bore. And when King Tancred, with a gentle gravity in the midst of his mirth, expressed a hope that the beautiful lady no longer worshipped Diana, Gualtier said, “No, indeed, sir,” and she looked in Gualtier’s face, as she sat next him, with the sweetest look in the world, as who should say, “No, indeed:—I worship thee and thy kind heart.”

Leigh Hunt.

THE MAYOR'S DOVECOTE

IN the first quarter of the nineteenth century there lived at Dolphin House, Troy, a Mr. Samuel Pinsent, shipchandler, who by general consent was the funniest fellow that ever took up his abode in the town. He came originally from somewhere in the South Hams, but this tells us nothing, for the folk of the South Hams are a decent, quiet lot, and you might travel the district to-day from end to end without coming across the like of Mr. Pinsent.

He was, in fact, an original. He could do nothing like an ordinary man, and he did everything jocosely, with a wink and a chuckle. To watch him, you might suppose that business was a first-class practical joke, and he invariably wound up a hard bargain by slapping his victim on the back. Some called him Funny Pinsent, others, The Bester. Few liked him. Nevertheless he prospered, and in 1827 was chosen mayor of the borough.

In person Mr. Pinsent was spare and diminutive, with a bald head, a tuft of badger-grey hair over either ear, and a fresh-coloured clean-shaven face, extraordinarily wrinkled about the mouth and at the corners of the eyes, which twinkled at you from under a pair of restless stivvery eye-brows. You had only to look at them and note the twitch of his lips to be warned of the man's facetiousness.

Mr. Pinsent's office—for he had no shop-front, and indeed his stock-in-trade was not of a quality to invite inspection—looked out upon the Town Square; his back premises upon the harbour, across a patch of garden terminated by a low wall and a blue-painted quay door. I call it a garden because Mr. Pinsent called it so; and, to be sure, it boasted a stretch of turf, a couple of flower-beds, a flagstaff, and a small lean-to greenhouse. But casks and coils of manilla rope, blocks, pumps and

chain-cables encroached upon the amenities of the spot—its pebbled pathway, its parterres, its raised platform overgrown with nasturtiums where Mr. Pinsent sat and smoked of an evening and watched the shipping; the greenhouse stored sacks of ship-bread as well as pot plants; and Mrs. Salt, his housekeeper (he was unmarried), had attached a line to the flagstaff and aired the washing thereon. 40

But the pride of the garden was its dovecote, formed of a large cider barrel on a mast. The barrel was pierced with pigeon-holes and fitted with ledges on which the birds stood to preen themselves. Mr. Pinsent did not profess himself a fancier. His columbarium—a mixed collection of fantails and rocksters—had come to him by a side-wind of business, as offset against a bad debt; but it pleased him to sit on his terrace and watch the pretty creatures as they wheeled in flight over the harbour and among the masts of the shipping. They cost him nothing to keep, for he had always plenty of condemned peas on hand, and they multiplied in peace at the top of their mast, which was too smooth for any cat to climb. 50

One summer's night, however, about midway in the term of his mayoralty, Mr. Pinsent was awakened from slumber by a strange sound of fluttering. It came through the open window from the garden, and almost as he sat up in bed and rubbed his eyes it warned him that something serious was amiss with his dovecote. He flung off the bed-clothes and made a leap for the window. 60

The night was warm and windless, with a waning moon in the east, and as yet no tremble of the dawn below it. Around the foot of the dovecote the turf lay in blackest shadow; but a moon-ray, over-topping the low ridge of Mr. Garraway's back premises (Mr. Pinsent's next-door neighbour on the left), illuminated the eastern side of the barrel, the projecting platform on which it rested, and a 70

yard or more of the mast, from its summit down—or, to be accurate, it shed a pale radiance on a youthful figure clinging there by its legs, and upon
80 a hand and arm reaching over the platform to rob the roost.

“You infernal young thief!” shouted Mr. Pinsent.

As his voice broke upon the night across the silent garden the hand paused suddenly in the act of dragging forth a pigeon which it had gripped by the neck. The bird, almost as suddenly set free, flapped across the platform, found its wings and scuffled away in flight. The thief—Mr. Pinsent
90 had been unable to detect his features—slid down the mast into darkness. And the darkness, a moment later, became populous with whispering voices and the sound of feet stealing away towards the yet deeper shadow of Mr. Garraway’s wall.

“Who goes there!” challenged Mr. Pinsent again. “Villains! Robbers! You just wait till I come down to you! I’ve a gun here, by George! and if you don’t stand still there and give me your names—”

But this was an empty threat. Mr. Pinsent,
100 though nothing of a sportsman, did indeed possess a gun, deposited with him years ago as security against a small loan. But it hung over the office chimney-piece downstairs, and he could not have loaded it even if given the necessary powder and shot. Possibly the boys guessed this. At any rate they made no answer.

Possibly, too—for a white nightcap and night-shirt were discernable in almost pitchy darkness—they saw him strut back from the window to slip
110 downstairs and surprise them. Mr. Pinsent paused only to insert his feet into a pair of loose slippers, and again, as he unbolted the back door, to snatch a lantern off its hook. Yet by the time he ran out upon the garden the depredators had made good their escape.

He groped inside the lantern for the tinder-box which lay within, handy for emergencies; found it, and kneeling on the grass plot beside the mast struck flint upon steel. As he blew upon the tinder and the faint glow lit up his face and nightcap, 120 a timorous exclamation quavered down from one of the upper windows.

"Oh, sir! Wha—whatever is the matter?" It was the voice of Mrs. Salt, the housekeeper.

For a moment Mr. Pinsent did not answer. In the act of thrusting the brimstone match into the lantern his eye had fallen on a white object lying on the turf and scarcely a yard away—a white fantail pigeon, dead, with a twisted neck. He picked up the bird and stared around angrily into 130 the darkness.

"Robbery is the matter, ma'am!" he announced, speaking up to the unseen figure in the window. "Some young ruffians have been stealing and killing my pigeons. I caught 'em in the act, and a serious matter they'll find it." Here Mr Pinsent raised his voice, in case any of the criminals should be lurking within earshot. "I doubt, ma'am, a case like this will have to go to assizes."

"Hadn't you better put something on?" suggested 140 another voice, not Mrs. Salt's, from somewhere on the left.

"Eh?" Mr. Pinsent wheeled about and peered into the darkness. "Is that you, Garraway?"

"It is," answered Mr. Garraway from his bedroom window over the wall. "Been stealin' your pigeons, have they? Well, I'm sorry; and yet in a way 'tis a relief to my mind. For, first along, seeing you out there skipping round in your shirt with a lantern, I'd a fear you had been taken funny 150 in the night!"

"Bless the man!" said Mr. Pinsent. "Do you suppose I'd do this for a joke?"

"I don't know," responded Mr. Garraway with

guarded candour. "I feared it. But, of course, if they've stolen your pigeons, 'tis another matter. A very serious matter, as you say, and no doubt your being mayor makin' it all the worse."

Now this attitude of Mr. Garraway conveyed
160 a hint of warning, had Mr. Pinsent been able to seize it. The inhabitants of Troy have, in fact, a sense of humour, but it does not include facetiousness. On the contrary, facetiousness affronts and pains them. They do not understand it, and Mr. Pinsent understood nothing else. Could he have been told that for close upon twenty years he had been afflicting his neighbours with the pleasantries he found so enjoyable, his answer had undoubtedly been: "The bigger numskulls they!" But now his
170 doom was upon him.

He ate his breakfast that morning in silence. Mrs. Salt, burning to discuss the robbery, set down the dishes with a quite unnecessary clatter, but in vain. He scarcely raised his head.

"Indeed, sir, and I've never known you so upset," she broke out at length, unable to contain herself longer. "Which I've always said that you was wonderful, the way you saw the bright side of everything and could pass it off with a laugh."

180 "Good lord!" said Mr. Pinsent testily. "Did I ever call midnight robbery a laughing matter?"

"No-o," answered Mrs. Salt, yet as one not altogether sure. "And I dare say your bein' mayor makes you take a serious view."

Breakfast over the mayor took hat and walking-stick for his customary morning stroll along the street to Butcher Trengove's to choose the joint for his dinner and pick up the town's earliest gossip. It is Troy's briskest hour; when the dairy carts,
190 rattling homeward, meet the country folk from up the river who have just landed at the quays and begun to sell, from door to door, their poultry and fresh eggs, vegetables, fruit and noseays of

garden flowers; when the tradesmen, having taken down their shutters, stand in the roadway; admire the effect of their shop-windows and admonish the apprentices cleaning the panes; when the children loiter and play at hop-sotch on their way to school, and the housewives, having packed them off, find time for a neighbourly clack over the scouring of 200 doorsteps.

It might be the mayor's fancy and no more, but it certainly appeared to him that the children smiled with a touch of mockery as they met him and saluted. For aught he knew, any one of these grinning imps—confound 'em!—might be implicated in the plot. The townsmen gave him good morning as usual, and yet not quite as usual. He felt the news of the raid had won abroad; that, although shy of speaking, they were studying his face for 210 a sign. He kept it carefully cheerful, but came near to losing his temper when he reached Trengove's shop to find Mr. Garraway already there and in earnest conversation with the butcher.

"Ah, good mornin' again! I was just talkin' about you and your pigeons," said Mr. Garraway frankly.

"Good morning, Y'r Worship !" echoed Butcher Trengove. "And what can I do for Y'r Worship this fine morning? I was just allowin' to Mr. 220 Garraway here that, seein' the young dare-devils had left you a bird with their compliments, maybe you'd fancy a nice cut of rump steak to fill out a pie."

"This isn't exactly a laughing matter, Mr. Trengove."

"No, no, to be sure!" Butcher Trengove composed his broad smile apologetically. But, after a moment, observing Mr Pinsent's face and that (at what cost he guessed not) it kept its humourous 230 twist, he let his features relax. "I was allowin',

though, that if any man could get even with a bit of fun it would be Y'r Worship."

"Oh, never fear but I'll get even with 'em," promised His Worship, affecting an easiness he did not feel.

"Monstrous, though! Monstrous!" pursued the butcher, "The boys of this town be gettin' past all control. Proper young limbs, I call some of 'em."

240 "And there's the fellow that's to blame!" put in Mr. Garraway, with a nod at a little man hurrying past the shop, on the opposite pavement. This was Mr. Lupus, the schoolmaster, on his way to open school. "Hi, Mr. Lupus!"

Mr. Lupus gave a start, came to a halt, and turned on the shop door a pair of mildly curious eyes guarded by moon-shaped spectacles. Mr. Lupus lived with an elderly sister who kept a bakehouse beside the Ferry Landing, and there in extra-schol-
250 astic hours he earned a little money by writing letters for seamen. His love-letters had quite a reputation, and he penned them in a beautiful hand, with flourishes around the capital letters; but in Troy he passed for a person of small account.

"I—I beg your pardon, gentlemen! Were you calling to me?" stammered Mr. Lupus.

"Good morning, Lupus!" The mayor nodded to him. "We were just saying that you bring up the boys of this town shamefully. Yes, sir,
260 shamefully."

"No, indeed, Your Worship," protested Mr. Lupus, looking up with a timid smile as he drew off his spectacles and polished them. "Your Worship is pleasant with me. I do assure you, gentlemen, that my boys are very good boys, and give me scarcely any trouble."

"That's because you sit at school in your day-dreams, and don't take note of the mischief that goes on around you. A set of anointed young
270 scoundrels, Mr. Lupus!"

"You don't mean it, sir. Oh, to be sure you don't mean it! Your Worship's funny way of putting things is well known, if I may say so. But they are good boys, on the whole—very good boys; and you should see the regularity with which they attend. I sometimes wish—meaning no offence—that you gentlemen of position in the town would drop in upon us a little oftener. It would give you a better idea of us, indeed it would. For my boys are very good boys, and for regularity in attendance we will challenge any school in Cornwall, sir, if you will forgive my boasting." 280

Now this suggestion of Mr. Lupus, though delicately put, and in a nervous flutter, ought by rights to have hit the mayor and Mr. Garraway hard, the pair of them being trustees of the charity under which the Free Grammar School was administered. But in those days few public men gave a thought to education, and Mr. Lupus taught school, year in and year out, obedient to his own conscience, his own enthusiasms, unencouraged by visitation or word of advice from his governors. 290

The mayor, to be sure, flushed red for a moment, but Mr. Garraway's withers were unwrung.

"That don't excuse their committing burglary and stealing His Worship's pigeons," said he. Briefly he told what had happened.

Mr. Lupus adjusted and re-adjusted his spectacles, still in a nervous flurry. "You surprise me, gentlemen. It is unlike my boys—unlike all that I have ever believed of them. You will excuse me, but if this be true I shall take it much to heart. So regular in attendance and—— Stealing pigeons, you say? Oh, be sure, sirs, I will give them a talking to—a severe talking to—this very morning." 300

The little schoolmaster went his way down the street in a flutter. The mayor stared after him abstractedly.

"That man," said he, after a long pause, "ought
310 to employ someone to use his cane for him."

With this, for no apparent reason, his eye brightened suddenly. But the source of his inspiration he kept to himself. His manner was jocular as ever as he ordered his steak.

On his way home he knocked at the door of the town sergeant, Thomas Trebilcock, a septuagenarian, more commonly known as Pretty Tommy. The town sergeant was out in the country picking mushrooms, but his youngest granddaughter, who
320 opened the door, promised to send him along to the mayor's office as soon as ever he returned.

At ten o'clock, or a little later, Pretty Tommy presented himself, and found Mr. Pinsent at his desk engaged in complacent study of a sheet of manuscript, to which he had just attached his signature.

"I think this will do," said Mr. Pinsent with a twinkle, and he recited the composition aloud.

Pretty Tommy having adjusted his horn spectacles, took the paper and read it through laboriously.
330

"You want me to cry it through the town?"

"Certainly. You can fetch your bell, and go along with it at once."

"Your Worship knows best, o' course." Pretty Tommy appeared to hesitate.

"Why, what's wrong with it?"

"Nothin'," said Tommy, after a slow pause and another perusal, "only 'tis unusual—unusual, and
340 funny at the same time; an' that's always a risk." He paused again for a moment, and his face brightened. "But there," he said, "'tis a risk your accustomed to, by this time!"

Half an hour later the sound of the town sergeant's bell at the end of the street called tradesmen from their benches and housewives from their kitchens to hear the following proclamation, to

which Tommy had done honour by donning his official robe (of blue, gold-laced, with a scarlet pelisse) and cocked hat. A majestic figure he 350 made, too, standing in the middle of the roadway with spectacles on nose, and the great hand-bell tucked under his arm:

“O YES! O YES! O YES!

“Take you all notice: that whereas some evil-disposed boys did last night break into the premises of Samuel Pinsent, Worshipful Mayor of this Borough, and did rob His Worship of several valuable pigeons; His Worship hereby offers a reward of Five Shillings to the parent or parents of any such 360 boy as will hand him over, that the Mayor may have ten minutes with him in private. Amen.

GOD SAVE THE KING!”

Mr. Pinsent, seated in his office, heard the bell sounding far up the street, and chuckled to himself. He chuckled again, peering through his wire blinds when Pretty Tommy emerged from the square outside and took his stand in the middle of it to read the proclamation. It collected no crowd, but it drew many faces to the windows and door- 370 ways, and Mr. Pinsent observed that one and all broke into grins as they took the humour of his offer.

He rubbed his hands together. He had been angry, to begin with; yes—he would confess it—very angry. But he had overcome it and risen to his reputation. The town had been mistaken in thinking it could put fun on him. It was tit-for-tat again, and the laugh still with Samuel Pinsent.

He ate his dinner that day in high good humour, drank a couple of glasses of port, and retired (as 380 his custom was on warm afternoons) to his back parlour for an hour's siesta. Through the open window he heard the residue of his pigeons mur-

muring in their cote, and the sound wooed him to slumber. So for half an hour he slept, with an easy conscience, a sound digestion and a yellow bandanna handkerchief over his head to protect him from the flies. A tapping at the door awakened him.

390 "There's a woman here—Long Halloran's wife, of Back Street—wishes to see you, sir," announced the voice of Mrs. Salt.

"Woman," said the mayor testily, "haven't you learned by this time that I'm not to be disturbed after dinner?"

400 "She said her business was important, sir. It's—it's about the pigeons," explained Mrs. Salt, and before he could protest again Mrs. Halloran had thrust her way into the room and stood curtsying, with tears of recent weeping upon her homely and extremely dirty face. Behind her shuffled a lanky sheepish-eyed boy, who took up his stand at her shoulder with a look half-sullen, half-defiant.

410 "It's about my Mike, sir," began Mrs. Halloran in a lachrymose voice, and paused to dab her eyes with a corner of her apron. "Which I'm sure, sir, we ought to be very grateful to you for all your kindness and the trouble you're takin' and so says the boy's father. For he's growin' up more of a hand-ful every day, and how to manage him it passes our wits."

"Are you telling me, Mrs. Halloran, that this boy of yours is the thief who stole my pigeons?" Mr. Pinsent, looking at the boy with a magisterial frown, began to wish he had not been quite so hasty in sending round the town sergeant.

420 "You did, didn't you, Mike?" appealed Mrs. Halloran, and Mike, looking straight before him, grunted something which might pass for an admission. "You must try to overlook the boy's manner, sir. He's case-hardened, I fear, and it goes sore to a mother's heart that ever I should rear up a child

to be a thief. But as Halloran said to me, 'Take the young limb to His Worship,' Halloran says, 'and maybe a trifle of correction by a gentleman in His Worship's position will have some effect,' he says. But I hope, sir, you won't visit all the punishment on Mike; for he didn't do it alone."

"My good woman, I—I have no such intention," stammered the mayor. 430

"I thank Your Worship." Mrs. Halloran dropped a quick curtsy. "And so I made free to tell Halloran, who was in doubt of it."

"Yes, yes!" The mayor took her up impatiently. "Er—by the way, what age is your son?"

"Rising fifteen, sir; christened fifteen years ago last St. Michael's Day, which is the twenty-ninth of September, though little good it done him. He takes after his father, sir. All the Hallorans shoot up tall, like runner beans, and thick in the bone. 440
Or so his father says. For my part I've never been to Ireland, but by the looks of 'en you'd say not a day less than seventeen. It seems like blood-money, my takin' five shillin' and handin' the child over—at his tender age—and me his own mother that nursed 'en!"

Here Mrs. Halloran, whose emotions had been mastering her for some moments, broke down in a violent fit of sobbing, and this so affected her offspring that he emitted a noise like the hoot of a 450
dog. As he started it without warning, so abruptly he ended it.

It was uncanny. It took the mayor's nerve.

"My dear Mrs. Halloran, if you will let me have a word or two with your son—"

"Oh, I know!" she wailed. "That's how you put it. But you give me over the money, sir, and let me go quick before I weaken on it! You never had a child of your own, Mr. Pinsent—and more's the pity for the child—but with one of your own 460
you'd know what it feels like!"

Mr. Pinsent felt in his trouser-pocket, drew forth two half-crowns and pressed them into Mrs. Halloran's dirty palm. With a sob and a blessing she escaped. He heard her run sobbing down the passage to the front door.

The boy had sidled round with his back against the wall, and stood there with his left elbow up and his fists half clenched.

470 "Sit down, Mike," said the mayor gently.

"Goo! what d'ye take me for?"

"Sit down, I tell you."

"Huh—yes, an' let you cop me over the head? You just try it—that's all!"

"I—er—have no intention of trying it," said Mr. Pinsent. "It certainly would not become me to administer—to inflict—corporal punishment on a youth of your—er—inches."

480 "Why," he went on with the air of one making a pleasant little discovery, "I shouldn't be surprised to find you almost as tall as myself! Yes. I declare I believe you are quite as tall! No"—he put up a hand as Mike, apparently suspecting a ruse, backed in a posture of defence—"we will not take our measures to-day. I have something more serious to think about. For you will have noticed that while I suspected this robbery to be the work of small thoughtless boys I treated it lightly, but
490 now that I find a great strapping fellow like you mixed up in the affair it becomes my business to talk to you seriously."

And he did. He sat down facing Mike Halloran across the table, and read him a lecture that should have made any boy of Mike's size thoroughly ashamed of himself, and might have gone on admonishing for an hour had not Mrs. Salt knocked again at the door.

"If you please," announced Mrs. Salt, "here's the Widow Barnicutt along with her red-headed
500 'Dolphus."

"Which," said the Widow Barnicutt, panting in at her heels and bobbing a curtsy, "it's sorry I am to be disturbin' Your Worship, and I wouldn't do it if his poor father was alive and could give 'en the strap for his good. But the child bein' that out of hand that all my threats do seem but to harden him, and five shillin' a week's wage to an unprovided woman—and I hope Your Worship will excuse the noise I make with my breathin', which is the assma, and brought on by fightin' my way 510 through the other women."

Mr. Pinsent gasped and put up a hand to his brow.

"The other women?" he echoed.

"The passage is full of 'em," said Mrs. Salt, much as though she were reporting that the house was on fire.

"Ay," said the widow, "but my 'Dolphus is the guilty one—I got his word for it."

"There's Maria Bunny," persisted Mrs. Salt, be- 520
ginning to tick off the list on her fingers; "Maria Bunny with her Wesley John, and Mary Polly Polwarne with her Nine Days' Wonder, and Amelia Trownce with the twins, and Deb Hicks with the child she christened Nonesuch, thinkin' 'twas out of the Bible, and William Spargo's second wife Maria with her stepchild, and Catherine Nance with the splay-footed boy that I can never remember the name of—"

"Oh, send 'em away!" bawled Mr. Pinsent. 530
"Send 'em away before their husbands come home from work and raise a riot!" Then he recollected himself. "No, fetch 'em all in here from the street," said he, dropping into a chair and taking his head in both hands. "Fetch 'em all in, and let me deal with 'em!"

The town, when it laughed over the story next day, found the cream of the joke in this—Bester Pinsent in promising Mrs. Halloran that her boy

540 should but share punishment with the rest, had forgotten in his agitation of mind to stipulate that the reward should also be divided. As it was, he had paid her the full five shillings, and the rest of the women (there were twenty-four) would be content with nothing less.

But it was really little Mr. Lupus, the school-master, that—all unconsciously—had the last word. Trotting past Butcher Trengove's shop next morning, on his way to open school, Mr. Lupus caught
550 sight of His Worship standing within the doorway and halted.

"Mr. Mayor, sir, if I may have a word with you? Begging your pardon, sir, but it lies on my conscience—all night, sir, it has been troubling me—that I boasted to you yesterday of my boys' good attendance. Indeed, sir, it has been good in the past. But yesterday afternoon! Oh, sir, I fear that you were right after all, and something serious is amiss with the boys of this town!"

560 I regret that I cannot report here the precise words of Mr. Pinsent's reply.

Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch.

QUALITY

(THE INN OF TRANQUILLITY)

I KNEW him from the days of my extreme youth, because he made my father's boots; inhabiting with his elder brother two little shops let into one, in a small by-street—now no more, but then most fashionably placed in the West End.

That tenement had a certain quiet distinction; there was no sign upon its face that he made for any of the Royal Family—merely his own German name of Gessler Brothers; and in the window a few
10 pairs of boots. I remember that it always troubled me to account for those unvarying boots in the

window, for he made only what was ordered, reaching nothing down, and it seemed so inconceivable that what he made could ever have failed to fit. Had he bought them to put there? That, too, seemed inconceivable. He would never have tolerated in his house leather on which he had not worked himself. Besides, they were too beautiful—the pair of pumps, so inexpressibly slim, the patent leathers with cloth tops, making water come into one's mouth, the tall brown riding boots with marvellous sooty glow, as if, though new, they had been worn a hundred years. Those pairs could only have been made by one who saw before him the Soul of Boot—so truly were they prototypes incarnating the very spirit of all foot-gear. These thoughts, of course, came to me later, though even when I was promoted to him, at the age of perhaps fourteen, some inkling haunted me of the dignity of himself and brother. For to make boots—such boots as he made—seemed to me then, and still seems to me, mysterious and wonderful.

I remember well my shy remark, one day, while stretching out to him my youthful foot:

“Isn't it awfully hard to do, Mr. Gessler?”

And his answer, given with a sudden smile from out of the sardonic redness of his beard: “Id is an Ardt!”

Himself, he was a little as if made from leather, with his yellow crinkly face, and crinkly reddish hair and beard, and neat folds slanting down his cheeks to the corners of his mouth, and his guttural and one-toned voice; for leather is a sardonic substance, and stiff and slow of purpose. And that was the character of his face, save that his eyes, which were gray-blue, had in them the simple gravity of one secretly possessed by the Ideal. His elder brother was so very like him—though watery, paler in every way, with a great industry—that sometimes in early days I was not quite sure of him until the interview was over. Then I knew that it

was he, if the words, "I will ask my brudder," had not been spoken; and, that, if they had, it was his elder brother.

When one grew old and wild and ran up bills, one somehow never ran them up with Gessler Brothers. It would not have seemed becoming to go in there and stretch out one's foot to that blue iron-spectacled glance, owing him for more than—say—two pairs, just the comfortable reassurance that one was still his client.

For it was not possible to go to him very often—his boots lasted terribly, having something beyond the temporary—some, as it were, essence of boot stitched into them.

One went in, not as into most shops, in the mood of: "Please serve me, and let me go!" but restfully, as one enters a church; and, sitting on the single wooden chair, waited—for there was never anybody there. Soon, over the top edge of that sort of well—rather dark, and smelling soothingly of leather—which formed the shop, there would be seen his face, or that of his elder brother, peering down. A guttural sound, and the tip-tap of bast slippers beating the narrow wooden stairs, and he would stand before one without coat, a little bent, in leather apron, with sleeves turned back, blinking—as if awakened from some dream of boots, or like an owl surprised in daylight and annoyed at this interruption.

And I would say: "How do you do, Mr. Gessler? Could you make me a pair of Russia leather boots?"

Without a word he would leave me, retiring whence he came, or into the other portion of the shop, and I would continue to rest in the wooden chair, inhaling the incense of his trade. Soon he would come back, holding in his thin, veined hand a piece of gold-brown leather. With eyes fixed on it, he would remark: "What a beaudiful biece!" When I, too, had admired it, he would speak

again. "When do you want dem?" And I would ⁹⁰
answer: "Oh! As soon as you conveniently can."
And he would say: "To-morrow fordnighd?" Or if
he were his elder brother: "I will ask my brudder!"

Then I would murmur: "Thank you! Good-
morning, Mr. Gessler." "Goot-morning!" he
would reply, still looking at the leather in his hand.
And as I moved to the door, I would hear the tip-
tap of his bast slippers restoring him, up the stairs,
to his dream of boots. But if it were some new
kind of foot-gear that he had not yet made me, then ¹⁰⁰
indeed he would observe ceremony—divesting me
of my boot and holding it long in his hand, looking
at it with eyes at once critical and loving, as if re-
calling the glow with which he had created it, and
rebuking the way in which one had disorganized this
masterpiece. Then, placing my foot on a piece of
paper, he would two or three times tickle the outer
edges with a pencil and pass his nervous fingers
over my toes, feeling himself into the heart of my
requirements.

I cannot forget that day on which I had occasion
to say to him: "Mr. Gessler, that last pair of town
walking-boots creaked, you know." ¹¹⁰

He looked at me for a time without replying, as
if expecting me to withdraw or qualify the state-
ment, then said:

"Id shouldn'd 'ave greaked."

"It did, I'm afraid."

"You goddem wed before dey found demselves?"

"I don't think so."

At that he lowered his eyes, as if hunting for
memory of those boots, and I felt sorry I had men-
tioned this grave thing. ¹²⁰

"Zend dem back!" he said; "I will look at dem."

A feeling of compassion for my creaking boots
surged up in me, so well could I imagine the sorrow-
ful long curiosity of regard which he would bend
on them.

130 "Zome boods," he said slowly, "are bad from birdt. If I can do noding wid dem, I dake dem off your bill."

Once (once only) I went absent-mindedly into his shop in a pair of boots bought in an emergency at some large firm's. He took my order without showing me any leather, and I could feel his eyes penetrating the inferior integument of my foot. At last he said:

"Dose are nod my boods."

140 The tone was not one of anger, nor of sorrow, not even of contempt, but there was in it something quiet that froze the blood. He put his hand down and pressed a finger on the place where the left boot, endeavouring to be fashionable, was not quite comfortable.

"Id 'urds you dere," he said. "Dose big virms 'ave no self-respect. Drash!" And then, as if something had given way within him, he spoke long and bitterly. It was the only time I ever heard him discuss the conditions and hardships of his trade.

150 "Dey ged id all," he said, "dey get id by advertisement, nod by work. Dey take it away from us, who lofe our boods. Id gomes to this—bresently I haf no work. Every year id gets less—you will see." And looking at his lined face I saw things I had never noticed before, bitter things and bitter struggle—and what a lot of grey hairs there seemed suddenly in his red beard!

As best I could, I explained the circumstances of the purchase of those ill-omened boots. But his 160 face and voice made so deep impression that during the next few minutes I ordered many pairs. Nemesis fell! They lasted more terribly than ever. And I was not able conscientiously to go to him for nearly two years.

When at last I went I was surprised to find that outside one of the two little windows of his shop another name was painted, also that of a bootmaker

—making, of course, for the Royal Family. The old familiar boots, no longer in dignified isolation, were huddled in the single window. Inside, the now contracted well of the one little shop was more scented and darker than ever. And it was longer than usual, too, before a face peered down, and the tip-tap of the bast slippers began. At last he stood before me, and, gazing through those rusty iron spectacles, said:

“Mr. —, isn’d it?”

“Ah! Mr. Gessler,” I stammered, “but your boots are really *too* good, you know! See, these are quite decent still!” And I stretched out to him my foot. He looked at it.

“Yes,” he said, “beople do nod wand good boods, id seems.”

To get away from his reproachful eyes and voice I hastily remarked: “What have you done to your shop?”

He answered quietly: “Id was too exbensif. Do you wand some boods?”

I ordered three pairs, though I had only wanted two, and quickly left. I had, I do not know quite what feeling of being part, in his mind, of a conspiracy against him; or not perhaps so much against him as against his idea of boot. One does not, I suppose, care to feel like that; for it was again many months before my next visit to his shop, paid, I remember, with the feeling: “Oh! well, I can’t leave the old boy—so here goes! Perhaps it’ll be his elder brother!”

For his elder brother, I knew, had not character enough to reproach me, even dumbly.

And, to my relief, in the shop there did appear to be his elder brother, handling a piece of leather.

“Well, Mr. Gessler,” I said, “how are you?”

He came close and peered at me.

“I am breddy well,” he said slowly; “but my elder brudder is dead.”

And I saw that it was indeed himself—but how aged and wan! And never before had I heard him mention his brother. Much shocked, I murmured:

210 “Oh! I am sorry.”

“Yes,” he answered, “he was a good man, he made a good bood; but he is dead.” And he touched the top of his head, where the hair had suddenly gone as thin as it had been on that of his poor brother, to indicate, I suppose, the cause of death. “He could nod ged over losing de oder shop. Do you wand any boods?” And he held up the leather in his hand: “Id’s a beaudiful biece.”

I ordered several pairs. It was very long before
220 they came—but they were better than ever. One simply could not wear them out. And soon after that I went abroad.

It was over a year before I was again in London. And the first shop I went to was my old friend’s. I had left a man of sixty, I came back to one of seventy-five, pinched and worn and tremulous, who genuinely, this time, did not at first know me.

“Oh! Mr. Gessler,” I said, sick at heart; “how splendid your boots are! See, I’ve been wearing this
230 pair nearly all the time I’ve been abroad; and they’re not half worn out, are they?”

He looked long at my boots—a pair of Russia leather, and his face seemed to regain steadiness. Putting his hand on my instep, he said:

“Do dey vid you here? I ’ad drouble wid dat bair, I remember.”

I assured him that they had fitted beautifully.

“Do you wand any boods?” he said. “I can make dem quickly; id is a slack dime.”

240 I answered: “Please, please! I want boots all round—every kind!”

“I will make a vresh model. Your food must be bigger.” And with utter slowness, he traced round my foot, and felt my toes, only once looking up to say:

"Did I dell you my brudder was dead?"

To watch him was painful, so feeble had he grown; I was glad to get away.

I had given those boots up, when one evening they came. Opening the parcel, I set the four pairs out in a row. Then one by one I tried them on. There was no doubt about it. In shape and fit, in finish and quality of leather, they were the best he had ever made me. And in the mouth of one of the town walking-boots I found his bill. The amount was the same as usual, but it gave me quite a shock. He had never before sent it in till quarter day. I flew down-stairs, and wrote a cheque, and posted it at once with my own hand. A week later, passing the little street, I thought I would go in and tell him how splendidly the new boots fitted. But when I came to where his shop had been, his name was gone. Still there, in the window, were the slim pumps, the patent leathers with cloth tops, the sooty riding boots. 250 260

I went in, very much disturbed. In the two little shops—again made into one—was a young man with an English face.

"Mr. Gessler in?" I said.

He gave me a strange, ingratiating look. 270

"No, sir," he said, "no. But we can attend to anything with pleasure. We've taken the shop over. You've seen our name, no doubt, next door. We make for some very good people."

"Yes, yes," I said; "but Mr. Gessler?"

"Oh!" he answered; "dead."

"Dead! But I only received these boots from him last Wednesday week."

"Ah," he said; "a shockin' go. Poor old man starved 'imself." 280

"Good God!"

"Slow starvation, the doctor called it! You see he went to work in such a way! Would keep the shop on; wouldn't have a soul touch his boots ex-

cept himself. When he got an order, it took him such a time. People won't wait. He lost everybody. And there he'd sit, goin' on and on—I will say that for him—not a man in London made a better boot! But look at the competition! He
290 never advertised! Would 'ave the best leather, too, and do it all 'imself. Well, there it is. What could you expect with his ideas?"

"But starvation——!"

"That may be a bit flowery, as the sayin' is—but I know myself he was sittin' over his boots day and night, to the very last. You see I used to watch him. Never gave 'imself time to eat; never had a penny in the house. All went in rent and leather. How he lived so long I don't know. He regular
300 let his fire go out. He was a character. But he made good boots."

"Yes," I said, "he made good boots."

And I turned and went out quickly, for I did not want that youth to know that I could hardly see.

John Galsworthy.

THE ESSENCE OF A MAN

(OUL-I-BUT AND OTHER STORIES)

THROUGH level lines of streaming snow, a huge figure loomed large and portentous. Vanishing in blinding gusts, it ever and ever appeared again, thrusting itself onward with dogged persistence. Across flat and frozen plains forged the great piston like legs, driving down his snowshoes with a clock-like regularity that suggested, rather than told of, enormous muscular force. Behind him, knee-deep, toiled five yellow-coated, black-muzzled dogs, their
10 shoulders jammed tight into their collars, their tawny sides rippling with the play of straining tendons; and, last of all, a long, low toboggan lurched indomitably on, the trampled trail breaking into a

surge of powdered snow under its curving bow.

Into the teeth of the gale pushed this pigmy caravan—a gale that was born on the flat shores of Hudson Bay, that breasted the slopes of the Height of Land, that raged across the blank white expanse of Lac Seul, and was now shrieking down, dire and desolate, to the ice-bound and battlemented borders of Lake Superior. It was a wind that had weight. Tom Moore felt its vast and impalpable force, as he leaned against it when he stopped for breath. It assaulted him—it tore steadily, relentlessly, at him, as if seeking to devour—it lashed the stinging grains into his face, and into the open mouths of his panting dogs—it smoothed out the crumpled trail as the wake of a ship is obliterated by closing waters—till, a moment after his passing, the snow ridges lay trackless and unruffled. Still, however insignificant in these formless wastes, that silent progress held steadily on; and so it had held from early morn. These black specks on a measureless counterpane, guided by some unfailing instinct that lurked far back in the big half-breed's brain, were making an unswerving line for a wooded point that thrust out a faint and purple finger, far ahead in the gathering dusk. As they drew slowly in, the wind began to abate its force, and Tom, peering out from the mass of ice that was cemented to his mouth and eyes, looked for some sheltering haven. The dogs smelled the land, and more eagerly flung themselves into the taut traces, while over them gathered the shadows of the welcome woods.

Peter Anderson, the Hudson Bay factor at Lac Seul, was low in provisions, and had sent to the Ignace post a curt suggestion that the deficiency be supplied; and Tom Moore's laden toboggan was the brief but practical answer to his letter. The three-hundred-pound load was made up of the bare necessities of life—pork, flour, and the like; these, delivered, would be worth seventy-five cents a pound

and thirty dollars a sack respectively; and Tom was the arbiter of transportation. In summer his canoe thrust its delicate bows through the waterways that interlaced the two posts, and in winter his snow-shoes threaded the stark and frozen wilderness. He had always travelled alone on the ice. Nature had moulded him with such a titan frame, so huge
60 and powerful a body, so indomitable and fearless a soul, that he had become accustomed to laughing at the fate that overtook many of his tribe. They disappeared every now and then, utterly, silently, and mysteriously; but ever Big Tom moved on, the incarnation of force and of life that mocked at death.

When, two days before, MacPherson had summoned him to the Ignace post, and pointed to the pile of provisions, and said laconically: "For Anderson, at Lac Seul," Tom had merely grunted,
70 "How," and set out to harness his dogs. But the last day had brought him more serious reflection. By the flight of the goose it was two hundred miles and by the winter trail perhaps two hundred and fifteen; and of these forty now lay behind him.

He made his camp, he lit his fire, he flung to each ravenous dog a frozen whitefish, and ate, himself, almost as sparingly; then, rolled in his rabbit-skin blanket, he lay down on his back, and looked up at
80 the winking stars.

About midnight the wind changed and veered into the south-east, bringing with it a clammy drizzle, half snow, half rain, that plastered the trees with a transparent enamel, and spread over the surface of the earth a sheet of ice, half an inch thick, and exceeding sharp.

In that shivering hour which heralds the dawn, a branch cracked sharply a little distance from the camp. One of the dogs twitched an ear, and Tom
90 was too deep in sleep to notice it. The five huskies were buried in snow beneath a tree, from a branch

of which swung a sheaf of rigid fish, suspended in the air for security. But, in the half light, something moved, a something that turned upon the smouldering fire great luminous eyes—globes that seemed to receive the glow of dull coals, and give it out again in a changing iridescence. Around the eyes was a white-grey mask, crowned by short, black-pointed ears; behind the ears moved noiselessly a tawny body, with heavy legs and broad, soft pads. It slipped from tree to tree, touching the ground lightly here and there, till the great lynx hung, motionless and menacing, above the sleeping camp. It stopped, sniffed the tainted air, and then stared, fascinated, at the sheaf of fish, which hung, slowly revolving, in tantalizing proximity. Silently, with dainty and delicate caution, the lynx laid itself out on the branch, and, clinging tight, stretched out a curved forepaw; it just touched its object, and set it swaying. Again the paw went out, and again fell short. A quicker thrust, and the big pads slipped on the frozen wood, and, with a scream, the great cat fell fair on the sleeping dogs. 100 110

In an instant the air split with a frenzy of noise. Tom sprang up, and saw a maelstrom of yellow forms, a convulsive, contorted mass, from which came the vicious snap of locking jaws, the yelp of agonized animals, and the short, coughing bark of the lynx. Around and in and out they rolled, buried in fur and snow. The wolf was born again in the huskies, and, with all their primal ferocity, they assailed each other and a common enemy. Two of them crawled away, licking great wounds from deadly claws; and then gradually the battle waned, till it died in a fugue of howls, and the marauder escaped, torn and bleeding, into the silence from which he had come. 120

Tom stood helpless, and then, when the three came limping home, went over to where his two best dogs lay, licking great gashes—for the lynx 130

had literally torn them open. As he approached, they lifted their black lips, till the long fangs shone, ivory white; and death and defiance gurgled in their throbbing throats. A glance told him that nothing could be done; the frost was already nipping the raw flesh till they snapped at their own vitals in desperation. He raised his axe, once, twice—and his two best huskies lay on a blanket of blood-stained snow, with twitching bodies and glazing
140 eyes.

Then, very soberly, he examined the others. They were still fit for harness; so, in the yellow light that began to flood the world, he shortened his traces, twisted his feet into his toe straps, and, with never a look behind, faced again the burden of the day.

The trail was hard to break. The crust, that would not carry the dogs, was smashed down, and tilted cakes of ice fell over on his shoes, a deck load
150 that made them a weariness to lift. Behind floundered the toiling huskies, the leader's nose glued to the tail of the trailing shoes. What vast reserve of strength did man and beast then draw upon, Tom could not have told you; but, hour after hour, the small, indomitable train went on. As the day lengthened, Tom shortened his stride; for the dogs were evidently giving out, and his thigh muscles were burning like hot wires. At four o'clock the team stopped dead, the leader swaying in his tracks.
160 The big half-breed, running his hands over the shaking body, suddenly found one of them warm and wet—it was sticky with blood. Then he saw blood on the trail; looking back, he saw crimson spots as far as the eye could distinguish them; lifting the matted hide, he revealed a gash from which oozed great, slow drops. The valiant brute had drained his life out in a gory baptism of that killing trail. Then Tom sat down in dumb despair, took the lean yellow head upon his knees, smoothed

the tawny fur back from those clouding eyes, and set his teeth hard as the dying beast licked his caressing hand in mute fidelity. 170

The great frame grew rigid as he watched, and slowly into the man's mind, for the first time in all his life, came doubt. Perhaps it was more of wonderment. It was not any suggestion of failing powers, imminent danger, or impending hardships; it was rather a mute questioning of things which he had always heretofore accepted, as he did the rising and sinking of the sun—things which began and ended with the day. His reasonings were slow and laborious; his mind creaked, as it were, with the effort—like an unused muscle, it responded with difficulty. Then, finally, he saw it all. 180

Long ago, when his mother died, she had warned him against the false new gods which the white man had brought from the big sea water, and in her old faith had turned her face to the wall of her teepee. She had been buried in a tree top, near a bend of the Albany River, where it turns north from Nipigon and runs through the spruce forests that slope down to Hudson's Bay. But Tom had listened to the new story—more than that, he had hewed square timber for the Mission Church at Ignace; and now—retribution had come, at last. No sooner had the idea formulated itself, than it seized upon him; and then there rose to meet it—defiance. Grimly, he slackened the collar from the dead husky, and laid the empty traces across his own breast; savagely he thrust forward, and started the toboggan, and the diminished company stayed and stopped not till, once again, the darkness came. 190 200

That night the two surviving dogs eyed him fur-
tively, when he flung them their food. They did not devour it ravenously, as was their custom; but crouched, with the fish under their paws, and followed, with shifting look, every move he made. He was too weary to care; but, had he watched them

an hour later, the sight would have convinced him
210 that there was an evil spirit abroad in those frosty woods.

Noiselessly, they approached his sleeping form, sniffing intently at everything in the camp. He lay, massive and motionless, wrapped in an immense rabbit-skin blanket, one fold of which was thrown over the bag that held his provisions; his giant body was slack, relaxed, and full of great weariness.

The dogs moved without a sound, till they stood over the sleeping man. The long hair rose in ridges
220 along their spines, as they put their noses to his robe, and sniffed at their unconscious master; for, whether it was the fight with the lynx, or that yellow body out on the ice, some new and strange thing had come into their blood; they had reverted to the primal dog, and no longer felt the burden of the collar or the trace—the labour of the trail had passed from them.

At first, the smell of man repelled them, but it was only for a moment; their lean shoulders swayed
230 as their twitching noses ran over his outline, and then a new scent assailed them. It was the provision bag. Gently, and with infinite precaution, they pulled it. Tom stirred, but only stirred. The sack was trailed out over the snow, and the tough canvas soon gave way before those murderous teeth. In silence, and in hunger, they gorged; what they could not eat was destroyed, till, finally, with bulging sides, they lay down and slept, in utter repletion.

It was the sun on his face that woke Tom to a
240 consciousness of what had happened. He felt for the bag, and, finding it not, looked at the dogs, and, on seeing them, raised his hand in anger. Now, this was a mistake; few dogs will wait for punishment, least of all a half-savage husky who expects it. He approached, they retreated; he stopped, they squatted on their haunches and eyed him suspiciously; he retreated, they did not move; he held

out a fish, they were supremely indifferent. They had entered a new world, which was none of his; they suddenly found that they did not have to obey—and when man or beast reasons thus, it spells ruin. All his arts were exhausted and proved fruitless, and then Tom knew that an evil spirit—a Wendigo—was on his trail. 250

To push forward was his first instinct. Slowly, he rolled up the blanket, and laced it to the toboggan; and, as the sun topped the rim of the land, the unconquerable breed struck out across the ice, the traces tugging at his shoulders. A few yards behind followed the enfranchised team, drunk with the intoxication of their new-found liberty. Never did he get within striking distance, but ever he was conscious of those soft, padding sounds; he felt as if they were always about to spring at his defenceless back, but all through the weary day they followed, elusive, mysteriously threatening. 260

He pulled up, faint with hunger, in mid-afternoon, and went into a thicket of cedar to set rabbit snares; but no sooner had he turned than the dogs were at the toboggan. A ripping of canvas caught his ear, and he rushed back in fury. They fled at his approach, and lay, flat on the snow, their heads between their paws; so Tom pulled up his load, built a fire beside it, and watched the huskies till morning. He had now one hundred miles to go; he had three hundred pounds to pull, and no dogs; he could not, dare not sleep; and he had no food, but—Anderson was waiting at Lac Seul. 270

Who can enter into those next days? Through the storms—and they were many—moved a gigantic figure, and, after it, crawled a long coffin-like shape; and behind the shape trotted two wolfish forms, with lean flanks and ravenous jaws. Across the crystalline plains plodded the grim procession, and, at night, the red eye of a camp fire flung its flickering gleam on those same threatening forms, as 280

they moved restlessly and noiselessly about, watching and waiting, waiting and watching. As his strength diminished with the miles, Tom began to
290 see strange things, and hear curious and pleasant sounds. Then he got very sleepy; the snow was just the colour of the twenty-dollar blankets in the H. B. post; it was not cold now; he experienced a delicious languor; and people began to talk all around him; only they wouldn't answer when he shouted at them. Then the Wendigo came, and told him to lie down and rest, and, as he was taking off his shoes, another spirit called out:

“Kago, kago—nebowah neepah panemah.”
300 (“Don't, don't! You will find rest by and by.”)

At noon, on the eighth day after Tom left Ignace post, Peter Anderson looked across the drifts of Lac Seul, and shook his head. The horizon was blotted out in a blizzard that whipped the flakes into his face like needle points, and the distance dissolved in a whirling view. The bush had been cleared away around his buildings, and, in the bare space, a mighty wind swooped and shrieked. As he
310 turned, the gale lifted for a moment, and, infinitely remote, something appeared to break the snow line at the end of a long white lane of dancing wreaths; then the storm closed down, and the vision was lost. Keenly, he strained through half-closed lids; once more something stirred, and, suddenly, the wind began to slacken. In the heart of it was staggering a giant shape, that swayed and tottered, but doggedly, almost unconsciously, moved on into the shelter of the land; behind trailed a formless mass, and, last of all, the apparitions of two lank, limping
320 dogs.

Drunkenly and unseeingly, but with blind, indomitable purpose, the man won every agonising step. His snow-shoes were smashed to a shapeless tangle of wood and sinew; his face was gaunt, patched with grey blots of frost-bite; and, through his

sunken cheeks, the high bones stood out like knuckles on a clenched fist. Ice was plastered on his cap, and lay fringed on brow and lids, but beneath them burned eyes that glowed with dull fires, quenchless and abysmal. By infinitesimal degrees 330 he drew in, with not a wave of the hand, not a sign of recognition. Up the path, from shore to trading post, shouldered the titan figure, till it reached the door. At the latch, stiff, frozen fingers were fumbling, as Anderson flung it open; and then a vast bulk darkened the threshold, swung in helpless hesitation for a fraction of time, and pitched, face foremost, on the rough pine floor.

A few hours later, he looked up from the pile of skins upon which Anderson had rolled him. His 340 eyes wandered to the figure of the trader, who sat, serenely smoking, regarding with silent satisfaction a small mountain of provisions.

"All here, boss?"

"Ay, Tom, all here, and I'm muckle obliged to ye; are ye hungry, Tom? Will ye hae a bit sup?"

"No eat for five days; pull toboggan. No dogs."

Anderson stiffened where he sat. "What's that? Haulin' three hunder' of grub, and ye were starving? Ye big copper-coloured fule!" 350

"No packer's grub, boss; Hudson Bay grub!"

It was almost a groan, for Tom was far spent.

Involuntarily the quiet Scot lifted his hands in amazement, and then hurried into his kitchen, murmuring, as he disappeared: "Man, man, it's with the likes of ye that the Hudson Bay keeps its word."

Alan Sullivan.

THE SIRE DE MALÉTROIT'S DOOR

(TALES AND FANTASIES)

DENIS DE BEAULIEU was not yet two-and-twenty, but he counted himself a grown man, and a very accomplished cavalier into the bargain. Lads were early formed in that rough, war-faring epoch; and when one has been in a pitched battle and a dozen raids, has killed one's man in an honourable fashion, and knows a thing or two of strategy and mankind, a certain swagger in the gait is surely to be pardoned. He had put up his horse with due care, and
10 supped with due deliberation; and then, in a very agreeable frame of mind, went out to pay a visit in the grey of the evening. It was not a very wise proceeding on the young man's part. He would have done better to remain beside the fire or go decently to bed. For the town was full of the troops of Burgundy and England under a mixed command; and though Denis was there on safe-conduct, his safe-conduct was like to serve him little on a chance encounter.

20 It was September, 1429; the weather had fallen sharp; a flighty piping wind, laden with showers, beat about the township; and the dead leaves ran riot along the streets. Here and there a window was already lighted up; and the noise of men-at-arms making merry over supper within came forth in fits and was swallowed up and carried away by the wind. The night fell swiftly; the flag of England, fluttering on the spire-top, grew ever fainter and fainter against the flying clouds—a black speck
30 like a swallow in the tumultuous, leaden chaos of the sky. As the night fell the wind rose, and began to hoot under archways and roar amid the tree-tops in the valley below the town.

Denis de Beaulieu walked fast, and was soon knocking at his friend's door; but though he promised himself to stay only a little while and make an

early return, his welcome was so pleasant, and he found so much to delay him, that it was already long past midnight before he said good-bye upon the threshold. The wind had fallen again in the meanwhile; and the night was as black as the grave; not a star, nor a glimmer of moonshine, slipped through the canopy of cloud. Denis was ill acquainted with the intricate lanes of Château Landon; even by daylight he had found some trouble in picking his way; and in this absolute darkness he soon lost it altogether. He was certain of one thing only—to keep mounting the hill; for his friend's house lay at the lower end, or tail, of Château Landon, while the inn was up at the head, under the great church spire. With this clue to go upon he stumbled and groped forward, now breathing more freely in open places where there was a good slice of sky overhead, now feeling along the wall in stifling closes. It is an eerie and mysterious position to be thus submerged in opaque blackness in an almost unknown town. The silence is terrifying in its possibilities. The touch of cold window-bars to the exploring hand startles the man like the touch of a toad; the inequalities of the pavement shake his heart into his mouth; a piece of denser darkness threatens an ambuscade or a chasm in the pathway; and where the air is brighter, the houses put on strange and bewildering appearances, as if to lead him farther from his way. For Denis, who had to regain his inn without attracting notice, there was real danger as well as mere discomfort in the walk; and he went warily and boldly at once, and at every corner paused to make an observation.

He had been for some time threading a lane so narrow that he could touch a wall with either hand, when it began to open out and go sharply downward. Plainly this lay no longer in the direction of his inn; but the hope of a little more light tempt-

ed him forward to reconnoitre. The lane ended in a terrace with a bartizan wall, which gave an outlook between high houses, as out of an embrasure, into the valley lying dark and formless
80 several hundred feet below. Denis looked down, and could discern a few tree-tops waving and a single speck of brightness where the river ran across a weir. The weather was clearing up, and the sky had lightened, so as to show the outline of the heavier clouds and the dark margin of the hills. By the uncertain glimmer, the house on his left hand should be a place of some pretensions; it was surmounted by several pinnacles and turret-tops; the round stern of a chapel, with a fringe
90 of flying buttresses, projected boldly from the main block; and the door was sheltered under a deep porch carved with figures and overhung by two long gargoyles. The windows of the chapel gleamed through their intricate tracery with a light as of many tapers, and threw out the buttresses and the peaked roof in a more intense blackness against the sky. It was plainly the hotel of some great family in the neighbourhood; and as it reminded Denis of a town-house of his own at Bourges,
100 he stood for some time gazing up at it and mentally gauging the skill of the architects and the consideration of the two families.

There seemed to be no issue to the terrace but the lane by which he had reached it; he could only retrace his steps, but he had gained some notion of his whereabouts, and hoped by this means to hit the main thoroughfare and speedily regain the inn. He was reckoning without that chapter of accidents which was to make this night memorable
110 above all others in his career; for he had not gone back above a hundred yards before he saw a light coming to meet him, and heard loud voices speaking together in the echoing narrows of the lane. It was a party of men-at-arms going the night-

round with torches. Denis assured himself that they had all been making free with the wine-bowl, and were in no mood to be particular about safe-conducts or the niceties of chivalrous war. It was as like as not that they would kill him like a dog and leave him where he fell. The situation 120 was inspiriting, but nervous. Their own torches would conceal him from sight, he reflected; and he hoped that they would drown the noise of his footsteps with their own empty voices. If he were but fleet and silent, he might evade their notice altogether.

Unfortunately, as he turned to beat a retreat, his foot rolled upon a pebble; he fell against the wall with an ejaculation, and his sword rang loudly on the stones. Two or three voices demanded who 130 went there—some in French, some in English; but Denis made no reply, and ran the faster down the lane. Once upon the terrace, he paused to look back. They still kept calling after him, and just then began to double the pace in pursuit, with a considerable clank of armour, and great tossing of the torchlight to and fro in the narrow jaws of the passage.

Denis cast a look around and darted into the porch. There he might escape observation, or—if 140 that were too much to expect—was in a capital posture whether for parley or defence. So thinking, he drew his sword and tried to set his back against the door. To his surprise, it yielded behind his weight; and though he turned in a moment, continued to swing back on oiled and noiseless hinges, until it stood wide open on a black interior. When things fall out oportunately for the person concerned, he is not apt to be critical about the how or why, his own immediate personal convenience 150 seeming a sufficient reason for the strangest oddities and revolutions in our sublunary things; and so Denis, without a moment's hesitation, stepped with-

in and partly closed the door behind him to conceal his place of refuge. Nothing was further from his thoughts than to close it altogether; but for some inexplicable reason—perhaps by a spring or a weight—the ponderous mass of oak whipped itself out of his fingers and clanked-to, with a formidable
160 rumble and noise like the falling of an automatic bar.

The round, at that very moment, debouched upon the terrace, and proceeded to summon him with shouts and curses. He heard them ferreting in the dark corners; the stock of a lance even rattled along the outer surface of the door behind which he stood; but these gentlemen were in too high a humour to be long delayed, and soon made off down a corkscrew pathway which had escaped
170 Denis's observation, and passed out of sight and hearing along the battlements of the town.

Denis breathed again. He gave them a few minutes' grace for fear of accidents, and then groped about for some means of opening the door and slipping forth again. The inner surface was quite smooth—not a handle, not a moulding, not a projection of any sort. He got his fingernails round the edges and pulled, but the mass was immovable. He shook it; it was as firm as a rock.
180 Denis de Beaulieu frowned and gave vent to a little noiseless whistle. What ailed the door? he wondered. Why was it open? How came it to shut so easily and so effectually after him? There was something obscure and underhand about all this that was little to the young man's fancy. It looked like a snare; and yet who could suppose a snare in such a quiet by-street and in a house of so prosperous and even noble an exterior? And yet—snare or no snare, intentionally or unintentionally—here he was, prettily trapped; and for the
190 life of him he could see no way out of it again. The darkness began to weigh upon him. He gave

ear; all was silent without, but within and close by he seemed to catch a faint sighing, a faint sobbing rustle, a little stealthy creak—as though many persons were at his side, holding themselves quite still, and governing even their respiration with the extreme of slyness. The idea went to his vitals with a shock, and he faced about suddenly as if to defend his life. Then, for the first time, he became 200
aware of a light about the level of his eyes, and at some distance in the interior of the house—a vertical thread of light, widening towards the bottom, such as might escape between two wings of arras over a doorway. To see anything was a relief to Denis; it was like a piece of solid ground to a man labouring in a morass; his mind seized upon it with avidity; and he stood staring at it and trying to piece together some logical conception of his surroundings. Plainly there was a flight of 210
 steps ascending from his own level to that of this illuminated doorway; and indeed he thought he could make out another thread of light, as fine as a needle, and as faint as phosphorescence, which might very well be reflected along the polished wood of a handrail. Since he had begun to suspect that he was not alone, his heart had continued to beat with smothering violence, and an intolerable desire for action of any sort had possessed itself of his spirit. He was in deadly peril, 220
 he believed. What could be more natural than to mount the staircase, lift the curtain, and confront his difficulty at once? At least he would be dealing with something tangible; at least he would be no longer in the dark. He stepped slowly forward with outstretched hands, until his foot struck the bottom step; then he rapidly scaled the stairs, stood for a moment to compose his expression, lifted the arras, and went in.

He found himself in a large apartment of 230
 polished stone. There were three doors; one on

each of three sides; all similarly curtained with tapestry. The fourth side was occupied by two large windows and a great stone chimney-piece, carved with the arms of the Malétroits. Denis recognized the bearings, and was gratified to find himself in such good hands. The room was strongly illuminated; but it contained little furniture except a heavy table and a chair or two, the hearth was innocent of fire, and the pavement was but sparsely strewn with rushes clearly many days old.

On a high chair beside the chimney, and directly facing Denis as he entered, sat a little old gentleman in a fur tippet. He sat with his legs crossed and his hands folded, and a cup of spiced wine stood by his elbow on a bracket on the wall. His countenance had a strongly masculine cast; not properly human, but such as we see in the bull, the goat, or the domestic boar; something equivocal and wheedling, something greedy, brutal, and dangerous. The upper lip was inordinately full, as though swollen by a blow or a toothache; and the smile, the peaked eyebrows, and the small, strong eyes, were quaintly and almost comically evil in expression. Beautiful white hair hung straight all round his head, like a saint's and fell in a single curl upon the tippet. His beard and moustache were the pink of venerable sweetness. Age, probably in consequence of inordinate precautions, had left no mark upon his hands; and the Malétroit hand was famous. It would be difficult to imagine anything at once so fleshy and so delicate in design; the taper, sensual fingers were like those of one of Leonardo's women; the fork of the thumb made a dimpled protuberance when closed; the nails were perfectly shaped, and of a dead, surprising whiteness. It rendered his aspect tenfold more redoubtable, that a man with hands like these should keep them devoutly folded in his lap like a virgin

martyr—that a man with so intense and startling an expression of face should sit patiently on his seat and contemplate people with an unwinking stare, like a god, or a god's statue. His quiescence seemed ironical and treacherous, it fitted so poorly with his looks.

Such was Alain, Sire de Malétroit.

Denis and he looked silently at each other for a second or two.

"Pray step in," said the Sire de Malétroit. "I 280 have been expecting you all the evening."

He had not risen, but he accompanied his words with a smile and a slight but courteous inclination of the head. Partly from the smile, partly from the strange musical murmur with which the Sire prefaced his observation, Denis felt a strong shudder of disgust go through his marrow. And what with disgust and honest confusion of mind, he could scarcely get words together in reply.

"I fear," he said, "that this is a double accident. 290 I am not the person you suppose me. It seems you were looking for a visit; but for my part, nothing was further from my thoughts—nothing could be more contrary to my wishes—than this intrusion."

"Well, well," replied the old gentleman indulgently, "here you are, which is the main point. Seat yourself, my friend, and put yourself entirely at your ease. We shall arrange our little affairs presently."

Denis perceived that the matter was still complicated with some misconception, and he hastened to continue his explanations. 300

"Your door ——" he began.

"About my door?" asked the other, raising his peaked eyebrows. "A little piece of ingenuity." And he shrugged his shoulders. "A hospitable fancy! By your own account, you were not desirous of making my acquaintance. We old people look for such reluctance now and then; and when it

310 touches our honour, we cast about until we find some way of overcoming it. You arrive uninvited, but believe me, very welcome."

"You persist in error, sir," said Denis. "There can be no question between you and me. I am a stranger in this countryside. My name is Denis, damoiseau de Beaulieu. If you see me in your house, it is only——"

320 "My young friend," interrupted the other, "you will permit me to have my own ideas on that subject. They probably differ from yours at the present moment," he added, with a leer, "but time will show which of us is in the right."

Denis was convinced he had to do with a lunatic. He seated himself with a shrug, content to wait the upshot; and a pause ensued, during which he thought he could distinguish a hurried gabbling as of prayer from behind the arras immediately opposite him. Sometimes there seemed to be but one
330 of the voice, low as it was, seemed to indicate either great haste or an agony of spirit. It occurred to him that this piece of tapestry covered the entrance to the chapel he had noticed from without.

The old gentleman meanwhile surveyed Denis from head to foot with a smile, and from time to time emitted little noises like a bird or a mouse, which seemed to indicate a high degree of satisfaction. This state of matters became rapidly insupportable; and Denis, to put an end to it, re-
340 marked politely that the wind had gone down.

The old gentleman fell into a fit of silent laughter, so prolonged and violent that he became quite red in the face. Denis got upon his feet at once, and put on his hat with a flourish.

"Sir," he said, "if you are in your wits, you have affronted me grossly. If you are out of them, I flatter myself I can find better employment for my brains than to talk with lunatics. My con-

science is clear; you have made a fool of me from the first moment; you have refused to hear my explanations; and now there is no power under God will make me stay here any longer; and if I cannot make my way out in a more decent fashion, I will hack your door in pieces with my sword." 350

The Sire de Malétroit raised his right hand and wagged it at Denis with the fore and little fingers extended.

"My dear nephew," he said, "sit down."

"Nephew!" retorted Denis, "you lie in your throat;" and he snapped his fingers in his face. 360

"Sit down, you rogue!" cried the old gentleman, in a sudden, harsh voice, like the barking of a dog. "Do you fancy," he went on, "that when I had made my little contrivance for the door I had stopped short with that? If you prefer to be bound hand and foot till your bones ache, rise and try to go away. If you choose to remain a free young buck, agreeably conversing with an old gentleman—why, sit where you are in peace, and God be with you." 370

"Do you mean I am a prisoner?" demanded Denis.

"I state the facts," replied the other. "I would rather leave the conclusion to yourself."

Denis sat down again. Externally he managed to keep pretty calm; but within, he was now boiling with anger, now chilled with apprehension. He no longer felt convinced that he was dealing with a madman. And if the old gentleman was sane, what, in God's name, had he to look for? What absurd or tragical adventure had befallen him? What countenance was he to assume? 380

While he was thus unpleasantly reflecting, the arras that overhung the chapel door was raised, and a tall priest in his robes came forth, and, giving a long, keen stare at Denis, said something in an undertone to Sire de Malétroit.

"She is in a better frame of spirit?" asked the latter.

390 "She is more resigned, messire," replied the priest.

"Now the Lord help her, she is hard to please!" sneered the old gentleman. "A likely stripling—not ill-born—and of her own choosing too? Why, what more would the jade have?"

"The situation is not usual for a young damsel," said the other, "and somewhat trying to her blushes."

400 "She should have thought of that before she began the dance! It was none of my choosing, God knows that: but since she is in it, by Our Lady, she shall carry it to the end." And then addressing Denis, "Monsieur de Beaulieu," he asked, "may I present you to my niece? She has been waiting your arrival, I may say, with even greater impatience than myself."

Denis had resigned himself with good grace—all he desired was to know the worst of it as speedily as possible; so he rose at once, and bowed in acquiescence. The Sire de Malétroit followed his
410 example, and limped, with the assistance of the chaplain's arm, towards the chapel door. The priest pulled aside the arras, and all three entered. The building had considerable architectural pretensions. A light groining sprang from six stout columns, and hung down in two rich pendants from the centre of the vault. The place terminated behind the altar in a round end, embossed and honeycombed with a superfluity of ornament in relief, and pierced
420 by many little windows shaped like stars, trefoils, or wheels. These windows were imperfectly glazed, so that the night-air circulated freely in the chapel. The tapers, of which there must have been half a hundred burning on the altar, were unmercifully blown about; and the light went through many different phases of brilliancy and semi-eclipse.

On the steps in front of the altar knelt a young girl richly attired as a bride. A chill settled over Denis as he observed her costume; he fought with desperate energy against the conclusion that was being thrust upon his mind; it could not—it should not—be as he feared. 430

"Blanche," said the Sire, in his most flute-like tones, "I have brought a friend to see you, my little girl; turn round and give him your pretty hand. It is good to be devout; but it is necessary to be polite, my niece."

The girl rose to her feet and turned towards the new-comers. She moved all of a piece; and shame and exhaustion were expressed in every line of her fresh young body; and she held her head down and kept her eyes upon the pavement, as she came slowly forward. In the course of her advance, her eyes fell upon Denis de Beaulieu's feet—feet of which he was justly vain, be it remarked, and wore in the most elegant accoutrement even while travelling. She paused—started, as if his yellow boots had conveyed some shocking meaning—and glanced suddenly up into the wearer's countenance. Their eyes met; shame gave place to horror and terror in her looks; the blood left her lips; with a piercing scream she covered her face with her hands and sank upon the chapel floor. 440 450

"That is not the man!" she cried. "My uncle, that is not the man!"

The Sire de Malétroit chirped agreeably. "Of course not," he said, "I expected as much. It was so unfortunate you could not remember his name."

"Indeed," she cried, "indeed, I have never seen this person till this moment—I have never so much as set eyes on him—I never wish to see him again. Sir," she said, turning to Denis, "if you are a gentleman, you will bear me out. Have I ever seen you—have you ever seen me—before this accursed hour?" 460

"To speak for myself, I have never had that

pleasure," answered the young man. "This is the first time, messire, that I have met with your engaging niece."

The old gentleman shrugged his shoulders.

470 "I am distressed to hear it," he said. "But it is never too late to begin. I had little more acquaintance with my own late lady ere I married her; which proves," he added with a grimace, "that these impromptu marriages may often produce an excellent understanding in the long-run. As the bridegroom is to have a voice in the matter, I will give him two hours to make up for lost time before we proceed with the ceremony." And he turned towards the door, followed by the clergyman.

480 The girl was on her feet in a moment. "My uncle, you cannot be in earnest," she said. "I declare before God I will stab myself rather than be forced on that young man. The heart rises at it; God forbids such marriages; you dishonour your white hair. O my uncle, pity me! There is not a woman in all the world but would prefer death to such a nuptial. Is it possible," she added, faltering—"is it possible that you do not believe me—that you still think this"—and she pointed at Denis with
490 a tremor of anger and contempt—"that you still think this to be the man?"

"Frankly," said the old gentleman, pausing on the threshold, "I do. But let me explain to you once for all, Blanche de Malétroit, my way of thinking about this affair. When you took it into your head to dishonour my family and the name that I have borne, in peace and war, for more than threescore years, you forfeited, not only the right to question my designs, but that of looking me in the
500 face. If your father had been alive, he would have spat on you and turned you out of doors. His was the hand of iron. You may bless your God you have only to deal with the hand of velvet, mademoiselle. It was my duty to get you married without

delay. Out of pure goodwill, I have tried to find your own gallant for you. And I believe I have succeeded. But before God and all the holy angels, Blanche de Malétroit, if I have not, I care not one jack-straw. So let me recommend you to be polite to our young friend; for upon my word, your next groom may be less appetising." 510

And with that he went out, with the chaplain at his heels; and the arras fell behind the pair.

The girl turned upon Denis with flashing eyes.

"And what, sir," she demanded, "may be the meaning of all this?"

"God knows," returned Denis gloomily. "I am a prisoner in this house, which seems full of mad people. More I know not, and nothing do I understand." 520

"And pray how came you here?" she asked.

He told her as briefly as he could. "For the rest," he added, "perhaps you will follow my example, and tell me the answer to all these riddles, and what, in God's name, is like to be the end of it."

She stood silent for a little, and he could see her lips tremble and her tearless eyes burn with a feverish lustre. Then she pressed her forehead in both hands.

"Alas, how my head aches!" she said wearily— 530
 "to say nothing of my poor heart! But it is due to you to know my story, unmaidenly as it must seem. I am called Blanche de Malétroit; I have been with out father or mother for—oh! for as long as I can recollect, and indeed I have been most unhappy all my life. Three months ago a young captain began to stand near me every day in church. I could see that I pleased him; I am much to blame, but I was so glad that any one should love me; and when he passed me a letter, I took it home with me and read 540
 it with great pleasure. Since that time he has written many. He was so anxious to speak with me, poor fellow! and kept asking me to leave the door

open some evening that we might have two words upon the stair. For he knew how much my uncle trusted me." She gave something like a sob at that, and it was a moment before she could go on. "My uncle is a hard man, but he is very shrewd," she said at last. "He has performed many feats in war, and was a great person at court, and much trusted by Queen Isabeau in old days. How he came to suspect me I cannot tell; but it is hard to keep anything from his knowledge; and this morning, as we came from mass, he took my hand in his, forced it open, and read my little billet, walking by my side all the while. When he had finished, he gave it back to me with great politeness. It contained another request to have the door left open; and this has been the ruin of us all. My uncle kept me strictly in my room until evening, and then ordered me to dress myself as you see me—a hard mockery for a young girl, do you not think so? I suppose, when he could not prevail with me to tell him the young captain's name, he must have laid a trap for him: into which, alas! you have fallen in the anger of God. I looked for much confusion; for how could I tell whether he was willing to take me for his wife on these sharp terms? He might have been trifling with me from the first; or I might have made myself too cheap in his eyes. But truly I had not looked for such a shameful punishment as this! I could not think that God would let a girl be so disgraced before a young man. And now I have told you all; and I can scarcely hope that you will not despise me."

Denis made her a respectful inclination.

"Madam," he said, "you have honoured me by your confidence. It remains for me to prove that I am not unworthy of the honour. Is Messire de Malétroit at hand?"

"I believe he is writing in the salle without," she answered.

"May I lead you thither, madam?" asked Denis, offering his hand with his most courtly bearing.

She accepted it; and the pair passed out of the chapel, Blanche in a very drooping and shamefast condition, but Denis strutting and ruffling in the consciousness of a mission, and the boyish certainty of accomplishing it with honour.

The Sire de Malétroit rose to meet them with a 590
ironical obeisance.

"Sir," said Denis, with the grandest possible air, "I believe I am to have some say in the matter of this marriage; and let me tell you at once, I will be no party to forcing the inclination of this young lady. Had it been freely offered to me, I should have been proud to accept her hand, for I perceive she is good as she is beautiful; but as things are, I have now the honour, messire, of refusing."

Blanche looked at him with gratitude in her eyes; 600
but the old gentleman only smiled and smiled, until his smile grew positively sickening to Denis.

"I am afraid," he said, "Monsieur de Beaulieu, that you do not perfectly understand the choice I have to offer you. Follow me, I beseech you, to this window." And he led the way to one of the large windows which stood open on the night. "You observe," he went on, "there is an iron ring in the upper masonry, and reeved through that a very efficacious rope. Now, mark my words: if you 610
should find your disinclination to my niece's person insurmountable, I shall have you hanged out of this window before sunrise. I shall only proceed to such an extremity with the greatest regret, you may believe me. For it is not at all your death that I desire, but my niece's establishment in life. At the same time, it must come to that if you prove obstinate. Your family, Monsieur de Beaulieu, is very well in its way; but if you sprang from Charlemagne, you should not refuse the hand of a Malé- 620
troit with impunity—not if she had been as com-

mon as the Paris road—not if she were as hideous as the gargoyle over my door. Neither my niece nor you, nor my own private feelings, move me at all in this matter. The honour of my house has been compromised; I believe you to be the guilty person; at least you are now in the secret; and you can hardly wonder if I request you to wipe out the stain. If you will not, your blood be on your own
630 head! It will be no great satisfaction to me to have your interesting relics kicking their heels in the breeze below my windows; but half a loaf is better than no bread, and if I cannot cure the dishonour, I shall at least stop the scandal.”

There was a pause.

“I believe there are other ways of settling such imbroglios among gentlemen,” said Denis. “You wear a sword, and I hear you have used it with distinction.”

640 The Sire de Malétroit made a signal to the chaplain, who crossed the room with long, silent strides and raised the arras over the third of the three doors. It was only a moment before he let it fall again; but Denis had time to see a dusky passage full of armed men.

“When I was a little younger, I should have been delighted to honour you, Monsieur de Beaulieu,” said Sire Alain; “but I am now too old. Faithful retainers are the sinews of age, and I must employ
650 the strength I have. This is one of the hardest things to swallow as a man grows up in years; but with a little patience, even this becomes habitual. You and the lady seem to prefer the salle for what remains of your two hours; and as I have no desire to cross your preference, I shall resign it to your use with all the pleasure in the world. No haste!” he added, holding up his hand, as he saw a dangerous look come into Denis de Beaulieu’s face. “If
660 your mind revolts against hanging, it will be time enough two hours hence to throw yourself out of

the window or upon the pikes of my retainers. Two hours of life are always two hours. A great many things may turn up in even as little a while as that. And, besides, if I understand her appearance, my niece has something to say to you. You will not disfigure your last hours by a want of politeness to a lady?"

Denis looked at Blanche, and she made him an imploring gesture.

It is likely that the old gentleman was hugely 670 pleased at this symptom of an understanding; for he smiled on both, and added sweetly: "If you will give me your word of honour, Monsieur de Beaulieu, to await my return at the end of the two hours before attempting anything desperate, I shall withdraw my retainers, and let you speak in greater privacy with mademoiselle."

Denis again glanced at the girl, who seemed to beseech him to agree.

"I give you my word of honour," he said. 680

Messire de Malétroit bowed, and proceeded to limp about the apartment, clearing his throat the while with that odd musical chirp which had already grown so irritating in the ears of Denis de Beaulieu. He first possessed himself of some papers which lay upon the table; then he went to the mouth of the passage and appeared to give an order to the men behind the arras; and lastly he hobbled out through the door by which Denis had come in, turning upon the threshold to address a last smiling 690 bow to the young couple, and followed by the chaplain with a hand-lamp.

No sooner were they alone than Blanche advanced towards Denis with her hands extended. Her face was flushed and excited, and her eyes shone with tears.

"You shall not die!" she cried; "you shall marry me after all."

"You seem to think, madam," replied Denis,
700 "that I stand much in fear of death."

"Oh no, no," she said; "I see you are no poltroon. It is for my own sake—I could not bear to have you slain for such a scruple."

"I am afraid," returned Denis, "that you under-rate the difficulty, madam. What you may be too generous to refuse, I may be too proud to accept. In a moment of noble feeling towards me, you forgot what you perhaps owe to others."

He had the decency to keep his eyes upon the
710 floor as he said this, and after he had finished, so as not to spy upon her confusion. She stood silent for a moment, then walked suddenly away, and falling on her uncle's chair, fairly burst out sobbing. Denis was in the acme of embarrassment. He looked round, as if to seek for inspiration, and seeing a stool, plumped down upon it for something to do. There he sat, playing with the guard of his rapier, and wishing himself dead a thousand times over, and buried in the nastiest kitchen-heap in
720 France. His eyes wandered round the apartment, but found nothing to arrest them. There were such wide spaces between the furniture, the light fell so baldly and cheerlessly over all, the dark outside air looked in so coldly through the windows, that he thought he had never seen a church so vast nor a tomb so melancholy. The regular sobs of Blanche de Malétroit measured out the time like the ticking of a clock. He read the device upon the shield over and over again, until his eyes became obscured; he
730 stared into shadowy corners until he imagined they were swarming with horrible animals; and every now and again he awoke with a start, to remember that his last two hours were running, and death was on the march.

Oftener and oftener, as the time went on, did his glance settle on the girl herself. Her face was bowed forward and covered with her hands, and she

was shaken at intervals by the convulsive hiccough of grief. Even thus she was not an unpleasant object to dwell upon, so plump and yet so fine, with a warm brown skin, and the most beautiful hair, Denis thought, in the whole world of womankind. Her hands were like her uncle's; but they were more in place at the end of her young arms, and looked infinitely soft and caressing. He remembered how her blue eyes had shone upon him full of anger, pity, and innocence. And the more he dwelt on her perfections, the uglier death looked, and the more deeply was he smitten with penitence at her continued tears. Now he felt that no man could have the courage to leave a world which contained so beautiful a creature; and now he would have given forty minutes of his last hour to have unsaid his cruel speech. 740 750

Suddenly a hoarse and ragged peal of cockcrow rose to their ears from the dark valley below the windows. And this shattering noise in the silence of all around was like a light in a dark place, and shook them both out of their reflections.

"Alas, can I do nothing to help you?" she said, looking up. 760

"Madam," replied Denis, with a fine irrelevancy, "if I have said anything to wound you, believe me it was for your own sake and not for mine."

She thanked him with a tearful look.

"I feel your position cruelly," he went on. "The world has been bitter hard on you. Your uncle is a disgrace to mankind. Believe me, madam, there is no young gentleman in all France but would be glad of my opportunity, to die in doing you a momentary service." 770

"I know already that you can be very brave and generous," she answered. "What I *want* to know is whether I can serve you—now or afterwards," she added, with a quaver.

"Most certainly," he answered, with a smile. "Let

me sit beside you as if I were a friend, instead of a foolish intruder; try to forget how awkwardly we are placed to one another; make my last moments go pleasantly; and you will do me the chief service possible.”

“You are very gallant,” she added, with a yet deeper sadness; “very gallant — and it somehow pains me. But draw nearer, if you please; and if you find anything to say to me, you will at least make certain of a very friendly listener. Ah! Monsieur de Beaulieu,” she broke forth—“ah! Monsieur de Beaulieu, how can I look you in the face?” And she fell to weeping again with a renewed effusion.

790 “Madam,” said Denis, taking her hand in both of his, “reflect on the little time I have before me, and the great bitterness into which I am cast by the sight of your distress. Spare me, in my last moments, the spectacle of what I cannot cure even with the sacrifice of my life.”

“I am very selfish,” answered Blanche. “I will be braver, Monsieur de Beaulieu, for your sake. But think if I can do you no kindness in the future—if you have no friends to whom I could carry
800 your adieux. Charge me as heavily as you can: every burden will lighten, by so little, the invaluable gratitude I owe you. Put it in my power to do something more for you than weep.”

“My mother is married again, and has a young family to care for. My brother Guichard will inherit my fiefs: and if I am not in error, that will content him amply for my death. Life is a little vapour that passeth away, as we are told by those in holy orders. When a man is in a fair way and
810 sees all life open in front of him, he seems to himself to make a very important figure in the world. His horse whinnies to him; the trumpets blow and the girls look out of the window as he rides into town before his company; he receives many assurances of trust and regard—sometimes by express

in a letter—sometimes face to face, with persons of great consequence falling on his neck. It is not wonderful if his head is turned for a time. But once he is dead, were he as brave as Hercules or as wise as Solomon, he is soon forgotten. It is not 820 ten years since my father fell, with many other knights around him, in a very fierce encounter, and I do not think that any one of them, nor so much as the name of the fight, is now remembered. No, no, madam, the nearer you come to it, you see that death is a dark and dusty corner, where a man gets into his tomb and has the door shut after him till the judgment-day. I have few friends just now, and once I am dead I shall have none."

"Ah, Monsieur de Beaulieu!" she exclaimed, 830 "you forget Blanche de Malétroit."

"You have a sweet nature, madam, and you are pleased to estimate a little service far beyond its worth."

"It is not that," she answered. "You mistake me if you think I am so easily touched by my own concerns. I say so, because you are the noblest man I have ever met; because I recognise in you a spirit that would have made even a common person famous in the land." 840

"And yet here I die in a mouse-trap—with no more noise about it than my own squeaking," answered he.

A look of pain crossed her face, and she was silent for a little while. Then a light came into her eyes, and with a smile she spoke again.

"I cannot have my champion think meanly of himself. Any one who gives his life for another will be met in Paradise by all the heralds and angels of the Lord God. And you have no such 850 cause to hang your head. For —— Pray, do you think me beautiful?" she asked, with a deep flush.

"Indeed, madam, I do," he said.

"I am glad of that," she answered heartily. "Do

you think there are many men in France who have been asked in marriage by a beautiful maiden—with her own lips—and who have refused her to her face? I know you men would half-despise such a triumph; but believe me, we women know more of
860 what is precious in love. There is nothing that should set a person higher in his own esteem; and we women would prize nothing more dearly.”

“You are very good,” he said; “but you cannot make me forget that I was asked in pity and not for love.”

“I am not so sure of that,” she replied, holding down her head. “Hear me to an end, Monsieur de Beaulieu. I know how you must despise me; I feel you are right to do so; I am too poor a crea-
870 ture to occupy one thought of your mind, although, alas! you must die for me this morning. But when I asked you to marry me, indeed, and indeed, it was because I respected and admired you, and loved you with my whole soul, from the very moment that you took my part against my uncle. If you had seen yourself, and how noble you looked, you would pity rather than despise me. And now,” she went on, hurriedly checking him with her hand, “although I have laid aside all reserve, and told you
880 so much, remember that I know your sentiments towards me already. I would not, believe me, being nobly born, weary you with importunities into consent. I too have a pride of my own: and I declare before the holy Mother of God, if you should now go back from your word already given, I would no more marry you than I would marry my uncle’s groom.”

Denis smiled a little bitterly.

“It is a small love,” he said, “that shies at a
890 little pride.”

She made no answer, although she probably had her own thoughts.

closing

"Come hither to the window," he said, with a sigh. "Here is the dawn."

And indeed the dawn was already beginning. The hollow of the sky was full of essential daylight, colourless and clean; and the valley underneath was flooded with a grey reflection. A few thin vapours clung in the coves of the forest or lay along the winding course of the river. The scene disengaged a surprising effect of stillness, which was hardly interrupted when the cocks began once more to crow among the steadings. Perhaps the same fellow who had made so horrid a clangor in the darkness not half an hour before now sent up the merriest cheer to greet the coming day. A little wind went bustling and eddying among the tree-tops underneath the windows. And still the daylight kept flooding insensibly out of the east, which was soon to grow incandescent and cast up that red-hot cannon-ball, the rising sun. 900 910

Denis looked out over all this with a bit of a shiver. He had taken her hand, and retained it in his almost unconsciously.

"Has the day begun already?" she said; and then, illogically enough: "the night has been so long! Alas! what shall we say to my uncle when he returns?"

"What you will," said Denis, and he pressed her fingers in his. 920

She was silent.

"Blanche," he said, with a swift, uncertain, passionate utterance, "you have seen whether I fear death. You must know well enough that I would as gladly leap out of the window into the empty air as lay a finger on you without your free and full consent. But if you care for me at all do not let me lose my life in a misapprehension; for I love you better than the whole world; and though I will die for you blithely, it would be like all the joys of 930

Paradise to live on and spend my life in your service."

As he stopped speaking, a bell began to ring loudly in the interior of the house; and a clatter of armour in the corridor showed that the retainers were returning to their post, and the two hours were at an end.

"After all that you have heard?" she whispered, leaning towards him with her lips and eyes.

940 "I have heard nothing," he replied.

"The captain's name was Florimond de Champ-divers," she said in his ear.

"I did not hear it," he answered, taking her supple body in his arms, and covered her wet face with kisses.

A melodious chirping was audible behind, followed by a beautiful chuckle, and the voice of Messire de Malétroit wished his new nephew a good morning.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

PART TWO

I ESSAYS

OF STUDIES

(ESSAYS No. 50)

STUDIES serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment 10 wholly by their rules is the humour of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience: for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men condemn studies; simple men admire them; and wise men use them: for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict 20 and confute; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested: that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy,

and extracts made of them by others; but that
30 would be only in the less important arguments, and
the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are
like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading
maketh a full man; conference, a ready man;
and writing, an exact man. And, therefore, if a
man write little, he had need have a great memory;
if he confer little, he had need have a present wit;
and if he read little, he had need have much cunning
to seem to know that he doth not. Histories
make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics,
40 subtle; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic
and rhetoric, able to contend. *Abeunt studia in
mores*. Nay, there is no stond or impediment in
the wit, but may be wrought out by fit studies: like
as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises.
Bowling is good for the stone and reins; shooting,
for the lungs and breast; gentle walking, for the
stomach; riding, for the head; and the like. So, if a
man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics,
for in demonstrations, if his wit be
50 called away never so little, he must begin again; if
his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences,
let him study the Schoolmen, for they are *Cymini
sectores*; if he be not apt to beat over matters, and
to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another,
let him study the lawyer's cases: So every defect
of the mind may have a special receipt.

Francis Bacon.

A RECOLLECTION

(TATLER, No. 181)

THE first sense of sorrow I ever knew was upon the death of my father, at which time I was not quite five years of age; but was rather amazed at what all the house meant, than possessed with a real understanding why nobody was willing to play with me.

I remember I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother sat weeping alone by it. I had my battledore in my hand, and fell a beating the coffin, and calling Papa; for, I know not how, I had some slight idea that he was locked up there. My mother caught me in her arms, and, transported beyond all patience of the silent grief she was before in, she almost smothered me in her embraces; and told me in a flood of tears, "Papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him under the ground, whence he could never come to us again." She was a very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit, and there was a dignity in her grief amidst all the wildness of her transport; which, methought, struck me with an instinct of sorrow, that, before I was sensible of what it was to grieve, seized my very soul, and has made pity the weakness of my heart ever since. The mind in infancy is, methinks, like the body in embryo; and receives impressions so forcible, that they are as hard to be removed by reason, as any mark with which a child is born is to be taken away by any future application. Hence it is, that good-nature in me is no merit; but having been so frequently overwhelmed with her tears before I knew the cause of any affliction, or could draw defences from my own judgment, I imbibed commiseration, remorse, and an unmanly gentleness of mind, which has since insnared me into ten thousand calamities; from whence I can reap no advantage, except it be, that, in such a humour as I am now in, I can the better indulge myself in the softnesses of humanity, and enjoy that sweet anxiety which arises from the memory of past afflictions.

We, that are very old, are better able to remember things which befell us in our distant youth, than the passages of later days. For this reason it is, that the companions of my strong and vigorous years present themselves more immediately to me in this

office of sorrow. Untimely and unhappy deaths are what we are most apt to lament; so little are we able to make it indifferent when a thing happens, though we know it must happen. Thus we groan under life, and bewail those who are relieved from it. Every
50 object that returns to our imagination raises different passions, according to the circumstances of their departure. Who can have lived in an army, and in a serious hour reflect upon the many gay and agreeable men that might long have flourished in the arts of peace, and not join with the imprecations of the fatherless and widow on the tyrant to whose ambition they fell sacrifices? But gallant men, who are cut off by the sword, move rather our veneration
60 than our pity; and we gather relief enough from their own contempt of death, to make that no evil, which was approached with so much cheerfulness, and attended with so much honour. But when we turn our thoughts from the great parts of life on such occasions, and instead of lamenting those who stood ready to give death to those from whom they had the fortune to receive it; I say, when we let our thoughts wander from such noble objects, and consider the havock which is made among the tender and the innocent, pity enters with an unmixed
70 softness, and possesses all our souls at once.

Here (were there words to express such sentiments with proper tenderness) I should record the beauty, innocence, and untimely death, of the first object my eyes ever beheld with love. The beautiful virgin! how ignorantly did she charm, how carelessly excel? Or Death! thou hast right to the bold, to the ambitious, to the high, and to the haughty; but why this cruelty to the humble, to the meek, to the undiscerning, to the thoughtless? Nor
80 age, nor business, nor distress, can erase the dear image from my imagination. In the same week, I saw her dressed for a ball, and in a shroud. How ill did the habit of death become the pretty trifter?

I still behold the smiling earth—A large train of disasters were coming on to my memory, when my servant knocked at my closet-door, and interrupted me with a letter, attended with a hamper of wine, of the same sort with that which is to be put to sale on Thursday next, at Garraway's coffee-house. Upon the receipt of it, I sent for three of my friends. 90 We are so intimate, that we can be company in whatever state of mind we meet, and can entertain each other without expecting always to rejoice. The wine we found to be generous and warming, but with such a heat as moved us rather to be cheerful than frolicksome. It revived the spirits, without firing the blood. We commended it until two of the clock this morning; and having to-day met a little before dinner, we found, that though we drank two bottles a man, we had much more reason to recollect 100 than forget what had passed the night before.

Sir Richard Steele.

THE DEAD TO REASON

(TATLER, No. 110)

As soon as I had placed myself in my chair of judicature, I ordered my clerk, Mr. Lillie to read to the assembly (who were gathered together according to notice) a certain declaration, by way of charge, to open the purpose of my session, which tended only to this explanation, "That as other courts were often called to demand the execution of persons dead in law, so this was held to give the last orders relating to those who are dead in reason." The solicitor of the new company of upholders, near the Hay-market, appeared in behalf of that useful society, and brought in an accusation of a young woman, who herself stood at the bar before me. Mr. Lillie read her indictment, which was in substance, "That whereas Mrs. Rebecca Pindust, of the parish of St. 10

Martin in the Fields, had, by the use of one instrument called a looking-glass, and by the further use of certain attire, made either of cambric, muslin, or other linen wares, upon her head, attained to such
20 an evil heart and magical force in the motion of her eyes and turn of her countenance, that she, the said Rebecca, had put to death several young men of the said parish; and that the said young men had acknowledged in certain papers, commonly called love-letters, (which were produced in court gilded on the edges, and sealed with a particular wax, with certain amorous and enchanting words wrought upon the said seals,) that they died for the said
30 Rebecca: and whereas the said Rebecca persisted in the said evil practice; this way of life the said society construed to be, according to former edicts, a state of death, and demanded an order for the interment of the said Rebecca."

I looked upon the maid with great humanity, and desired her to make answer to what was said against her. She said, "it was indeed true, that she had practised all the arts and means she could to dispose of herself happily in marriage, but thought she did not come under the censure expressed in my writings for the same; and humbly hoped I would not
40 condemn her for the ignorance of her accusers, who, according to their own words, had rather represented her killing, than dead." She further alleged, "That the expressions mentioned in the papers written to her, were become mere words, and that she had been always ready to marry any of those who said they died for her; but that they made their escape as soon as they found themselves pitied or believed." She ended her discourse, by desiring I
50 would, for the future, settle the meaning of the words, "I die," in letters of love.

Mrs. Pindust behaved herself with such an air of innocence, that she easily gained credit, and was acquitted. Upon which occasion, I gave it as a

standing rule, "That any persons, who in any letter, billet, or discourse, should tell a woman he died for her, should, if she pleased, be obliged to live with her, or be immediately interred upon such their own confession, without bail or mainprize."

It happened, that the very next who was brought 60 before me was one of her admirers, who was indicted upon that very head. A letter, which he acknowledged to be his own hand, was read; in which were the following words; "Cruel creature, I die for you." It was observable that he took snuff all the time his accusation was reading. I asked him, "How he came to use these words, if he were not a dead man?" He told me, "He was in love with a lady, and did not know any other way of telling her so; and that all his acquaintance took the same 70 method." Though I was moved with compassion towards him, by reason of the weakness of his parts, yet, for example's sake, I was forced to answer, "Your sentence shall be a warning to all the rest of your companions, not to tell lies for want of wit." Upon this, he began to beat his snuff-box with a very saucy air; and opening it again, "Faith Isaac, (said he,) thou art a very unaccountable old fellow. —Prythee, who gave thee power to life and death? What a pox hast thou to do with ladies and lovers? 80 I suppose thou wouldst have a man be in company with his mistress, and say nothing to her. Dost thou call breaking a jest, telling a lie? Ha! is that thy wisdom, old Stiffump, ha?" He was going on with this insipid common-place mirth, sometimes opening his box, sometimes shutting it, then viewing the picture on the lid, and then the workmanship of the hinge, when, in the midst of his eloquence, I ordered his box to be taken from him; upon which he was immediately struck speechless, and carried 90 off stone dead.

The next who appeared, was a hale old fellow of sixty. He was brought in by his relations, who

desired leave to bury him. Upon requiring a distinct account of the prisoner, a credible witness deposed, "That he always rose at ten of the clock, played with his cat till twelve, smoked tobacco till one, was at dinner till two, then took another pipe, played at backgammon till six, talked of one Madam Frances, an old mistress of his, till eight, repeated the same account at the tavern till ten, then returned home, took the other pipe, and then to bed." I asked him, what he had to say for himself? "As to what (said he) they mention concerning Madam Frances—" I did not care for hearing a Canterbury tale, and therefore thought myself seasonably interrupted by a young gentleman who appeared in behalf of the old man, and prayed an arrest of judgment; for that he the said young man held certain lands by his the said old man's life. Upon this, the solicitor of the upholders took an occasion to demand him also, and thereupon produced several evidences that witnessed to his life and conversation. It appeared that each of them divided their hours in matters of equal moment and importance to themselves and to the public. They rose at the same hour: while the old man was playing with his cat, the young one was looking out of his window; while the old man was smoking his pipe, the young man was rubbing his teeth; while one was at dinner, the other was dressing; while one was at backgammon, the other was at dinner; while the old fellow was talking of Madam Frances, the young one was either at play, or toasting women whom he never conversed with. The only difference was, that the young man had never been good for anything; the old man, a man of worth before he knew Madam Frances. Upon the whole, I ordered them to be both interred together, with inscriptions proper to their characters, signifying, "That the old man died in the year 1689, and was buried in the year 1709." And over the young

one it was said, "That he departed this world in twenty-fifth year of his death."

The next class of criminals were authors in prose and verse. Those of them who had produced any still-born work, were immediately dismissed to their burial, and were followed by others, who, notwithstanding some sprightly issue in their life-time, had given proofs of their death, by some posthumous children, that bore no resemblance to their elder 140 brethren. As for those who were the fathers of a mixed progeny, provided always they could prove the last to be a live child, they escaped with life, but not without loss of limbs; for in this case, I was satisfied with amputation of the parts which were mortified.

These were followed by a great crowd of superannuated benchers of the inns of court, senior fellows of colleges, and defunct statesmen; all whom I ordered to be decimated indifferently, allowing the 150 rest a reprieve for one year, with a promise of a free pardon in case of resuscitation.

There were still great multitudes to be examined; but finding it very late, I adjourned the court; not without the secret pleasure that I had done my duty, and furnished out an handsome execution.

Sir Richard Steele.

ON THE ART OF GROWING OLD

(TATLER, No. 266)

It would be a good appendix to "The art of living and dying," if any one would write "the art of growing old," and teach men to resign their pretensions to the pleasures and gallantries of youth, in proportion to the alteration they find in themselves by the approach of age and infirmities. The infirmities of this stage of life would be much fewer, if we did not affect those which attend the more vigorous

and active part of our days; but instead of studying
10 to be wiser, or being contented with our present
follies, the ambition of many of us is also
to be the same sort of fools we formerly
have been. I have often argued, as I am
a professed lover of women, that our sex
grows old with a much worse grace than the
other does; and have ever been of opinion, that
there are more well-pleased old women, than old
men. I thought it a good reason for this, that the
20 ambition of the fair sex being confined to advant-
ageous marriages, or shining in the eyes of men,
their parts were over sooner, and consequently the
errors in the performances of them. The con-
versation of this evening has not convinced me of
the contrary; for one or two fop-women shall not
make a balance for the crowds of coxcombs among
ourselves, diversified according to the different pur-
suits of pleasure and business.

Returning home this evening a little before my
usual hour, I scarce had seated myself in my easy
30 chair, stirred the fire, and stroked my cat, but I
heard somebody come rumbling up stairs. I saw
my door opened, and a human figure advancing to-
wards me, so fantastically put together, that it was
some minutes before I discovered it to be my old
and intimate friend, Sam Trusty. Immediately I
rose up, and placed him in my own seat; a compli-
ment I pay to few. The first thing he uttered was,
“Isaac, fetch me a cup of your cherry-brandy before
you offer to ask any question.” He drank a lusty
40 draught, sat silent for some time, and at last broke
out; “I am come,” quoth he, “to insult thee for an
old fantastic dotard, as thou art, in ever defending
the women. I have this evening visited two widows,
who are now in that state I have often heard you
call an *after-life*; I suppose you mean by it, an
existence which grows out of past entertainments,
and is an untimely delight in the satisfactions which

they once set their hearts upon too much to be ever able to relinquish. Have but patience," continued he, "until I give you a succinct account of my ladies, 50 and of this night's adventure. They are much of an age, but very different in their characters. The one of them, with all the advances which years have made upon her, goes on in a certain romantic road of love and friendship which she fell into in her teens; the other has transferred the amorous passions of her first years to the love of cronies, pets, and favourites, with which she is always surrounded; but the genius of each of them will best appear by the account of what happened to me at 60 their houses.

"About five this afternoon, being tired with study, the weather inviting, and time lying a little upon my hands, I resolved, at the instigation of my evil genius, to visit them; their husbands having been our contemporaries. This I thought I could do without much trouble; for both live in the very next street. I went first to my lady Camomile; and the butler, who had lived long in the family, and seen me often in his master's time, ushered me very 70 civilly into the parlour, and told me, though my lady had given strict orders to be denied, he was sure I might be admitted, and bid the black boy acquaint his lady that I was come to wait upon her. In the window lay two letters, one broke open, the other fresh sealed with a wafer: the first directed to the divine Cosmelia, the second to the charming Lucinda; but both, by the indented characters, appeared to have been writ by very unsteady hands. Such uncommon addresses increased my curiosity, 80 and put me upon asking my old friend the butler, if he knew who those persons were? 'Very well,' says he, 'that is from Mrs. Furbish to my lady, an old school-fellow and great crony of her ladyship's; and this the answer.' I enquired in what county she lived. 'Oh dear!' says he, 'but just by, in the neigh-

bourhood. Why, she was here all this morning, and that letter came and was answered within these two hours. They have taken an odd fancy, you must
90 know, to call one another hard names; but, for all that, they love one another hugely.' By this time the boy returned with his lady's humble service to me, desiring I would excuse her; for she could not possibly see me, nor any body else, for it was opera-night."

"Methinks," says I, "such innocent folly as two old women's courtship to each other, should rather make you merry than put you out of humour."
"Peace, good Isaac," says he, "no interruption, I be-
100 seech you. I got soon to Mrs. Feeble's; she that was formerly Betty Frisk; you must needs remember her; Tom Feeble of Brazen Nose fell in love with her for her fine dancing. Well, Mrs. Ursula, without further ceremony, carries me directly up to her mistress's chamber, where I found her environed by four of the most mischievous animals that can ever infest a family: an old shock dog with one eye, a monkey chained to one side of the chimney, a great grey squirrel to the other, and a parrot waddling in
110 the middle of the room. However, for a while, all was in a profound tranquillity. Upon the mantle-tree, for I am a pretty curious observer, stood a pot of lambetive electuary, with a stick of liquorice, and near it a phial of rose-water, and powder of tutty. Upon the table lay a pipe filled with betony and colt's-foot, a roll of wax-candle, a silver spitting-pot, and a Seville orange. The lady was placed in a large wicker chair, and her feet wrapped up in flannel, supported by cushions; and in this attitude,
120 would you believe it, Isaac, she was reading a romance with spectacles on. The first compliments over, as she was industriously endeavouring to enter upon conversation, a violent fit of coughing seized her. This awaked Shock, and in a trice the whole room was in an uproar; for the dog barked, the squirrel

squealed, the monkey chattered, the parrot screamed, and Ursula, to appease them, was more clamorous than all the rest. You, Isaac, who know how any harsh noise affects my head, may guess what I suffered from the hideous din of these discordant sounds. At length all was appeased, and quiet restored: a chair was drawn for me, where I was no sooner seated, but the parrot fixed his horny beak, as sharp as a pair of shears, in one of my heels, just above the shoe. I sprung from the place with an unusual agility, and so, being within the monkey's reach, he snatches off my new bob-wig, and throws it upon two apples that were roasting by a sullen sea-coal fire. I was nimble enough to save it from any further damage than singeing the foretop. I put it on; and composing myself as well as I could, I drew my chair towards the other side of the chimney. The good lady, as soon as she had recovered breath, employed it in making a thousand apologies, and, with great eloquence, and a numerous train of words, lamented my misfortune. In the middle of her harangue, I felt something scratching near my knee, and feeling what it should be, found the squirrel had got into my coat pocket. As I endeavoured to remove him from his burrow, he made his teeth meet through the fleshy part of my fore finger. This gave me an inexpressible pain. The Hungary water was immediately brought to bathe it, and gold-beaters' skin applied to stop the blood. The lady renewed her excuses; but being now out of all patience, I abruptly took my leave, and hobbling down stairs with heedless haste, I set my foot full in a pail of water, and down we came to the bottom together." Here my friend concluded his narrative, and, with a composed countenance, I began to make him compliments of condolence; but he started from his chair, and said, "Isaac, you may spare your speeches, I expect no reply. When I told you this, I knew you

would laugh at me; but the next woman that makes me ridiculous shall be a young one."

Sir Richard Steele.

COUNTRY ETIQUETTE

(TATLER, No. 86)

WHEN I came home last night, my servant delivered me the following letter:

"Sir,

Oct. 24.

I have orders from Sir Harry Quickset, of Staffordshire, Bart., to acquaint you, that his honour Sir Harry himself, Sir Giles Wheelbarrow, Knt., Thomas Rentfree, Esq., justice of the *quorum*, Andrew Windmill, Esq., and Mr. Nicholas Doubt of the Inner Temple, Sir Harry's grandson, will
 10 wait upon you at the hour of nine to-morrow morning, being Tuesday the 25th of October, upon business which Sir Harry will impart to you by word of mouth. I thought it proper to acquaint you before-hand so many persons of quality came, that you might not be surprised therewith. Which concludes, though by many years' absence since I saw you at Stafford, unknown,

"Sir, your most humble servant,

JOHN THRIFTY."

20 I received this message with less surprise than I believe Mr. Thrifty imagined; for I knew the good company too well to feel any palpitations at their approach; but I was in very great concern how I should adjust the ceremonial, and demean myself to all these great men, who perhaps had not seen anything above themselves for these twenty years last past. I am sure that is the case of Sir Harry. Besides which, I was sensible that there was a great
 30 point in adjusting my behaviour to the simple squire, so as to give him satisfaction, and not disoblige the justice of the *quorum*.

The hour of nine was come this morning, and I had no sooner set chairs (by the steward's letter) and fixed my tea equipage, but I heard a knock at my door, which was opened, but no one entered; after which followed a long silence, which was broke at last by, "Sir, I beg your pardon; I think I know better:" and another voice, "Nay, good Sir Giles—" I looked out from my window, and saw the good company all with their hats off, and arms 40 spread, offering the door to each other. After many offers, they entered with much solemnity, in the order Mr. Thrifty was so kind as to name them to me. But they are now got to my chamber door, and I saw my old friend Sir Harry enter. I met him with all the respect due to so reverend a vegetable; for you are to know, that is my sense of a person who remains idle in the same place for half a century. I got him with great success into his chair by the fire, without throwing down any of my cups. 50 The Knight-bachelor told me, he had a great respect for my whole family, and would, with my leave, place himself next to Sir Harry, at whose right hand he had sat at every quarter-sessions this thirty years, unless he was sick. The steward in the rear whispered the young Templar, "That is true to my knowledge." I had the misfortune, as they stood cheek by jole, to desire the squire to sit down before the justice of the *quorum*, to the no small satisfaction of the former, and resentment of the latter: but 60 I saw my error too late, and got them as soon as I could into their seats. "Well, (said I,) gentlemen, after I have told you how glad I am of this great honour, I am to desire you to drink a dish of tea." They answered, one and all, that "They never drank tea in a morning." "Not in a morning," said I, staring round me. Upon which the pert jackanapes Nick Doubt tipped me the wink, and put out his tongue at his grandfather. Here followed a profound silence, when the steward in his boots and 70

whip proposed that we should adjourn to some public-house, where everybody might call for what they pleased, and enter upon the business. We all stood up in an instant, and Sir Harry filed off from the left very discreetly, counter-marching behind the chairs towards the door: after him, Sir Giles in the same manner. The simple squire made a sudden start to follow; but the justice of the *quorum* whipped between upon the stand of the stairs. A
80 maid going up with coals made us halt, and put us into such confusion, that we stood all in a heap, without any visible possibility of recovering our order: for the young jackanapes seemed to make a jest of this matter, and had so contrived, by pressing amongst us under pretence of making way, that his grandfather was got into the middle, and he knew nobody was of quality to stir a step, till Sir Harry moved first. We were fixed in this perplexity for some time, till we heard a very loud
90 noise in the street; and Sir Harry asking what it was, I, to make them move, said it was fire. Upon this, all run down as fast as they could, without order or ceremony, till we got into the street, where we drew up in very good order, and filed off down Sheer Lane, the impertinent Templar driving us before him, as in a string, and pointing to his acquaintance who passed by.

I must confess, I love to use people according to their own sense of good breeding, and therefore
100 whipped in between the justice and the simple squire. He could not properly take this ill; but I overheard him whisper the steward, "That he thought it hard that a common conjurer should take place of him, though an elder squire." In this order we marched down Sheer Lane, at the upper end of which I lodge. When we came to Temple Bar, Sir Harry and Sir Giles got over; but a run of coaches kept the rest of us on this side the street: however, we all at last landed, and drew up in very good order before Ben.

Tooke's shop, who favoured our rallying with great 110
humanity. From hence we proceeded again, till we
came to Dick's Coffee-house, where I designed to
carry them. Here we were at our old difficulty, and
took up the street upon the same ceremony. We
proceeded through the entry, and were so neces-
sarily kept in order by the situation, that we were
now got into the coffee-house itself, where, as soon
as we arrived, we repeated our civilities to each
other; after which, we marched up to the high table,
which has an ascent to it enclosed in the middle of 120
the room. The whole house was alarmed at this
entry, made up of persons of so much state and
rusticity. Sir Harry called for a mug of ale, and
Dyer's Letter. The boy brought the ale in an
instant: but said, they did not take in the Letter.
"No! (says Sir Harry), then take back your mug;
we are like indeed to have good liquor at this house."
Here the Templar tipped me a second wink, and if
I had not looked very grave upon him, I found he
was disposed to be very familiar with me. In short, 130
I observed after a long pause, that the gentlemen
did not care to enter upon business till after their
morning draught, for which reason I called for a
bottle of mum; and finding that had no effect upon
them, I ordered a second, and a third: after which,
Sir Harry reached over to me, and told me in a low
voice, that the place was too public for business;
but he would call upon me again to-morrow morning
at my own lodgings, and bring some more friends
with him.

Joseph Addison.

PARTY PATCHES

(SPECTATOR, No. 81)

ABOUT the middle of last winter I went to see an opera at the theatre in the Haymarket, where I could not but take notice of two parties of very fine women, that had placed themselves in the opposite side boxes, and seemed drawn up in a kind of battle-array one against another. After a short survey of them, I found they were patched differently; the faces on one hand, being spotted on the right side of the forehead, and those upon the other
10 on the left: I quickly perceived that they cast hostile glances upon one another; and that their patches were placed in those different situations, as party-signals to distinguish friends from foes. In the middle boxes, between these two opposite bodies, were several ladies who patched indifferently on both sides of their faces, and seemed to sit there with no other intention but to see the opera. Upon inquiry I found, that the body of Amazons on my right hand were Whigs, and those on my
20 left, Tories; and that those who had placed themselves in the middle boxes were a neutral party, whose faces had not yet declared themselves. These last, however, as I afterwards found, diminished daily, and took their party with one side or the other; insomuch that I observed in several of them, the patches, which were before dispersed equally, are now all gone over to the Whig or the Tory side of the face. The censorious say, that the men whose hearts are aimed at, are very often the oc-
30 casions that one part of the face is thus dishonoured, and lies under a kind of disgrace, while the other is so much set off and adorned by the owner; and that the patches turn to the right or to the left, according to the principles of the man who is most in favour. But whatever may be the motives of a few fantastical coquettes, who do not

patch for the public good so much as for their own private advantage, it is certain, that there are several women of honour who patch out of principle, and with an eye to the interest of their country. 40 Nay, I am informed that some of them adhere so steadfastly to their party, and are so far from sacrificing their zeal for the public to their passions for any particular person, that in a late draught of marriage-articles a lady has stipulated with her husband, that whatever his opinions are, she shall be at liberty to patch on which side she pleases.

I must here take notice, that Rosalinda, a famous Whig partisan, has most unfortunately a very 50 beautiful mole on the Tory part of her forehead; which being very conspicuous, has occasioned many mistakes, and given an handle to her enemies to misrepresent her face, as though it had revolted from the Whig interest. But, whatever this natural patch may seem to insinuate, it is well known that her notions of government are still the same. This unlucky mole, however, has misled several coxcombs; and like the hanging out of false colours, made some of them converse with Rosalinda in 60 what they thought the spirit of her party, when on a sudden she has given them an unexpected fire, that has sunk them all at once. If Rosalinda is unfortunate in her mole, Nigranilla is as unhappy in a pimple, which forces her, against her inclinations, to patch on the Whig side.

I am told that many virtuous matrons, who formerly have been taught to believe that this artificial spotting of the face was unlawful, are now reconciled by a zeal for their cause, to what they 70 could not be prompted by a concern for their beauty. This way of declaring war upon one another, puts me in mind of what is reported of the tigress, that several spots rise in her skin when she is angry;

or, as Mr. Cowley has imitated the verses that stand as the motto of this paper,

—She swells with angry pride,

And calls forth all her spots on every side.

When I was in the theatre the time above-men-
80 tioned, I had the curiosity to count the patches on both sides, and found the Tory patches to be about twenty stronger than the Whig; but to make amends for this small inequality, I the next morning found the whole puppet-show filled with faces spotted after the Whiggish manner. Whether or no the ladies had retreated hither in order to rally their forces, I cannot tell; but the next night they came in so great a body to the opera, that they outnumbered the enemy.

90 This account of party-patches will, I am afraid, appear improbable to those who live at a distance from the fashionable world; but as it is a distinction of a very singular nature, and what perhaps may never meet with a parallel, I think I should not have discharged the office of a faithful Spectator, had I not recorded it.

I have endeavoured to expose this party-rage in women, as it only serves to aggravate the hatred and animosities that reign among men, and in a
100 great measure deprives the fair sex of those peculiar charms with which nature has endowed them.

When the Romans and Sabines were at war, and just upon the point of giving battle, the women who were allied to both of them, interposed with so many tears and entreaties, that they prevented the mutual slaughter which threatened both parties, and united them together in a firm and lasting peace.

110 I would recommend this noble example to our British ladies, at a time when their country is torn with so many unnatural divisions, that if they continue, it will be a misfortune to be born in it. The

Greeks thought it so improper for women to interest themselves in competitions and contentions, that for this reason, among others, they forbid them, under pain of death, to be present at the Olympic games, notwithstanding these were the public diversions of all Greece.

As our English women excel those of all nations 120
in beauty, they should endeavour to outshine them in all other accomplishments proper to the sex, and to distinguish themselves as tender mothers and faithful wives, rather than as furious partisans. Female virtues are of a domestic turn. The family is the proper province for private women to shine in. If they must be showing their zeal for the public, let it not be against those who are perhaps of the same family, or at least of the same religion or nation, but against those who are the open, pro- 130
fessed, undoubted enemies of their faith, liberty, and country. When the Romans were pressed with a foreign enemy, the ladies voluntarily contributed all their rings and jewels to assist the government under the public exigence, which appeared so laudable an action in the eyes of their countrymen, that from thenceforth it was permitted by a law to pronounce public orations at the funeral of a woman in praise of the deceased person, which till that time was peculiar to men. 140

Would our English ladies, instead of sticking on a patch against those of their own country, show themselves so truly public-spirited as to sacrifice every one her necklace against the common enemy, what decrees ought not to be made in favour of them!

Since I am recollecting upon this subject such passages as occur to my memory out of ancient authors, I cannot omit a sentence in the celebrated funeral oration of Pericles, which he made in 150
honour of those brave Athenians that were slain in a fight with the Lacedæmonians. After having ad

dressed himself to the several ranks and orders of his countrymen, and shown them how they should behave themselves in the public cause, he turns to the female part of his audience; "and as for you, (says he) I shall advise you in very few words: aspire only to those virtues that are peculiar to your sex; follow your natural modesty, and think
160 it your greatest commendation not to be talked of one way or other."

Joseph Addison.

A POLITICAL UPHOLSTERER

(TATLER, No. 155)

THERE lived some years since within my neighbourhood a very grave person, an upholsterer, who seemed a man of more than ordinary application to business. He was a very early riser, and was often abroad two or three hours before any of his neighbours. He had a particular carefulness in the knitting of his brows, and a kind of impatience in all his motions, that plainly discovered he was always intent on matters of importance. Upon my inquiry
10 into his life and conversation, I found him to be the greatest newsmonger in our quarter; that he rose before day to read the Postman; and that he would take two or three turns to the other end of the town before his neighbours were up, to see if there were any Dutch mails come in. He had a wife and several children; but was much more inquisitive to know what passed in Poland than in his own family, and was in greater pain and anxiety of mind for king Augustus's welfare than that of his
20 nearest relations. He looked extremely thin in a dearth of news, and never enjoyed himself in a westerly wind. This indefatigable kind of life was the ruin of his shop: for, about the time that his fav-

ourite prince left the crown of Poland, he broke and disappeared.

This man and his affairs had been long out of my mind, until about three days ago, as I was walking in St. James's Park, I heard somebody at a distance hemming after me: and who should it be but my old neighbour the upholsterer. I saw he was reduced to extreme poverty, by certain shabby superfluities in his dress: for, notwithstanding that it was a very sultry day for the time of year, he wore a loose great coat and a muff, with a long campaign-wig out of curl; to which he had added the ornament of a pair of black garters buckled under the knee. Upon his coming up to me, I was going to enquire into his present circumstances; but was prevented by his asking me, with a whisper, "Whether the last letters brought any accounts that one might rely upon from Bender?" I told him, "None that I heard of;" and asked him, "whether he had yet married his eldest daughter?" He told me "No. But pray," says he, "tell me sincerely, what are your thoughts of the king of Sweden?" (For though his wife and children were starving, I found his chief concern at present was for this great monarch). I told him, "that I looked upon him as one of the first heroes of the age." "But pray," says he, "do you think there is any truth in the story of his wound?" and finding me surprised at the question, "Nay," says he, "I only propose it to you." I answered, "that I thought there was no reason to doubt it." "But why in the heel," says he, "more than in any other part of the body?" "Because," says I, "the bullet chanced to light there."

This extraordinary dialogue was no sooner ended, but he began to launch out into a long dissertation upon the affairs of the North; and after having spent some time on them, he told me, he was in a great perplexity how to reconcile the Supplement with the English Post, and had been just now ex-

amining what the other papers say upon the same subject. "The Daily Courant, (says he) has these words, 'We have advices from very good hands, that a certain prince has some matters of great importance under consideration.' This is very mysterious; but the Post-boy leaves us more in the dark, for he tells us, 'That there are private intimations of measures taken by a certain prince, which
70 time will bring to light.' Now the Postman, (says he) who used to be very clear, refers to the same news in these words; 'The late conduct of a certain prince affords great matter of speculation.' This certain prince, (says the upholsterer), whom they are all so cautious of naming, I take to be——," upon which, though there was nobody near us, he whispered something in my ear, which I did not hear, or think worth my while to make him repeat.

80 We were now got to the upper end of the Mall, where were three or four very odd fellows sitting together upon the bench. These I found were all of them politicians, who used to sun themselves in that place every day about dinner-time. Observing them to be curiosities in their kind, and my friend's acquaintance, I sat down among them.

The chief politician of the bench was a great asserter of paradoxes. He told us, with a seeming concern, that by some news he had lately read from
90 Muscovy, it appeared to him that there was a storm gathering in the Black Sea, which might in time do hurt to the naval forces of this nation. To this he added, that for his part, he could not wish to see the Turk driven out of Europe, which he believed could not but be prejudicial to our woollen manufacture. He then told us, that he looked upon those extraordinary revolutions which had lately happened in these parts of the world, to have risen chiefly from two persons who were not much talked of; and
100 those, says he, are Prince Menzikoff, and the Dutchess of Mirandola. He backed his assertions with

so many broken hints, and such a show of depth and wisdom, that we gave ourselves up to his opinions.

The discourse at length fell upon a point which seldom escapes a knot of true-born Englishmen, whether in case of a religious war, the Protestants would not be too strong for the Papists? This we unanimously determined on the Protestant side. One who sat on my right hand, and, as I found by his discourse, had been in the West Indies, assured us, that it would be a very easy matter for the Protestants to beat the pope at sea, and added, that whenever such a war does break out, it must turn to the good of the Leeward Islands. Upon this, one sat at the end of the bench, and, as I afterwards found, was the geographer of the company, said, that in case the Papists should drive the Protestants from these parts of Europe, when the worst came to the worst, it would be impossible to beat them out of Norway and Greenland, provided the northern crowns hold together, and the Czar of Muscovy stand neuter. 110 120

He further told us for our comfort, that there were vast tracts of lands about the pole, inhabited neither by Protestants nor Papists, and of greater extent than all the Roman Catholic dominions in Europe.

When we had fully discussed this point, my friend the upholsterer began to exert himself upon the present negotiations of peace, in which he deposed princes, settled the bounds of kingdoms, and balanced the power of Europe, with great justice and impartiality. 130

I at length took my leave of the company, and was going away; but had not been gone thirty yards, before the upholsterer hemmed again after me. Upon his advancing towards me, with a whisper, I expected to hear some secret piece of news, which he had not thought fit to communicate to the bench; 140

but instead of that, he desired me in my ear to lend him half-a-crown. In compassion to so needy a statesman, and to dissipate the confusion I found he was in, I told him, if he pleased, I would give him five shillings, to receive five pounds of him when the Great Turk was driven out of Constantinople; which he very readily accepted, but not before he had laid down to me the impossibility of such an event, as the affairs of Europe now stand.

150 This paper I design for the particular benefit of those worthy citizens who live more in a coffee-house than in their shops, and whose thoughts are so taken up with the affairs of the allies, that they forget their customers.

Joseph Addison.

WOMAN ON HORSEBACK

(SPECTATOR, No. 435)

Most of the papers I give the public are written on subjects that never vary, but are for ever fixt and immutable. Of this kind are all my more serious essays and discourses; but there is another sort of speculations, which I consider as occasional papers, that take their rise from the folly, extravagance, and caprice of the present age. For I look upon myself as one set to watch the manners and behaviour of my countrymen and contemporaries, and to mark
10 down every absurd fashion, ridiculous custom, or affected form of speech, that makes its appearance in the world, during the course of these my speculations. The petticoat no sooner begun to swell, but I observed its motions. The party-patches had not time to muster themselves before I detected them. I had intelligence of the coloured hood the very first time it appeared in a public assembly. I might here mention several other the like contingent subjects, upon which I have bestowed distinct

papers. By this means I have so effectually quashed 20
 those irregularities which gave occasion to them,
 that I am afraid posterity will scarce have sufficient
 idea of them to relish those discourses which were
 in no little vogue at the time when they were written.
 They will be apt to think that the fashions and
 customs I attacked were some fantastic conceits of
 my own, and that their great-grandmothers could
 not be so whimsical as I have represented them.
 For this reason, when I think on the figure my
 several volumes of speculations will make about a 30
 hundred years hence, I consider them as so many
 pieces of old plate, where the weight will be re-
 garded, but the fashion lost.

Among the several female extravagances I have
 already taken notice of, there is one which still keeps
 its ground. I mean that of the ladies who dress
 themselves in a hat and feather, a riding-coat and
 a periwig; or at least tie up their hair in a bag or
 ribbon, in imitation of the smart part of the op-
 posite sex. I have already shown my dislike of this 40
 immodest custom more than once; but in contempt
 of everything I have hitherto said, I am informed
 that the highways about this great city are still very
 much infested with these female cavaliers.

I remember when I was at my friend Sir Roger
 de Coverley's about this time twelvemonth, an
 equestrian lady of this order appeared upon the
 plains which lay at a distance from his house. I
 was at that time walking in the fields with my old
 friend; and as his tenants ran out on every side to 50
 see so strange a sight, Sir Roger asked one of them
 who came by us, what it was? To which the
 country fellow replied, "'Tis a gentlewoman, saving
 your worship's presence, in a coat and hat." This
 produced a great deal of mirth at the knight's house,
 where we had a story at the same time of another
 of his tenants, who meeting this gentleman-like lady
 on the high-way, was asked by her whether that was

Coverley Hall; the honest man seeing only the male
60 part of the querist, replied, "Yes sir;" but upon the
second question, "whether Sir Roger de Coverley
was a married man," having dropped his eyes upon
the petticoat, he changed his note into "No madam."

Had one of these hermaphrodites appeared in
Juvenal's day, with what an indignation should we
have seen her described by that excellent satirist.
He would have represented her in her riding habit,
as a greater monster than the Centaur. He would
have called for sacrifices, or purifying waters, to
70 expiate the appearance of such a prodigy. He would
have invoked the shades of Portia or Lucretia, to
see into what the Roman ladies had transformed
themselves.

For my own part, I am for treating the sex with
greater tenderness, and have all along made use of
the most gentle methods to bring them off from any
little extravagance into which they are sometimes
unwarily fallen: I think it however absolutely ne-
cessary to keep up the partition between the two
80 sexes, and to take notice of the smallest encroach-
ments which the one makes upon the other. I hope,
therefore, that I shall not hear any more complaints
on this subject. I am sure my she-disciples who
peruse these my daily lectures, have profited but
little by them, if they are capable of giving into such
an amphibious dress. This I should not have men-
tioned, had not I lately met one of these my female
readers in Hyde Park, who looked upon me with
a masculine assurance, and cocked her hat full in
90 my face.

For my part, I have one general key to the be-
haviour of the fair sex. When I see them singular
in any part of their dress, I conclude it is not with-
out some evil intention; and therefore question not
but the design of this strange fashion is to smite
more effectually their male beholders. Now to set
them right in this particular, I would fain have

them consider with themselves whether we are not more likely to be struck by a figure entirely female, than with such an one as we may see every day in our glasses: or, if they please, let them reflect upon their own hearts, and think how they would be affected should they meet a man on horse-back in his breeches and jack-boots, and at the same time dressed up in a commode and a night-rail. 100

I must observe that this fashion was first of all brought to us from France, a country which has infected all the nations in Europe with its levity. I speak not this in derogation of a whole people, having more than once found fault with those general reflections which strike at kingdoms or commonwealths in the gross; a piece of cruelty, which an ingenious writer of our own compares to that of Caligula, who wished the Roman people had all but one neck, that he might behead them at a blow. I shall therefore only remark, that as liveliness and assurance are in a peculiar manner the qualifications of the French nation, the same habits and customs will not give the same offence to that people, which they produce among those of our own country. Modesty is our distinguishing character, as vivacity is theirs; and when this our national virtue appears in that family beauty, for which our British ladies are celebrated above all others in the universe, it makes up the most amiable object that the eye of man can possibly behold. 120

Joseph Addison.

IMPROPRIETIES OF PHRASE.

(TATLER, No. 230)

THE following letter has laid before me many great and manifest evils in the world of letters, which I had overlooked; but they open to me a very busy scene, and it will require no small care and applica-

tion to amend errors which are become so universal. The affectation of politeness is exposed in this epistle with a great deal of wit and discernment; so that whatever discourses I may fall into hereafter upon the subjects the writer treats of, I shall at
10 present lay the matter before the world, without the least alteration from the words of my correspondent.

"To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire.

"SIR,

"There are some abuses among us of great consequence, the reformation of which is properly your province; though, as far as I have been conversant in your papers, you have not yet considered them. These are, the deplorable ignorance that for
20 some years hath reigned among our English writers, the great depravity of our taste, and the continual corruption of our style. I say nothing here of those who handle particular sciences, divinity, law, physic, and the like; I mean the traders in history, politics, and the *belles lettres*; together with those by whom books are not translated, but, as the common expressions are, *done* out of French, Latin, or other language, and *made English*. I cannot but observe to you, that until of late years a Grub-
30 street book was always bound in sheep-skin, with suitable print and paper, the price never above a shilling, and taken off wholly by common tradesmen or country pedlars; but now they appear in all sizes and shapes, and in all places. They are handed about from lapfuls in every coffee-house to persons of quality; are shown in Westminster-hall and the Court of Requests. You may see them gilt, and in royal paper of five or six hundred pages, and rated accordingly. I would engage to furnish you
40 with a catalogue of English books, published within the compass of seven years past, which at the first hand would cost you a hundred pounds, wherein you

shall not be able to find ten lines together of common grammar or common sense.

"These two evils, ignorance and want of taste, have produced a third; I mean the continual corruption of our English tongue, which, without some timely remedy, will suffer more by the false refinements of twenty years past, than it hath been improved in the foregoing hundred. And this is what I design chiefly to enlarge upon, leaving the former evils to your animadversion. 50

"But, instead of giving you a list of the late refinements crept into our language, I here send you the copy of a letter I received, some time ago, from a most accomplished person in this way of writing; upon which I shall make some remarks. It is in these terms:

'SIR,

'I *cow'd n't* get the things you sent for all *about* 60
town — I *thôt* to *ha* come down myself, and then
I'd h' brôt'um; but I *ha'nt don't*, and I believe I
can't do't that's *pozz* — Tom begins to *gi'mself*
airs, because *he's* going with the *plenipo's* — 'Tis
said the *French* king will *bamboozl us agen*, which
causes many speculations. The *Jacks* and others
of that *kidney* are very *uppish* and *alert upon't*, as
you may see by their *phizz's* — Will Hazard has
got the *hipps*, having lost *to the tune of five hun-*
d'rd pound, *tho'* he understands play very well, *no* 70
body better. He has promis't me upon *rep*, to leave
off play; but you know 'tis a weakness *he's* too apt
to *give into*, *tho'* he has as much wit at any man,
no body more. He has lain *incog* ever since —
The *mob's* very quiet with us now — I believe
you *thôt* I *banter'd* you in my last, like a *country*
put — I *shan't* leave town this month, &c.'

"This letter is in every point an admirable pattern of the present polite way of writing; nor is it of less authority for being an epistle. You may 80

gather every flower in it, with a thousand more of equal sweetness, from the books, pamphlets, and single papers offered us every day in the coffee-houses: and these are the beauties introduced to supply the want of wit, sense, humour, and learning, which formerly were looked upon as qualifications for a writer. If a man of wit, who died forty years ago, were to rise from the grave on purpose, how would he be able to read this letter? and after
90 he had got through that difficulty, how would he be able to understand it? The first thing that strikes your eye, is the breaks at the end of almost every sentence; of which I know not the use, only that it is a refinement, and very frequently practised. Then you will observe the abbreviations and elisions, by which consonants of most obdurate sound are joined together, without one softening vowel to intervene; and all this only to make one syllable of two, directly contrary to the example of the Greeks
100 and Romans, altogether of the Gothic strain, and a natural tendency towards relapsing into barbarity, which delights in monosyllables, and uniting of mute consonants, as it is observable in all the northern languages. And this is still more visible in the next refinement, which consists in pronouncing the first syllable in a word that has many, and dismissing the rest, such as *phizz*, *hipps*, *mob*, *pozz*, *rep*, and many more, when we are already overloaded with monosyllables, which are the disgrace of our
110 language. Thus we cram one syllable, and cut off the rest, as the owl fattened her mice after she had bit off their legs to prevent them from running away; and if ours be the same reason for maiming our words, it will certainly answer the end; for I am sure no other nation will desire to borrow them. Some words are hitherto but fairly split, and therefore only on their way to perfection, as *incog* and *plenipo*: but in a short time, it is to be hoped, they will be further docked to *inc* and *plen*. This reflec-

tion has made me of late years very impatient for a 120
 peace, which I believe would save the lives of many
 brave words, as well as men. The war has intro-
 duced abundance of polysyllables, which will never
 be able to live many more campaigns: *speculations*,
operations, *preliminaries*, *ambassadors*, *pallisadoes*,
communication, *circumvallation*, *battalions*; as num-
 erous as they are, if they attack us too frequently
 in our coffee-houses, we shall certainly put them to
 flight, and cut off the rear.

"The third refinement observable in the letter I 130
 send you, consists in the choice of certain words
 invented by some pretty fellows, such as *banter*,
bamboozle, *country put*, and *kidney*, as it is there
 applied; some of which are now struggling for the
 vogue, and others are in possession of it. I have
 done my utmost for some years past to stop the
 progress of *mob* and *banter*, but have been plainly
 borne down by numbers, and betrayed by those who
 promised to assist me.

"In the last place, you are to take notice of cer- 140
 tain choice phrases scattered through the letter,
 some of them tolerable enough, until they were worn
 to rags by servile imitators. You might easily find
 them though they were not in a different print, and
 therefore I need not disturb them.

"These are the false refinements in our style
 which you ought to correct: first, by argument and
 fair means; but, if those fail, I think you are to
 make use of your authority as Censor, and by an
 annual *Index Expurgatorius* expunge all words and 150
 phrases that are offensive to good sense, and con-
 demn these barbarous mutilations of vowels and
 syllables. In this last point the usual pretence is,
 that they spell as they speak. A noble standard for
 language! to depend upon the caprice of every
 coxcomb, who, because words are the clothing of
 our thoughts, cuts them out and shapes them as he
 pleases, and changes them oftener than his dress.

I believe all reasonable people would be content
160 that such refiners were more sparing in their words,
and liberal in their syllables: and upon this head I
should be glad you would bestow some advice upon
several young readers in our churches, who, coming
up from the university full fraught with admiration
of our town politeness, will needs correct the
style of their prayer-books. In reading the Absolu-
tion, they are very careful to say *pardons* and *ab-*
solves; and in the prayer for the royal family, it
must be *endue'um*, *enrich'um*, *prosper'um*, and
170 *bring'um*. Then in their sermons they use all the
modern terms of art, *sham*, *banter*, *mob*, *bubble*,
bully, *cutting*, *shuffling*, and *palming*; all which,
and many more of the like stamp, as I have heard
them often in the pulpit from such young sophisters,
so I have read them in some of 'those sermons that
have made most noise of late.' The design, it
seems, is to avoid the dreadful imputation of ped-
antry; to show us that they know the town, under-
stand men and manners, and have not been poring
180 upon old unfashionable books in the university.

"I should be glad to see you the instrument of
introducing into our style that simplicity which is
the best and truest ornament of most things in life,
which the politer ages always aimed at in their
building and dress, *simplex munditiis*, as well as
their productions of wit. It is manifest that all
new affected modes of speech, whether borrowed
from the court, the town, or the theatre, are the
first perishing parts in any language; and, as I
190 could prove by many hundred instances, have been
so in ours. The writings of Hooker, who was a
country clergyman, and of Parsons the Jesuit, both
in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, are in a style that,
with very few allowances, would not offend any
present reader, and are much more clear and intel-
ligible than those of Sir Harry Wootton, Sir Robert
Naunton, Osborn, Daniel the historian, and several

others who *writ* later; but being men of the court, and affecting the phrases then in fashion, they are often either not to be understood, or appear perfectly ridiculous. 200

“What remedies are to be applied to these evils I have not room to consider, having I fear, already taken up most of your paper. Besides, I think it is our office only to represent abuses, and yours to redress them. I am, with great respect, Sir,

“Yours, &c.”

Jonathan Swift.

HISTORY OF THE MAN IN BLACK

(CITIZEN OF THE WORLD, LETTER XXVII)

As there appeared something reluctantly good in the character of my companion, I must own it surprised me what could be his motives for thus concealing virtues which others take such pains to display. I was unable to repress my desire of knowing the history of a man who thus seemed to act under continual restraint, and whose benevolence was rather the effect of appetite than reason.

It was not, however, till after repeated solicitations he thought proper to gratify my curiosity. “If 10 you are fond,” says he, “of hearing hairbreadth ‘scapes, my history must certainly please; for I have been for twenty years upon the very verge of starving, without ever being starved.

“My father, the younger son of a good family, was possessed of a small living in the church. His education was above his fortune, and his generosity greater than his education. Poor as he was, he had his flatterers, still poorer than himself; for every dinner he gave them they returned an equivalent in 20 praise, and this was all he wanted. The same ambition that actuates a monarch at the head of an army influenced my father at the head of his table: he

told the story of the ivy-tree, and that was laughed at; he repeated the jest of the two scholars and one pair of breeches, and the company laughed at that; but the story of Taffy in the sedan-chair was sure to set the table in a roar: thus his pleasure increased in proportion to the pleasure he gave; he loved all
30 the world, and he fancied all the world loved him.

"As his fortune was but small, he lived up to the very extent of it; he had no intentions of leaving his children money, for that was dross; he was resolved they should have learning; for learning, he used to observe, was better than silver or gold. For this purpose, he undertook to instruct us himself; and took as much pains to form our morals as to improve our understanding. We were told, that universal benevolence was what first cemented society: we
40 were taught to consider all the wants of mankind as our own; to regard the human face divine with affection and esteem; he wound us up to be mere machines of pity, and rendered us incapable of withstanding the slightest impulse made either by real or fictitious distress: in a word, we were perfectly instructed in the art of giving away thousands, before we were taught the more necessary qualifications of getting a farthing.

"I cannot avoid imagining, that thus refined by his
50 lessons out of all my suspicion, and divested of even all the little cunning which nature had given me, I resembled, upon my first entrance into the busy and insidious world, one of those gladiators who were exposed without armour in the amphitheatre at Rome. My father, however, who had only seen the world on one side, seemed to triumph in my superior discernment; though my whole stock of wisdom consisted of being able to talk like himself upon subjects that once were useful, because they were then
60 topics of the busy world, but that now were utterly useless, because connected with the busy world no longer.

"The first opportunity he had of finding his expectations disappointed was in the very middling figure I made in the university; he had flattered himself that he should soon see me rising into the foremost rank in literary reputation, but was mortified to find me utterly unnoticed and unknown. His disappointment might have been partly ascribed to his having overrated my talents, and partly to my dislike of mathematical reasonings, at a time when my imagination and memory, yet unsatisfied, were more eager after new objects than desirous of reasoning upon those I knew. This did not, however, please my tutor, who observed, indeed, that I was a little dull; but at the same time allowed, that I seemed to be very good-natured, and had no harm in me. 70

"After I had resided at college seven years, my father died, and left me—his blessing. Thus shoved from shore without ill-nature to protect, or cunning to guide, or proper stores to subsist me in so dangerous a voyage, I was obliged to embark in the wide world at twenty-two. But, in order to settle in life, my friends advised (for they always advise when they begin to despise us), they advised me, I say, to go into orders. 80

"To be obliged to wear a long wig, when I liked a short one, or a black coat, when I generally dressed in brown, I thought was such a restraint upon my liberty, that I absolutely rejected the proposal. A priest in England is not the same mortified creature with a bonze in China: with us, not he that fasts best, but eats best, is reckoned the best liver; yet I rejected a life of luxury, indolence, and ease, from no other consideration but that boyish one of dress. So that my friends were now perfectly satisfied I was undone; and yet they thought it a pity for one who had not the least harm in him and was so very good-natured. 90

"Poverty naturally begets dependence, and I was admitted as flatterer to a great man. At first I was 100

surprised that the situation of a flatterer at a great man's table could be thought disagreeable: there was no great trouble in listening attentively when his lordship spoke, and laughing when he looked round for applause. This even good manners might have obliged me to perform. I found, however, too soon, that his lordship was a greater dunce than myself; and from that very moment my power of flattery
110 was at an end. I now rather aimed at setting him right, than at receiving his absurdities with submission: to flatter those we do not know is an easy task; but to flatter our intimate acquaintances, all whose foibles are strongly in our eye, is drudgery insupportable. Every time I now opened my lips in praise, my falsehood went to my conscience; his lordship soon perceived me to be unfit for service; I was therefore discharged; my patron at the same time being graciously pleased to observe, that he
120 believed I was tolerably good-natured, and had not the least harm in me.

"Disappointed in ambition, I had recourse to love. A young lady, who lived with her aunt, and was possessed of a pretty fortune in her own disposal, had given me, as I fancied, some reason to expect success. The symptoms by which I was guided were striking. She had always laughed with me at her awkward acquaintance, and at her aunt among the number; she always observed, that a man of
130 sense would make a better husband than a fool, and I as constantly applied the observation in my own favour. She continually talked, in my company, of friendship and the beauties of the mind, and spoke of Mr. Shrimp my rival's high-heeled shoes with detestation. These were circumstances which I thought strongly in my favour; so, after resolving and resolving, I had courage enough to tell her my mind. Miss heard my proposal with serenity, seeming at the same time to study the figures of her fan.
140 Out at last it came. There was but one small objec-

tion to complete our happiness, which was no more than—that she was married three months before to Mr. Shrimp, with high-heeled shoes! By way of consolation, however, she observed, that, though I was disappointed in her, my addresses to her aunt would probably kindle her into sensibility; as the old lady always allowed me to be very good-natured, and not to have the least share of harm in me.

“Yet still I had friends, numerous friends, and to them I was resolved to apply. O friendship! thou 150
fond soother of the human breast, to thee we fly in every calamity; to thee the wretched seek for succour; on thee the care-tired son of misery fondly relies: from thy kind assistance the unfortunate always hopes relief, and may be ever sure of—disappointment. My first application was to a city scrivener, who had frequently offered to lend me money, when he knew I did not want it. I informed him, that now was the time to put his friendship to the test; that I wanted to borrow a couple of hun- 160
dred for a certain occasion, and was resolved to take it up from him. ‘And pray, sir,’ cried my friend, ‘do you want all this money?’—‘Indeed, I never wanted it more,’ returned I.—‘I am sorry for that,’ cries the scrivener, ‘with all my heart; for they who want money when they come to borrow, will always want money when they should come to pay.’

“From him I flew, with indignation, to one of the best friends I had in the world, and made the same 170
request. ‘Indeed, Mr. Drybone,’ cries my friend, ‘I always thought it would come to this. You know, sir, I would not advise you but for your own good; but your conduct has hitherto been ridiculous in the highest degree, and some of your acquaintance always thought you a very silly fellow. Let me see—you want two hundred pounds. Do you only want two hundred, sir, exactly?’—‘To confess a truth,’ returned I, ‘I shall want three hundred; but

180 then, I have another friend, from whom I can borrow the rest.'—'Why, then,' replied my friend, 'if you would take my advice, (and you know I should not presume to advise you but for your own good,) I would recommend it to you to borrow the whole sum from that other friend; and then one note will serve for all, you know.'

"Poverty now began to come fast upon me; yet instead of growing more provident or cautious as I grew poor, I became every day more indolent and
190 simple. A friend was arrested for fifty pounds; I was unable to extricate him, except by becoming his bail. When at liberty, he fled from his creditors, and left me to take his place. In prison I expected greater satisfactions than I enjoyed at large. I hoped to converse with men in this new world, simple and believing like myself; but I found them as cunning and as cautious as those in the world I had left behind. They spunged up my money while it lasted, borrowed my coals and never paid
200 for them, and cheated me when I played at cribbage. All this was done because they believed me to be very good natured, and knew that I had no harm in me.

"Upon my first entrance into this mansion, which is to some the abode of despair, I felt no sensations different from those I experienced abroad. I was now on one side the door, and those who were unconfined were on the other: this was all the difference between us. At first, indeed, I felt some
210 uneasiness, in considering how I should be able to provide this week for the wants of the week ensuing; but after some time, if I found myself sure of eating one day, I never troubled my head how I was to be supplied another. I seized every precarious meal with the utmost good-humour; indulged no rants of spleen at my situation; never called down Heaven and all the stars to behold me dining upon a halfpenny-worth of radishes; my

very companions were taught to believe that I liked salad better than mutton. I contented myself with thinking, that all my life I should either eat white bread or brown; considered that all that happened was best; laughed when I was not in pain, took the world as it went, and read Tacitus often for want of more books and company. 220

"How long I might have continued in this torpid state of simplicity I cannot tell, had I not been roused by seeing an old acquaintance, whom I knew to be a prudent blockhead, preferred to a place in the government. I now found that I had pursued a wrong track, and that the true way of being able to relieve others was first to aim at independence myself: my immediate care, therefore, was to leave my present habitation and make an entire reformation in my conduct and behaviour. For a free, open, undesigning deportment, I put on that of closeness, prudence, and economy. One of the most heroic actions I never performed, and for which I shall praise myself as long as I live, was the refusing half-a-crown to an old acquaintance, at the time when he wanted it, and I had it to spare: for this alone I deserve to be decreed an ovation. 230 240

"I now therefore pursued a course of uninterrupted frugality, seldom wanted a dinner, and was consequently invited to twenty. I soon began to get the character of a saving hunk that had money, and insensibly grew into esteem. Neighbours have asked my advice in the disposal of their daughters; and I have always taken care not to give any. I have contracted a friendship with an alderman, only by observing, that if we take a farthing from a thousand pounds, it will be a thousand pounds no longer. I have been invited to a pawnbroker's table, by pretending to hate gravy; and am now actually upon treaty of marriage with a rich widow, for only having observed that the bread was rising. If ever I am asked a question, whether I know it 250

or not, instead of answering, I only smile and look wise. If a charity is proposed, I go about with the hat, but put nothing in myself. If a wretch solicits my pity, I observe that the world is filled with impostors, and take a certain method of not being deceived by never relieving. In short, I now find the truest way of finding esteem, even from the indigent, is to give away nothing, and thus have much in our power to give."

Oliver Goldsmith.

THE TWO RACES OF MEN

(ESSAYS OF ELIA)

THE human species, according to the best theory I can form of it, is composed of two distinct races, *the men who borrow*, and *the men who lend*. To these two original diversities may be reduced all those impertinent classifications of Gothic and Celtic tribes, white men, black men, red men. All the dwellers upon earth, "Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites," flock hither, and do naturally fall in with one or other of these primary distinctions. The infinite superiority of the former, which I choose to designate as the *great race*, is discernible in their figure, port, and a certain instinctive sovereignty. The latter are born degraded. "He shall serve his brethren." There is something in the air of one of this cast, lean and suspicious; contrasting with the open, trusting, generous manners of the other.

Observe who have been the greatest borrowers of all ages — Alcibiades — Falstaff — Sir Richard Steele — our late incomparable Brinsley — what a family likeness in all four!

What a careless, even deportment hath your borrower! what rosy gills! what a beautiful reliance on Providence doth he manifest,—taking no more thought than lilies! What contempt for

money,—accounting it (yours and mine especially) no better than dross! What a liberal confounding of those pedantic distinctions of *meum* and *tuum*! or rather, what a noble simplification of language (beyond Tooke), resolving these supposed opposites into one clear, intelligible pronoun adjective!—
 What near approaches doth he make to the primitive *community*,—to the extent of one half of the principle at least! 30

He is the true taxer who “calletth all the world up to be taxed;” and the distance is as vast between him and *one of us*, as subsisted betwixt the Augustan Majesty and the poorest obolarly Jew that paid it tribute-pittance at Jerusalem!—His exactions, too, have such a cheerful, voluntary air! So far removed from your sour parochial or state-gatherers, — those ink-horn varlets, who carry their want of welcome in their faces! He cometh to you with a smile, and troubleth you with no receipt; confining himself to no set season. Every day is his Candlemas or his feast of Holy Michael. He applieth the *lene tormentum* of a pleasant look to your purse,—which to that gentle warmth expands her silken leaves, as naturally as the cloak of the traveller, for which sun and wind contended! He is the true Propontic which never ebbeth! The sea which taketh handsomely at each man’s hand. In vain the victim, whom he delighteth to honour, struggles with destiny; he is in the net. Lend therefore cheerfully, O man ordained to lend—that thou lose not in the end, with thy worldly penny, the reversion promised. Combine not preposterously in thine own person the penalties of Lazarus and of Dives!—but, when thou seest the proper authority coming, meet it smilingly, as it were half-way. Come, a handsome sacrifice! See how light *he* makes of it! Strain not court-
 esies with a noble enemy. 60

Reflections like the foregoing were forced upon

my mind by the death of my old friend, Ralph Bigod, Esq., who departed this life on Wednesday evening; dying, as he had lived, without much trouble. He boasted himself a descendant from mighty ancestors of that name, who heretofore held ducal dignities in this realm. In his actions and
70 sentiments he belied not the stock to which he pretended. Early in life he found himself invested with ample revenues; which, with that noble disinterestedness which I have noticed as inherent in men of the *great race*, he took almost immediate measures entirely to dissipate and bring to nothing: for there is something revolting in the idea of a king holding a private purse; and the thoughts of Bigod were all regal. Thus furnished, by the very
80 act of disfurnishment; getting rid of the cumbersome luggage of riches, more apt (as one sings)

To slacken virtue, and abate her edge,
Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise,

he set forth, like some Alexander, upon his great enterprise, "borrowing and to borrow!"

In his periegesis, or triumphant progress throughout this island, it has been calculated that he laid a tythe part of the inhabitants under contribution. I reject this estimate as greatly exaggerated:—but
90 having had the honour of accompanying my friend, divers times, in his perambulations about this vast city, I own I was greatly struck at first with the prodigious number of faces we met, who claimed a sort of respectful acquaintance with us. He was one day so obliging as to explain the phenomenon. It seems, these were his tributaries; feeders of his exchequer; gentlemen, his good friends (as he was pleased to express himself), to whom he had occasionally been beholden for a loan. Their
100 multitudes did no way disconcert him. He rather took a pride in numbering them; and, with Comus,

seemed pleased to be "stocked with so fair a herd."

With such sources, it was a wonder how he contrived to keep his treasury always empty. He did it by force of an aphorism, which he had often in his mouth that "money kept longer than three days stinks." So he made use of it while it was fresh. A good part he drank away (for he was an excellent toss-pot), some he gave away, the rest he threw away, literally tossing and hurling it violently from him—as boys do burrs, or as if it had been infectious,—into ponds, or ditches, or deep holes—inscrutable cavities of the earth;—or he would bury it (where he would never seek it again) by a river's side under some bank, which (he would facetiously observe) paid no interest—but out away from him it must go peremptorily, as Hagar's offspring into the wilderness, while it was sweet. He never missed it. The streams were perennial which fed his fisc. When new supplies became necessary, the first person that had the felicity to fall in with him, friend or stranger, was sure to contribute to the deficiency. For Bigod had an *undeniable* way with him. He had a cheerful, open exterior, a quick jovial eye, a bald forehead, just touched with grey (*cana fides*). He anticipated no excuse, and found none. And, waiving for a while my theory as to the *great race*, I would put it to the most untheorising reader, who may at times have disposable coin in his pocket, whether it is not more repugnant to the kindness of his nature to refuse such a one as I am describing, than to say *no* to a poor petitionary rogue (your bastard borrower), who, by his mumping visnomy, tells you that he expects nothing better; and, therefore, whose preconceived notions and expectations you do in reality so much less shock in the refusal.

When I think of this man; his fiery glow of

140 heart; his swell of feeling; how magnificent, how *ideal* he was; how great at the midnight hour; and when I compare with him the companions with whom I have associated since, I grudge the saving of a few idle ducats, and think that I am fallen into the society of *lenders*, and *little* men.

Charles Lamb.

POOR RELATIONS

(ESSAYS OF ELIA)

A POOR Relation—is the most irrelevant thing in nature,—a piece of impertinent correspondency,—an odious approximation,—a haunting conscience,—a preposterous shadow, lengthening in the noon-tide of your prosperity,—an unwelcome remembrancer,—a perpetually recurring mortification,—a drain on your purse,—a more intolerable dun upon your pride,—a drawback upon success,—a rebuke to your rising,—a stain in your blood,—
 10 a blot on your 'scutcheon,—a rent in your garment,—a death's head at your banquet,—Agathocles' pot,—a Mordecai in your gate,—a Lazarus at your door,—a lion in your path,—a frog in your chamber,—a fly in your ointment,—a mote in your eye,—a triumph to your enemy,—an apology to your friends,—the one thing not needful,—the hail in harvest,—the ounce of sour in a pound of sweet.

He is known by his knock. Your heart telleth you "That is Mr. ———." A rap, between familiarity and respect; that demands, and at the same
 20 time seems to despair of, entertainment. He entereth smiling, and—embarrassed. He holdeth out his hand to you to shake, and—draweth it back again. He casually looketh in about dinner-time—when the table is full. He offereth to go away, seeing you have company—but is induced to stay. He filleth a chair, and your visitor's two

children are accommodated at a side-table. He never cometh upon open days, when your wife says, with some complacency, "My dear, perhaps Mr. 30
—— will drop in to-day." He remembereth birth-days—and professeth he is fortunate to have stumbled upon one. He declareth against fish, the turbot being small—yet suffereth himself to be importuned into a slice against his first resolution. He sticketh by the port—yet will be prevailed upon to empty the remainder glass of claret, if a stranger press it upon him. He is a puzzle to the servants, who are fearful of being too obsequious, or not civil enough, to him. The guests think "they have 40
seen him before." Every one speculateth upon his condition; and the most part take him to be a—tide-waiter. He calleth you by your Christian name, to imply that his other is the same with your own. He is too familiar by half, yet you wish he had less diffidence. With half the familiarity he might pass for a casual dependant; with more boldness he would be in no danger of being taken for what he is. He is too humble for a friend, yet taketh 50
on him more state than befits a client. He is a worse guest than a country tenant, inasmuch as he bringeth up no rent—yet 'tis odds, from his garb and demeanour, that your guests take him for one. He is asked to make one at the whist table; refuseth on the score of poverty, and—resents being left out. When the company break up, he proffereth to go for a coach—and lets the servant go. He recollects your grandfather; and will thrust in some mean and quite unimportant anecdote—of the family. He knew it when it was not quite 60
so flourishing as "he is blest in seeing it now." He reviveth past situations, to institute what he calleth—favourable comparisons. With a reflecting sort of congratulation, he will inquire the price of your furniture; and insults you with a special commendation of your window-curtains. He is

of opinion that the urn is the more elegant shape; but, after all, there was something more comfortable about the old tea-kettle—which you must re-
70 member. He dare say you must find a great convenience in having a carriage of your own, and appealeth to your lady if is not so. Inquireth if you have had your arms done on vellum yet; and did not know till lately, that such-and-such had been the crest of the family. His memory is unseasonable; his compliments perverse; his talk a trouble; his stay pertinacious; and when he goeth away, you dismiss his chair into a corner as precipitately as possible, and feel fairly rid of two nuisances.

80 There is a worse evil under the sun, and that is—a female Poor Relation. You may do something with the other; you may pass him off tolerably well; but your indigent she-relative is hopeless. “He is an old humorist,” you may say, “and affects to go threadbare. His circumstances are better than folks would take them to be. You are fond of having a Character at your table, and truly he is one.” But in the indications of female poverty there can be no disguise. No woman
90 dresses below herself from caprice. The truth must out without shuffling. “She is plainly related to the L——’s; or what does she at their house?” She is in all probability, your wife’s cousin. Nine times out of ten, at least, this is the case. Her garb is something between a gentlewoman and a beggar, yet the former evidently predominates. She is most provokingly humble, and ostentatiously sensible to her inferiority. He may require to be repressed sometimes—*aliquando sufflaminandus erat*—but there is no raising her.
100 You send her soup at dinner, and she begs to be helped—after the gentleman. Mr. —— requests the honour of taking wine with her; she hesitates between Port and Madeira, and chooses the former—because he does. She calls the Ser-

vant *Sir*; and insists on not troubling him to hold her plate. The housekeeper patronises her. The children's governess takes upon her to correct her, when she has mistaken the piano for a harpsichord.

Richard Amlet, Esq., in the play, is a notable instance of the disadvantages to which this chimerical notion of *affinity constituting a claim to acquaintance*, may subject the spirit of a gentleman. A little foolish blood is all that is betwixt him and a lady with a great estate. His stars are perpetually crossed by the malignant maternity of an old woman, who persists in calling him "her son Dick." But she has wherewithal in the end to recompense his indignities, and float him again upon the brilliant surface, under which it had been her seeming business and pleasure all along to sink him. All men, besides, are not of Dick's temperament. I knew an Amlet in real life, who, wanting Dick's buoyancy, sank indeed. Poor W—— was of my own standing at Christ's, a fine classic, and a youth of promise. If he had a blemish, it was too much pride; but its quality was inoffensive; it was not of that sort which hardens the heart, and serves to keep inferiors at a distance; it only sought to ward off derogation from itself. It was the principle of self-respect carried as far as it could go, without infringing upon that respect which he would have everyone else equally maintain for himself. He would have you to think alike with him on this topic. Many a quarrel have I had with him, when we were rather older boys, and our tallness made us more obnoxious to observation in the blue clothes, because I would not thread the alleys and blind ways of the town with him to elude notice, when we have been out together on a holiday in the streets of this sneering and prying metropolis. W—— went, sore with these notions, to Oxford, where the dignity and sweetness of a scholar's life, meeting with the alloy of a humble introduc-

tion, wrought in him a passionate devotion to the place, with a profound aversion from the society. The servitor's gown(worse than his school array) clung to him with Nessian venom. He thought himself ridiculous in a garb, under which Latimer
150 must have walked erect, and in which Hooker, in his young days, possibly flaunted in a vein of no discommendable vanity. In the depth of college shades, or in his lonely chamber, the poor student shrunk from observation. He found shelter among books, which insult not; and studies, that ask no questions of a youth's finances. He was lord of his library, and seldom cared for looking out beyond his domains. The healing influence of studious pursuits was upon him to soothe and to ab-
160 stract. He was almost a healthy man; when the waywardness of his fate broke out against him a second and worse malignity. The father of W—— had hitherto exercised the humble profession of house-painter, at N——, near Oxford. A supposed interest with some of the heads of the colleges had now induced him to take up his abode in that city, with the hope of being employed upon some public works which were talked of. From that moment I read in the countenance of the young
170 man, the determination which at length tore him from academical pursuits for ever. To a person unacquainted with our Universities, the distance between the gownsmen and the townsmen, as they are called—the trading part of the latter especially—is carried to an excess that would appear harsh and incredible. The temperament of W——'s father was diametrically the reverse of his own. Old W—— was a little, busy, cringing tradesman, who, with his son upon his arm, would stand bow-
180 ing and scraping, cap in hand, to anything that wore the semblance of a gown—insensible to the winks and opener remonstrances of the young man, to whose chamber-fellow, or equal in standing, per-

haps, he was thus obsequiously and gratuitously ducking. Such a state of things could not last. W—— must change the air of Oxford, or be suffocated. He chose the former; and let the sturdy moralist, who strains the point of the filial duties as high as they can bear, censure the dereliction; he cannot estimate the struggle. I stood with 190 W——, the last afternoon I ever saw him, under the eaves of his paternal dwelling. It was in the fine lane leading from the High-street to the back of * * * * * college, where W—— kept his rooms. He seemed thoughtful and more reconciled. I ventured to rally him—finding him in a better mood—upon a representation of the Artist Evangelist, which the old man, whose affairs were beginning to flourish, had caused to be set up in a splendid sort of frame over his really handsome 200 shop, either as a token of prosperity, or badge of gratitude to his saint. W—— looked up at the Luke, and, like Satan, “knew his mounted sign—and fled.” A letter on his father’s table, the next morning, announced that he had accepted a commission in a regiment about to embark for Portugal. He was among the first who perished before the walls of St. Sebastian.

I do not know how, upon a subject which I began with treating half seriously, I should have 210 fallen upon a recital so eminently painful; but this theme of poor relationship is replete with so much matter for tragic as well as comic associations, that it is difficult to keep the account distinct without blending. The earliest impressions which I received on this matter are certainly not attended with anything painful, or very humiliating, in the recalling. At my father’s table (no very splendid one) was to be found, every Saturday, the mysterious figure of an aged gentleman, clothed in neat 220 black, of a sad yet comely appearance. His deportment was of the essence of gravity; his words

few or none; and I was not to make a noise in his presence. I had little inclination to have done so—for my cue was to admire in silence. A particular elbow-chair was appropriated to him, which was in no case to be violated. A peculiar sort of sweet pudding, which appeared on no other occasion, distinguished the days of his coming. I
230 used to think him a prodigiously rich man. All I could make out of him was, that he and my father had been schoolfellows, a world ago at Lincoln, and that he came from the Mint. The Mint I knew to be a place where all the money was coined—and I thought he was the owner of all that money. Awful ideas of the Tower twined themselves about his presence. He seemed above human infirmities and passions. A sort of melancholy grandeur invested him. From some inexplicable doom I fan-
240 cied him obliged to go about in an eternal suit of mourning; a captive—a stately being, let out of the Tower on Saturdays. Often have I wondered at the temerity of my father, who, in spite of an habitual general respect which we all in common manifested towards him, would venture now and then to stand up against him in some argument touching their youthful days. The houses of the ancient city of Lincoln are divided (as most of my readers know) between the dwellers on the hill and
250 in the valley. This marked distinction formed an obvious division between the boys who lived above (however brought together in a common school) and the boys whose paternal residence was on the plain; a sufficient cause of hostility in the code of these young Grotiuses. My father had been a leading Mountaineer; and would still maintain the general superiority, in skill and hardihood, of the *Above Boys* (his own faction) over the *Below Boys* (so were they called), of which party his contemporary had been a chieftain. Many and hot
260 were the skirmishes on this topic—the only one

upon which the old gentleman was ever brought out—and bad blood bred; even sometimes almost to the recommencement (so I expected) of actual hostilities. But my father, who scorned to insist upon advantages, generally contrived to turn the conversation upon some adroit by-commendation of the old Minster; in the general preference of which, before all other cathedrals in the island, the dweller on the hill, and the plain-born, could meet on a conciliating level, and lay down their less important differences. Once only I saw the old gentleman really ruffled, and I remembered with anguish the thought that came over me: “Perhaps he will never come here again.” He had been pressed to take another plate of the viand, which I have already mentioned as the indispensable concomitant of his visits. He had refused with a resistance amounting to rigour, when my aunt, an old Lincolnian, but who had something of this, in common with my cousin Bridget, that she would sometimes press civility out of season—uttered the following memorable application—“Do take another slice, Mr. Billett, for you do not get pudding every day.” The old gentleman said nothing at the time—but he took occasion in the course of the evening, when some argument had intervened between them, to utter with an emphasis which chilled the company, and which chills me now as I write it—“Woman, you are superannuated.” John Billet did not survive long after the digesting of this affront, but he survived long enough to assure me that peace was actually restored! and, if I remember aright, another pudding was discreetly substituted in the place of that which had occasioned the offence. He died at the Mint (Anno 1781) where he had long held, what he accounted, a comfortable independence; and with five pounds, fourteen shillings, and a penny, which were found in his escritoire after his decease, left the world, blessing God that he had enough to

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bury him, and that he had never been obliged to any man for a sixpence. This was—a Poor Relation.

Charles Lamb.

ON BEING FOUND OUT

(ROUNABOUT PAPERS)

At the close (let us say) of Queen Anne's reign, when I was a boy at a private and preparatory school for young gentlemen, I remember the wiseacre of a master ordering us all, one night, to march into a little garden at the back of the house, and thence to proceed one by one into a tool- or hen-house (I was but a tender little thing just put into short clothes, and can't exactly say whether the house was for tools or hens), and in that house
10 to put our hands into a sack which stood on a bench, a candle burning beside it. I put my hand into the sack. My hand came out quite black. I went and joined the other boys in the school-room; and all their hands were black too.

By reason of my tender age (and there are some critics who, I hope, will be satisfied by my acknowledging that I am a hundred and fifty-six next birthday) I could not understand what was the meaning of this night excursion—this candle,
20 this tool-house, this bag of soot. I think we little boys were taken out of our sleep to be brought to the ordeal. We came, then, and showed our little hands to the master; washed them or not—most probably, I should say, not—and so went bewildered back to bed.

Something had been stolen in the school that day; and Mr. Wiseacre having read in a book of an ingenious method of finding out a thief by making him put his hand into a sack (which, if guilty, the
30 rogue would shirk from doing), all we boys were subjected to the trial. Goodness knows what the

lost object was, or who stole it. We all had black hands to show to the master. And the thief, whoever he was, was not Found Out that time.

I wonder if the rascal is alive—an elderly scoundrel he must be by this time; and a hoary old hypocrite, to whom an old schoolfellow presents his kindest regards—parenthetically remarking what a dreadful place that private school was: cold, chilblains, bad dinners, not enough victuals, and 40 caning awful!—Are you alive still, I say, you nameless villain, who escaped discovery on that day of crime? I hope you have escaped often since, old sinner. Ah, what a lucky thing it is, for you and me, my man, that we are *not* found out in all our peccadilloes; and that our backs can slip away from the master and the cane!

Just consider what life would be, if every rogue was found out, and flogged *coram populo*! What a butchery, what an indecency, what an endless 50 swishing of the rod! Don't cry out about my misanthropy. My good friend Mealymouth, I will trouble you to tell me, do you go to church? When there, do you say, or do you not, that you are a miserable sinner? and saying so, do you believe or disbelieve it? If you are a M.S., don't you deserve correction, and aren't you grateful if you are to be let off? I say, again, what a blessed thing it is that we are not all found out!

Just picture to yourself everybody who does 60 wrong being found out, and punished accordingly. Fancy all the boys in all the school being whipped; and then the assistants, and then the head master (Doctor Badford let us call him). Fancy the provost-marshal being tied up, having previously superintended the correction of the whole army. After the young gentlemen have had their turn for the faulty exercises, fancy Doctor Lincolnsinn being taken up for certain faults in *his* Essay and Review. After the clergyman has carried his peccavi, 70

suppose we hoist up a Bishop, and give him a couple of dozen! (I see my Lord Bishop of Double-Gloucester sitting in a very uneasy posture on his right reverend bench.) After we have cast off the Bishop, what are we to say to the Minister who appointed him? My Lord Cinqwarden, it is painful to have to use personal correction to a boy of your age; but really . . . *Siste tandem, carnifex!* The butchery is too horrible. The hand drops
80 powerless, appalled at the quantity of birch which it must cut and brandish. I am glad we are not all found out, I say again; and protest, my dear brethren, against our having our deserts.

To fancy all men found out and punished is bad enough; but imagine all women found out in the distinguished social circle in which you and I have the honour to move. Is it not a mercy that so many of these fair criminals remain unpunished and undiscovered? There is Mrs. Longbow, who
90 is forever practising, and who shoots poisoned arrows, too; when you meet her you don't call her liar, and charge her with the wickedness she has done, and is doing. There is Mrs. Painter, who passes for a most respectable woman, and a model in society. There is no use in saying what you really know regarding her and her goings on. There is Diana Hunter—what a little haughty
prude it is; and yet *we* know stories about her which are not altogether edifying. I say it is best,
100 for the sake of the good, that the bad should not all be found out. You don't want your children to know the history of that lady in the next box, who is so handsome, and whom they admire so. Ah me! what would life be if we were all found out, and punished for all our faults? Jack Ketch would be in permanence; and then who would hang Jack Ketch?

They talk of murderers being pretty certainly found out. Psha! I have heard an authority

awfully competent vow and declare that scores and 110
hundreds of murders are committed, and nobody
is the wiser. That terrible man mentioned one or
two ways of committing murder, which he main-
tained were quite common, and were scarcely ever
found out. A man, for instance, comes home to
his wife, and . . . but I pause—I know that this
Magazine has a very large circulation. Hundreds
and hundreds of thousands—why not say a million
of people at once?—well, say a million read it.
And amongst these countless readers, I might be 120
teaching some monster how to make away with his
wife without being found out, some fiend of a
woman how to destroy her dear husband. I will
not then tell this easy and simple way of murder,
as communicated to me by a most respectable party
in the confidence of private intercourse. Sup-
pose some gentle reader were to try this most
simple and easy receipt—it seems to me almost in-
fallible—and come to grief in consequence, and be
found out and hanged? Should I ever pardon my- 130
self for having been the means of doing injury to
a single one of our esteemed subscribers? The
prescription whereof I speak—that is to say where-
of I *don't* speak—shall be buried in this bosom.
No, I am a humane man. I am not one of your
Bluebeards to go and say to my wife, “My dear! I
am going away for a few days to Brighton. Here
are all the keys of the house. You may open
every door and closet, except the one at the end of
the oak-room opposite the fire-place, with the 140
little bronze Shakespeare on the mantelpiece (or
what not).” I don't say this to a woman—unless,
to be sure, I want to get rid of her—because, after
such a caution, I know she'll peep into the closet.
I say nothing about the closet at all. I keep the
key in my pocket, and a being whom I love, but
who, as I know, has many weaknesses, out of
harm's way. You toss up your head, dear angel,

drub on the ground with your lovely little feet, on
150 the table with your sweet rosy fingers, and cry,
“Oh, sneerer! You don’t know the depth of a
woman’s feeling, the lofty scorn of all deceit, the
entire absence of mean curiosity in the sex, or never,
never would you libel us so!” Ah, Delia! dear
dear Delia! It is because I fancy I *do* know some-
thing about you (not all, mind—no, no; no man
knows that)—Ah, my bride, my ringdove, my rose,
my poppet—choose, in fact, whatever name you like
—bulbul of my grove, fountain of my desert, sun-
160 shine of my darkling life, and joy of my dungeoned
existence, it is because I *do* know a little about you
that I conclude to say nothing of that private closet,
and keep my key in my pocket. You take away
that closet-key then, and the house-key. You lock
Delia in. You keep her out of harm’s way and
gadding, and so she never *can* be found out.

And yet by little strange accidents and coin-
cidences how we are being found out every day.
You remember that old story of the Abbé Kakatoes,
170 who told the company at supper one night how the
first confession he ever received was—from a
murderer let us say. Presently enters to supper
the Marquis de Croquemitaine. “Palsambleu, abbé!”
says the brilliant Marquis, taking a pinch of snuff,
“are you here? Gentlemen and ladies! I was the
Abbé’s first penitent, and I made him a confession
which I promise you astonished him.”

To be sure how queerly things are found out!
Here is an instance. Only the other day I was
180 writing in these Roundabout Papers about a certain
man, whom I facetiously called Baggs, and who had
abused me to my friends, who of course told me.
Shortly after that paper was published another
friend—Sacks let us call him—scowls fiercely at
me as I am sitting in perfect good-humour at the
club, and passes on without speaking. A cut. A
quarrel. Sacks thinks it is about him that I was

writing: whereas, upon my honour and conscience, I never had him once in my mind, and was pointing my moral from quite another man. But don't 190
 you see, by this wrath of the guilty-conscienced Sacks, that he had been abusing me too? He has owned himself guilty, never having been accused. He has winced when nobody thought of hitting him. I did but put the cap out, and madly butting and chafing, behold my friend rushes to put his head into it! Never mind, Sacks, you are found out; but I bear you no malice, my man.

And yet to be found out, I know from my own experience, must be painful and odious, and cruel- 200
 ly mortifying to the inward vanity. Suppose I am a poltroon, let us say. With fierce moustache, loud talk, plentiful oaths, and an immense stick, I keep up nevertheless a character for courage. I swear fearfully at cabmen and women; brandish my bludgeon, and perhaps knock down a little man or two with it: brag of the images which I break at the shooting-gallery, and pass amongst my friends for a whiskery fire-eater, afraid of neither man nor dragon. Ah me! Suppose some brisk 210
 little chap steps up and gives me a caning in St. James's Street, with all the heads of my friends looking out of all the club windows. My reputation is gone. I frighten no man more. My nose is pulled by whipper-snappers, who jump up on a chair to reach it. I am found out. And in the days of my triumphs, when people were yet afraid of me, and were taken in by my swagger, I always knew that I was a lily-liver, and expected that I should be found out some day. 220

That certainty of being found out must haunt and depress many a bold braggadocio spirit. Let us say it is a clergyman, who can pump copious floods of tears out of his own eyes and those of his audience. He thinks to himself, "I am but a poor swindling chattering rogue. My bills are un-

paid. I have jilted several women whom I have promised to marry. I don't know whether I believe what I preach, and I know I have stolen the
 230 very sermon over which I have been snivelling. Have they found me out?" says he, as his head drops down on the cushion.

Then your writer, poet, historian, novelist, or what not? The *Beacon* says that "Jones's work is one of the first order." The *Lamp* declares that "Jones's tragedy surpasses every work since the days of Him of Avon." The *Comet* asserts that "J.'s 'Life of Goody Two Shoes, is a κτῆμα ἐς αἰεί, a
 240 admirable Englishwoman," and so forth. But then Jones knows that he has lent the critic of the *Beacon* five pounds; that his publisher has a half-share in the *Lamp*; and that the *Comet* comes repeatedly to dine with him. It is all very well. Jones is immortal until he is found out; and then down comes the extinguisher, and the immortal is dead and buried. The idea (*dies iræ!*) of discovery must haunt many a man, and make him uneasy, as the trumpets are puffing in his triumph.
 250 Brown, who has a higher place than he deserves, cowers before Smith, who has found him out. What is a chorus of critics shouting "Bravo"?—a public clapping hands and flinging garlands? Brown knows that Smith has found him out. Puff, trumpets! Wave, banners! Huzza, boys, for the immortal Brown! "This is all very well," B. thinks (bowing the while, smiling, laying his hand to his heart); "but there stands Smith at the window; *he* has measured me; and some day the others will
 260 find me out too." It is a very curious sensation to sit by a man who has found you out, and who you know has found you out; or, *vice versâ*, to sit with a man whom *you* have found out. His talent? Bah! His virtue? We know a little story or two about his virtue, and he knows we know it.

We are thinking over friend Robinson's antecedents, as we grin, bow, and talk; and we are both humbugs together. Robinson a good fellow, is he? You know how he behaved to Hicks? A good-natured man, is he? Pray do you remember that little story of Mrs. Robinson's black eye? How men have to work, to talk, to smile, to go to bed, and try to sleep, with this dread of being found out on their consciences! Bardolph, who has robbed a church, and Nym, who has taken a purse, go to their usual haunts, and smoke their pipes with their companions. Mr. Detective Bulls-eye appears, and says, "Oh, Bardolph, I want you about that there pyx business!" Mr. Bardolph knocks the ashes out of his pipe, puts out his hands to the little steel cuffs, and walks away quite meekly. He is found out. He must go. "Good-bye, Doll Tearsheet! Good-bye, Mrs. Quickly, ma'am!" The other gentlemen and ladies *de la société* look on and exchange mute adieux with the departing friends. And an assured time will come when the other gentlemen and ladies will be found out too. 270

What a wonderful and beautiful provision of nature it has been that, for the most part, our womankind are not endowed with the faculty of finding us out! *They* don't doubt, and probe, and weigh, and take to your measure. Lay down this paper, my benevolent friend and reader, go into your drawing-room now, and utter a joke ever so old, and I wager sixpence the ladies there will all begin to laugh. Go to Brown's house, and tell Mrs. Brown and the young ladies what you think of him, and see what a welcome you will get! In like manner, let him come to your house, and tell *your* good lady his candid opinion of you, and fancy how she will receive him! Would you have your wife and children know you exactly for what you are, and esteem you precisely at your worth? 290 300

If so, my friend, you will live in a dreary house, and you will have but a chilly fireside. Do you suppose the people round it don't see your homely face as under a glamour, and, as it were, with a halo of love round it? You don't fancy you *are*, as you
310 seem to them? No such thing, my man. Put away that monstrous conceit, and be thankful that *they* have not found you out.

W. M. Thackeray.

THE NEWNESS OF THE OLD

(ADVENTURES AND ENTHUSIASMS)

IN an American paper I find this anecdote:

"An old lady was being shown the spot on which a hero fell. 'I don't wonder,' she replied. 'It's so slippery I nearly fell there myself.'"

Now that story, which is very old in England, and is familiar here to most adult persons, is usually told of Nelson and the *Victory*. Indeed it is such a commonplace with facetious visitors to that vessel that the wiser of the guides are at pains to get in
10 with it first. But in America it may be fresh and beginning a new lease of life; it will probably go on forever in all English-speaking countries, on each occasion of its recrudescence finding a few people to whom it is new.

It is a problem why we tend to be so resentful when an editor or a comedian offers us a jest that has done service before. It is, I suppose, in part at any rate, because we have paid our money, either for the paper or the seat, and we experience the
20 sense of having been defrauded. We have been done, we feel, because the bargain, as we understood it, was that we were purchasing novelty. So that when suddenly an old, old jape, which perhaps we have ourselves related—and that of course is an aggravation of the grievance—confronts us, we are

indignant. But what, one wonders, would a comic paper or a revue that had nothing old in it be like? We can never know.

The odd thing is that we not only resent the age of the joke, even though it is in our own repertory, 30 but we resent the laughter of those to whom it is new—perhaps three-quarters of the audience. How dare they also not have heard it before? is our unspoken question. Not long ago, seated in a theatre next a candid and normally benignant and tolerant friend, I found myself laughing at what struck me as a distinctly humorous remark made by one of London's non-sensical funny men. Engaged in a competition with another as to which had the longer memory, he clinched the discussion by saying 40 that he personally could remember London Bridge when it was a cornfield. To me that was as new as it was idiotic, and I behaved accordingly; but my friend was furious with me. "Good Heavens!" he exclaimed with the click of the tongue that usually accompanies such criticism, "fancy digging that up again! It's as old as the hills." And his face grew dark and stern.

What we have to remember, and what might have softened my friend's granite anger had he remem- 50 bered it, is that a new audience is always coming along to whom nothing is a chestnut. It is not the most reassuring of thoughts to those who are a little fastidious about ancience in humour; but it is nature and therefore a fact. Just as every moment (so I used to be told by a solemn nurse) a child is born (she added also that every moment some one dies, and she used to hold up her finger and hush! for me to realise that happy thought), so nearly every moment (allowing for a certain amount of 60 infant mortality) an older child attains an age when it can understand and relish a funny story. To those children every story is original. With this new public, clamorous and appreciative, why do

humourists try so hard to be novel? (But perhaps they don't.)

I suppose that there are theories as to what is the oldest story, but I am not acquainted with them. That people are, however, quite prepared for every
70 story to be old is proved by the readiness with which, when Mark Twain's "Jumping Frog" was translated into Greek for a School Reader, a number of persons remarked upon the circumstance that the humourist had gone to ancient literature for his jest. For by a curious twist we are all anxious that stories should not be new. Much as we like a new story, we like better to be able to say that to us it was familiar.

Many stories come rhythmically round again.
80 Such, for example, during the Great War, as those with a martial background. I remember during the Boer War hearing of a young man who was endeavouring to enlist, and was rejected because his teeth were defective. "But I want to fight the Boers," he said, "not eat them." Between 1914 and 1918 this excellent retort turned up again, only this time the young man said that he did not want to eat the Germans. I have no doubt that in the Crimean War a similar applicant declared that he did not
90 want to eat the Russians, and a hundred years ago another was vowing that he did not want to eat the French. Probably one could trace it through every war that ever was. Probably a young Hittite with indifferent teeth proclaimed that his desire was to fight the Amalekites and not to eat them. The story was equally good each time; and there has always been a vast new audience for it. And so long as war continues and teeth exist in the human head, which I am told will not be forever, so long
100 will this anecdote enjoy popularity. After that it will enter upon a new phase of existence based upon defects in the applicant's *râtelier*, and so on until

universal peace descends upon the world, or, the sun turning cold, life ceases.

E. V. Lucas.

INTELLECTUAL SNOBBERY

(NOT THAT IT MATTERS)

A GOOD many years ago I had a painful experience. I was discovered by my house-master reading in bed at the unauthorized hour of midnight. Smith *minor* in the next bed (we shared a candle) was also reading. We were both discovered. But the most annoying part of the business, as it seemed to me then, was that Smith *minor* was discovered reading *Alton Locke*, and that I was discovered reading *Marooned Among Cannibals*. If only our house-master had come in the night before! Then he ¹⁰ would have found *me* reading *Alton Locke*. Just for a moment it occurred to me to tell him this, but after a little reflection I decided that it would be unwise. He might have misunderstood the bearings of the revelation.

There is hardly one of us who is proof against this sort of intellectual snobbery. A detective story may have been a very good friend to us, but we don't want to drag it into the conversation; we prefer a casual reference to *The Egoist*, with which ²⁰ we have perhaps only a bowing acquaintance; a reference which leaves the impression that we are inseparable companions, or at any rate inseparable until such day when we gather from our betters that there were heights even beyond *The Egoist*. Dead or alive, we would sooner be found with a copy of Marcus Aurelius than with a copy of Marie Corelli. I used to know a man who carried always with him a Russian novel in the original; not because he read Russian, but because a day might ³⁰ come when, as a result of some accident, the

"pockets of the deceased" would be exposed in the public Press. As he said, you never know; but the only accident which happened to him was to be stranded for twelve hours in August at a way-side station in the Highlands. After this he maintained that the Russians were overrated.

I should like to pretend that I myself have grown out of these snobbish ways by this time, but I am
40 doubtful if it would be true. It happened to me not so long ago to be travelling in company of which I was very much ashamed; and to be ashamed of one's company is to be a snob. At this period I was trying to amuse myself (and, if it might be so, other people) by writing a burlesque story in the manner of an imaginary collaboration by Sir Hall Cane and Mrs. Florence Barclay. In order to do this I had to study the works of these famous authors, and for many week-ends in succe-
50 sion I might have been seen travelling to, or returning from, the country with a couple of their books under my arm. To keep one book beneath the arm is comparatively easy; to keep two is much more difficult. Many was the time, while waiting for my train to come in, that one of these books slipped from me. Indeed there is hardly a junction in the railway system of the southern counties at which I have not dropped on some Saturday or other a Cane or a Barclay; to have it restored to
60 me a moment later by a courteous fellow-passenger—courteous, but with a smile of gentle pity in his eyes as he glimpsed the author's name. "Thanks very much," I would stammer, blushing guiltily, and perhaps I would babble about a sick friend to whom I was taking them, or that I was running out of paper-weights. But he never believed me. He knew that he would have said something like that himself.

Nothing is easier than to assume that other
70 people share one's weaknesses. No doubt Jack the

Ripper excused himself on the ground that it was human nature; possibly, indeed, he wrote an essay like this, in which he speculated mildly as to the reasons which made stabbing so attractive to us all. So I realize that I may be doing you an injustice in suggesting that you who read may also have your little snobberies. But I confess that I should like to cross-examine you. If in conversation with you, on the subject (let us say) of heredity, a subject to which you had devoted a good deal of study, I took it for granted that you had read 80 Ommany's *Approximations*, would you make it quite clear to me that you had not read it? Or would you let me carry on the discussion on the assumption that you knew it well; would you, even, in answer to a direct question, say shamefacedly that though you had not—er—actually read it, you—er—knew about it, of course, and had—er—read extracts from it? Somehow I think I could lead you on to this; perhaps even make you say that 90 you had actually ordered it from your library, before I had told you the horrid truth that Ommany's *Approximations* was an invention of my own.

It is absurd that we (I say "we," for I include you now) should behave like this, for there is no book over which we need be ashamed, either to have read it or not to have read it. Let us, therefore, be frank. In order to remove the unfortunate impression of myself which I have given you, I will confess that I have only read three of Scott's 100 novels, and begun, but never finished, two of Henry James'. I will also confess—and here I am by way of restoring that unfortunate impression—that I do quite well in Scottish and Jacobean circles on those five books. For, if a question arises as to which is Scott's masterpiece, it is easy for me to suggest one of my three, with the air of one who has chosen it, not over two others, but over twenty. Perhaps one of my three is the ack-

110 nowledged masterpiece; I do not know. If it is, then, of course, all is well. But if it is not, then I must appear rather a clever fellow for having rejected the obvious. With regard to Henry James, my position is not quite so secure; but at least I have good reason for feeling that the two novels which I was unable to finish cannot be his best, and with a little tact I can appear to be defending this position hotly against some imaginary authority who has declared in favour of them. One might
120 have read the collected works of both authors, yet make less of an impression.

Indeed, sometimes I feel that I *have* read their collected works, and Ommany's *Approximations*, and many other books with which you would be only too glad to assume familiarity. For in giving others the impression that I am on terms with these masterpieces, I have but handed on an impression which has gradually formed itself in my own mind. So I take no advantage of them; and if it appears
130 afterwards that we have been deceived together, I shall be at least as surprised and indignant about it as they.

A. A. Milne.

II MISCELLANEOUS FORMS

JESUS COMFORTS HIS DISCIPLES

ST. JOHN, CHAPTER XIV

LET not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you; for I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I come again, and will receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also. And whither I go, ye know the way.

Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not whither thou goest; how know we the way? 10

Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, and the truth, and the life: no one cometh unto the Father but by me. If ye had known me, ye would have known my Father also: from henceforth ye know him, and have seen him.

Philip saith unto him, Lord, shew us the Father, and it sufficeth us.

Jesus saith unto him, Have I been so long time with you, and dost thou not know me, Philip? he that hath seen me hath seen the Father; how sayest thou, Shew us the Father? Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me? the words that I say unto you I speak not from myself: but the Father abiding in me doeth his works. Believe me that I am in the Father and the Father in me: or else believe me for the very works' sake. Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go 20

- 30 unto the Father. And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye shall ask me anything in my name, that will I do. If ye love me, ye will keep my commandments. And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may be with you for ever, even the Spirit of truth: whom the world cannot receive; for it beholdeth him not, neither knoweth him: ye know him; for he abideth with you, and shall be in you.
- 40 I will not leave you desolate: I come unto you. Yet a little while, and the world beholdeth me no more; but ye behold me: because I live, ye shall live also. In that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you. He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me: and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself unto him.

50 Judas (not Iscariot) saith unto him, Lord, what is come to pass that thou wilt manifest thyself unto us, and not unto the world?

Jesus answered and said unto him, If a man love me, he will keep my word: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him. He that loveth me not, keepeth not my words: and the word which ye hear is not mine, but the Father's who sent me.

These things have I spoken unto you, while yet abiding with you. But the Comforter, even the
60 Holy Spirit, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring to your remembrance all that I said unto you. Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be fearful. Ye heard how I said to you, I go away, and I come unto you. If ye loved me, ye would have rejoiced, because I go unto the Father: for the Father is

greater than I. And now I have told you before it come to pass, that, when it is come to pass, ye may 70 believe. I will no more speak much with you, for the prince of the world cometh: and he hath nothing in me; but that the world may know that I love the Father, and as the Father gave me commandment, even so I do. Arise, let us go hence.

The New Testament.

THE GOOD SCHOOLMASTER

(THE HOLY STATE)

THERE is scarce any profession in the commonwealth more necessary, which is so slightly performed. The reasons whereof I conceive to be these: First, young scholars make this calling their refuge, yea, perchance before they have taken any degree in the university, commence schoolmasters in the country, as if nothing else were required to set up this profession but only a rod and a ferula. Secondly, others, who are able, use it only as a 10 passage to better preferment, to patch the rents in their present fortune till they can provide a new one, and betake themselves to some more gainful calling. Thirdly, they are disheartened from doing their best with the miserable reward which in some places they receive, being masters to the children and slaves to their parents. Fourthly, being grown rich, they grow negligent, and scorn to touch the school by the proxy of an usher. But see how well our schoolmaster behaves himself.

His genius inclines him with delight to his pro- 20 fession. Some men had as lief be schoolboys as schoolmasters, to be tied to the school, as Cooper's "Dictionary" and Scapula's "Lexicon" are chained to the desks therein; and though great scholars, and skilful in other arts, are bunglers in this: but God of His goodness hath fitted several men for several

callings, that the necessity of Church and State in all conditions may be provided for. So that he who beholds the fabric thereof may say, "God hewed out
30 this stone, and appointed it to lie in this very place, for it would fit none other so well, and here it doth most excellent." And thus God mouldeth some for a schoolmaster's life, undertaking it with desire and delight, and discharging it with dexterity and happy success.

He studieth his scholars' natures as carefully as they their books, and ranks their dispositions into several forms. And though it may seem difficult for him in a great school to descend to all particulars,
40 yet experienced schoolmasters may quickly make a grammar of boys' natures, and reduce them all, saving some few exceptions, to these general rules:

1. Those that are ingenious and industrious. The conjunction of two such planets in a youth presages much good unto him. To such a lad a frown may be a whipping, and a whipping a death; yea, where their master whips them once, shame whips them all the week after. Such natures he useth with all gentleness.

50 2. Those that are ingenious and idle. These think, with the hare in the fable that running with snails (so they count the rest of their schoolfellows) they shall come soon enough to the post, though sleeping a good while before their starting. Oh, a good rod would finely take them napping

3. Those that are dull and diligent. Wines, the stronger they be, the more lees they have when they are new. Many boys are muddy-headed till they be clarified with age, and such afterwards prove
60 the best. Bristol diamonds are both bright and squared and pointed by nature, and yet are soft and worthless; whereas, Orient ones in India are rough and rugged naturally. Hard, rugged, and dull natures of youth acquit themselves afterwards the jewels of the country, and therefore their dulness

at first is to be borne with, if they be diligent. That schoolmaster deserves to be beaten himself who beats nature in a boy for a fault. And I question whether all the whipping in the world can make their parts, which are naturally sluggish, rise one 70 minute before the hour nature hath appointed.

4. Those that are invincibly dull, and negligent also. Correction may reform the latter, not amend the former. All the whetting in the world can never set a razor's edge on that which hath no steel in it. Such boys he consigneth over to other professions. Shipwrights and boatmakers will choose those crooked pieces of timber which other carpenters refuse. Those may make excellent merchants and mechanics which will not serve for scholars. 80

He is able, diligent, and methodical in his teaching; not leading them rather in a circle than forwards. He minces his precepts for children to swallow, hanging clogs on the nimbleness of his own soul, that his scholars may go along with him. He is, and will be known to be, an absolute monarch in his school. If cockering mothers proffer him money to purchase their sons an exemption from his rod (to live as it were in a peculiar, out of their master's jurisdiction), with disdain he refuseth it, and scorns 90 the late custom in some places of commuting whipping into money, and ransoming boys from the rod at a set price. If he hath a stubborn youth, correction-proof, he debaseth not his authority by contesting with him, but fairly, if he can, puts him away before his obstinacy hath infected others.

He is moderate in inflicting deserved correction. Many a schoolmaster better answereth the name *παιδοτρίβης* than *παιδαγωγός*, rather tearing his scholars' flesh with whipping than giving them 100 good education. No wonder if his scholars hate the Muses, being presented unto them in the shapes of fiends and furies. Junius complains *de insolento carnificina* of his schoolmaster, by whom *conscinde-*

batur flagris septies aut octies in dies singulos. Yea, hear the lamentable verses of poor Tusser in his own life:

110 From Paul's I went, to Eton sent,
To learn straightways the Latin phrase,
Where fifty-three stripes, given to me
At once I had.

For fault but small, or none at all,
It came to pass thus beat I was;
See Udall, see, the mercy of thee,
To me, poor lad.

Such an Orbilius mars more scholars than he makes: their tyranny hath caused many tongues to stammer, which spake plain by nature, and whose stuttering at first was nothing else but fears quaver-
120 ing on their speech at their master's presence; and whose mauling them about their heads hath dulled those who, in quickness, exceeded their master.

He makes his school free to him who sues to him in *forma pauperis*. And surely learning is the greatest alms that can be given. But he is a beast who, because the poor scholar cannot pay him his wages, pays the scholar in his whipping. Rather are diligent lads to be encouraged with all excite-
130 ments to learning. This minds me of what I have heard concerning Mr. Bust, that worthy late school-master of Eton, who would never suffer any wandering begging scholar (such as justly the statute hath ranked in the forefront of rogues) to come into his school, but would thrust him out with earnestness (however privately charitable unto him), lest his schoolboys should be disheartened from their books by seeing some scholars, after their studying in the university, preferred to beggary.

140 He spoils not a good school to make thereof a bad college, therein to teach his scholars logic. For, besides that logic may have an action of trespass against grammar for encroaching on her liberties,

syllogisms are solecisms taught in the school, and oftentimes they are forced afterwards in the university to unlearn the fumbling skill they had before.

Out of his school he is no whit pedantical in carriage or discourse; contenting himself to be rich in Latin, though he doth not jingle with it in every company wherein he comes.

To conclude, let this amongst other motives make 150 schoolmasters careful in their place, that the eminencies of their scholars have commended the memories of their schoolmasters to posterity, who otherwise in obscurity had altogether been forgotten. Who had ever heard of R. Bond, in Lancashire, but for the breeding of learned Ascham, his scholar? or of Hartgrave, in Brundly school, in the same county, but because he was the first did teach worthy Dr. Whitaker? Nor do I honour the memory of Mulcaster for anything so much as for his scholar, that 160 gulf of learning, Bishop Andrews. This made the Athenians, the day before the great feast of Theseus, their founder, to sacrifice a ram to the memory of Conidas, his schoolmaster that first instructed him.

Thomas Fuller.

THE BRITISH AND AMERICAN CONSTITUTIONS: A CONTRAST

DURING the last century the great American statesman, Daniel Webster, was a visitor in the old city of Quebec. At that time there was a detachment of the British Army doing garrison duty in the Gibraltar of the American continent. One evening the ears of Webster were saluted by the tattoo of the English troops, and a thought crossed his mind, which shortly afterwards, in a speech delivered in Congress, he expressed in these words, while speaking of England:

“On this question of principle, while actual suffer-

ing was yet afar off, [the American Colonies] raised their flag against a power to which, for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome, in the height of her glory, is not to be compared; a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum-beat, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth
20 with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England."

This beautiful language graphically expresses the power which has been reached by the small Island whose modest beginning has just been explained. If to-day Webster were to speak upon the same subject, if he could gaze upon what we to-day see with our own eyes, and were he to descant upon the same subject, with what images could he describe the power of England! He could speak of
30 her, not as encircling the globe with her garrisons, but as the centre of a group of daughter nations who have found the adoption and application to themselves of the British constitution not only a charter of liberty, but a closer bond of union with the motherland. Proud as we may be as British subjects of these achievements of the country to which we belong, there is another respect in which, it seems to me, the British subjects can derive still greater pride. The British constitution in another
40 way encircles the globe. It has been carried over the globe not only by British hands, but by the friends and lovers of liberty. During the last century all the nations of the continent of Europe have been convulsed by revolutions in the struggle of the people for liberty, and they found it at last in the application to themselves of the British constitution.

France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Greece, Denmark, Norway, Sweden—

all these countries have adopted, in whole or in part, 50
the British constitution. At all events, those which
have not adopted it entire have adopted those two
cardinal principles: "No taxation except by the con-
sent of the people," and "Ministerial responsibility."
Nor is that all. These great principles have crossed
the farthest oceans, and by them the dormant civil-
ization of the Orient has been quickened to life.
Japan has adopted them, and, by doing so, it has
jumped at one bound into the highest rank in peace
and war; and even the Empire of Turkey itself, 60
the decadent power, the sick man, as Lord Palmer-
ston used to call it, is seeking and may find in the
British constitution regeneration. And, ladies and
gentlemen, there is one power that has also adopt-
ed the British constitution, and it is the most illus-
trious of all, that is the American Republic.

When the thirteen colonies violently rent them-
selves from the motherland, they paid her the com-
pliment of incorporating in the constitution which
they afterwards adopted for themselves, almost in 70
its entirety, with few exceptions, the principles of
the constitution of the old country, as far as they
could apply them to their new conditions as a
republic. I am in honour bound to say that
wherever they departed from it they did not im-
prove but rather weakened their condition, and
I claim for the constitution of Great Britain that
it is more elastic, more practicable, more amenable
to the public weal, and, therefore, more democratic
than the constitution of the Republic of America. 80
In so far as legislative power is concerned there is
absolutely no difference at all; it is the British con-
stitution entire, under different names. They have
a Parliament, but the Parliament is called Congress;
it is composed of two Houses, not, of course, the
Lords and the Commons,—there are no Lords in
the United States, except the moneyed lords, the

moneyed barons, perhaps,—but they have the House of Representatives and the Senate. The head of
90 the nation, the President, is elective, and all legislation must be consented to, to be effective, by the House of Representatives, the Senate and the President. This is exactly the same as legislation by the King, the Lords and the Commons.

In so far as the Executive power is concerned it is vested in the President, but here arises the first radical departure between the American constitution and the British constitution. There is no Ministerial responsibility in the United States.
100 The President is elected for four years, and during those four years, he is the head, the executive power; he is absolutely beyond the control of Parliament; the people who have elected him have no control over him, and the Congress, which passes the laws, has no power over him; he is absolutely supreme, and if he does anything wrong in the eyes of the nation there is no force whereby he can be set right. Now, I am very sure that in this respect our constitution is far superior to the American constitution. The American publicists, how-
110 ever, have an answer to this; they tell us that the theory of their constitution is different from ours; that their theory is that the whole scheme of government is divided between three different branches, the legislative, the executive, and the judicial, and that each one is absolutely independent in its own sphere. Well, one has to recognize that this is a bold and noble conception, that every branch of the government should be absolutely independent,
120 and that it can move unchecked within its own sphere. Yet I submit that while this view is spectacular, it is not as practical as our own.

I understand that in a speech of the kind I am now delivering I must eschew everything which would even approximate to politics, but I do not

think I will commit a very grave breach of this rule if I tell you that there was an election in Canada in the year 1896, and there was also one in the United States. It so happened, also, and I will not defend my reference to it, that the result in each country was that the party in office was defeated. Well, in Canada, within three weeks after the verdict of the people had been recorded, a new Administration had been called and installed in office, whereas in the United States the verdict was rendered in the first week of November, but the new Administration was not installed until four months after. It took four months in the United States, where they have the reputation of being prompt, quick and sharp, to do what we did on this side of the line in three weeks. Now, if the object of the constitution, both in Canada and the United States, is to have a government of the people by the people and for the people, as Lincoln called it, if the object is to have the will of the people carried into effect, everybody must admit that our system of Ministerial responsibility is far more effective, more prompt, and far less liable to friction than is the American system. This, I admit, in times of peace, in times of moderation, under ordinary circumstances, where no irritating question is before the people, might not indeed present any very great inconvenience, except that it would, perhaps jar a little upon the impatience of the victors, but when there is before the people some question which has wrought great excitement, when popular passions have been aroused to a very high pitch, I submit with all due deference for the opinion of our American friends, that their system is liable to very serious danger.

And here again, I will give a concrete example. Perhaps the American publicists would differ with me, but there was a time, I may say, when they

might have thought differently, and that was after the election of Abraham Lincoln in 1860. That election had been fought upon the question of slavery. The programme of the Republican party, who carried the election, was a very moderate one: it did not propose to deal with slavery where slavery
170 existed then; but its whole programme was confined to this, that they would not allow any extension of slavery beyond those limits in which it then existed. To such a pitch, however, were the passions aroused at that time that the slavery power in the United States, in the South, to which it was then confined, threatened during the elections that if Abraham Lincoln were elected they would rend the Union, and after the election had taken place they proceeded to put their threat into execution.
180 State after State seceded from the Union. The outgoing President, James Buchanan, was an honest man, but a weak character. He was surrounded by traitors, who took advantage of the last days of the outgoing Government to facilitate the conspiracy of the slave power. The President-elect, Abraham Lincoln, was absolutely powerless to interfere; he was an impotent spectator of this work of destruction, and could not as much as lift a finger to prevent it. I cannot but believe that at
190 that time the American statesmen regretted that they had not the system of Ministerial responsibility such as prevailed under the British constitution, under which Abraham Lincoln would have been placed in office in three weeks. And how much blood and treasure would have been saved had Abraham Lincoln been more promptly placed in the position to which the voice of the people had called him.

There is another and still more striking example
200 to be found in the period of reconstruction which followed the civil war. The policy of Congress and

the policy of the President on the problem of reconstruction were at total variance. It is no part of my present purpose to consider who was in the right or who was in the wrong, but under the British system the policy of Congress would have easily prevailed. The first vote of want of confidence in the House of Representatives would have at once compelled a change of Ministry and forced the policy which Congress had in mind. But, 210 under the system which then existed, the President was in office for four years. He was absolutely free from control, he could baffle the will of Congress, and Congress was absolutely powerless. Again I am led to believe that the leaders of Congress at that time—Sumner, Stephens, and Wade—more than once regretted that the fathers had not adopted the British system, which would have made it so easy for Congress to carry out that policy. As it was, discord almost akin to civil war resulted 220 from the difference between Congress and the President. At last Congress resorted to the extreme process of impeachment against Johnson. The impeachment could not carry; it was defeated even by some of the best thinkers among the leaders of the Republican party, because it was felt that Johnson had committed no mistake, but was exercising the very powers invested in him by the American constitution; he was acting according to his own light, and therefore, if blame there was, the 230 blame was with the system. In this respect, I think, we British subjects can claim that our monarchical constitution is more practicable than the Republican constitution of the United States.

There is, however, one particular in which I think the American constitution is superior to our own. I should not say our own constitution, because in our Canadian constitution we have the best of both the British and American; but there is a particular

240 in which the American constitution in my humble judgment, is superior to the British; the American Constitution is a federative union, whereas the constitution of the United Kingdom is a legislative union. We understand by federative union a union of State entities, each one endowed with a legislative power to deal with local questions, and a central Government embracing, and legislating for, the whole, on questions which affect the whole. Perhaps at the first glance someone may think that

250 a constitution in which there is a division of legislation has not the element of strength which exists in the more compact legislative union. To this I would say that the experience of the world goes to show, rather, that a federative union is the most potent instrument of government to unite communities which have been heretofore divided either by ethnical differences, geographical distances or historic developments; and I would go farther, and say that the federative system is a counterpoise to

260 the danger of over-centralization in a not perfectly homogeneous community spread over a large territory. The Americans adopted a federative union, and in doing this I believe they built better than they knew, because its adoption was more a matter of necessity than of choice. It is a matter of history that after the war of the revolution there was, in the emancipated colonies, a disinclination to unite under a single strong Government. They preferred to keep up among themselves the loose ties which

270 had been hastily patched up at the commencement of the war, and it was only through the efforts of the best minds of that day that they at last adopted the union. The American Republic is today so united, so strong, so proud—and so legitimately proud—of its glorious past and its colossal future that it is almost a matter of surprise that

there should have been so much difficulty at the outset to unite it.

Such was the case, however, and it is not difficult to comprehend, if we remember the conditions which prevailed at the time of the war of the revolution. The thirteen colonies which separated in 1776 from Great Britain were not identical except in origin and in allegiance. Each one had been granted a separate charter, and each had a separate organization. There was between them very little communication and hardly any commerce. What little commerce there was, was simply the ready exchange of rough commodities over the borders of contiguous States. Great Britain forgot her own history, and attempted to tax those colonies against their will, against their consent, and in so doing struck a spark which at once produced a conflagration. 280 290

The attempt produced upon these Englishmen of the new world the same result which similar attempts had always produced upon Englishmen of the old world; it developed a spirit of unconquerable resistance. These men at once found out that they were of the same blood, the same kith and kin, and they organized to repel the coming danger; but as soon as that danger had been repelled each State wanted to revert to its independence and its separate existence. It was, as I repeat, the best efforts of the best men of that day which at last resulted in the introduction of the Union. The men to whom Americans are indebted for the carrying out of a Union as it exists to-day are George Washington, Alexander Hamilton, John Marshall, Daniel Webster and Abraham Lincoln. The United States has been fortunate, perhaps beyond any other nation, in producing at the right moment the right man to deal with the problem of the day. . . . 300 310

God forbid that I should enter, on this occasion

or any other occasion, on anything which might be ever so remotely connected with the question of British politics; but we are all British subjects, we have all the interests of the Empire at heart, and we can look across the water and seek for possible remedies to these momentous problems which come within the range-net, where there might be possible movements, not of actual politics, but in the high-realm of speculative thought. There is one thing which always strikes me in the position to-day of the Parliament of Great Britain. It is understood that it is congested, loaded and overloaded with petty interests and trifling questions. You may have one day in that august assembly—the most august the world has ever seen—a discussion upon the fate of empires, or the destinies of nations, or the highest concerns of war or peace; the following day a debate upon a road ditch in Wales, a loch in the Highlands of Scotland, or a piece of bog in Ireland. The greatest possible problems that ever engaged the anxious attention of legislators and the most petty trifling interests alternately engage the attention of the same men. There is something in this, it seems to me, not consistent with the sphere of action which ought to be reserved to an Imperial Parliament such as the British Parliament. I would not go further in this direction at present, but perhaps some time or other some federative system dividing legislation with regard to England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales may be devised for the United Kingdom.

Ladies and Gentlemen, you will ask me: "Is there not a great advantage which the Americans have over us in the fact that theirs is a written and the British an unwritten constitution?" For my part I must say that I do not attach very great importance either to one form or the other. Whether it is a written constitution

or an unwritten one, after all it is the will of the people which must prevail; and though the Americans have a written constitution, their history shows that it is possible, without changing a word of that constitution, so to vary the spirit of it as effectively to amend it. That is the case in regard to the election of Presidents. By an enactment of the constitution as it was originally framed, and supplemented by the twelfth amendment, the President is elected by what is called the Electoral College. Well, you would suppose it was the intention of the constitution that these electors, selected for that very purpose, great and eminent men, should proceed to the election of a President. Nothing of the kind. They have that task assigned to them, but they are not free agents; they simply have to record the will of the people as it is expressed at the polls. You are all familiar with the manner in which a Presidential election is carried on in these modern days. We had such an election not very long ago, and you heard the people shouting for Taft or for Bryan. On election day we were all looking to see who was elected; was it Taft or was it Bryan? The modern method of selection is this: A convention of each of the two parties, the Republican Convention or the Democratic Convention, selects Taft or Bryan, but the electors do not vote for Taft or Bryan, They vote for Mr. So-and-So and Mr. So-and-So, men whom they do not know and have never seen, but who have been carefully selected by the machine. The original constitution, as contemplated by the fathers, has been completely set aside, and instead of having an election by the Electoral College, we have in reality an election by the popular vote, so that there is not much difference whether the constitution is written or not, it can be arranged tacitly.

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Now, you will ask me, what conclusion is to be drawn from these comparisons? I will answer the question by saying that, barring the fact that the American Union is a federative Union, there is no possible doubt in my mind that the British constitution is far superior to the American. But the lines of difference are not very material for all, because the cardinal principle is that the will of the people is the supreme arbiter in one as in the other.

400 It does not follow that public opinion is always in the right,—it is very often in the wrong, but the course of history has shown us that both in Great Britain and the United States, under free institutions, truth and justice may for some time be ignored, and even impeded, but in the end they will prevail. Under those free institutions the triumph of truth and justice is generally of slow growth; it is not as sudden as the conversion of Saul on the road from Jerusalem to Damascus. But I

410 claim that under these free institutions, principles have been evolved from time to time which, though at first resisted, have at last been accepted as emanations from truth eternal.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

LETTER TO THE COUNTESS OF POMFRET

March, 1739.

I AM so well acquainted with the lady you mention, that I am not surprised at any proof of her want of judgment; she is one of those who has passed upon the world vivacity in the place of understanding; for me, who think with Boileau,

Rien n'est beau que le vrai, le vrai seul est aimable,

I have always thought those geniuses much inferior to the plain sense of a cookmaid, who can make a good pudding and keep the kitchen in good order.

10 Here is no news to be sent you from this place,

which has been for this fortnight and still continues overwhelmed with politics, and which are of so mysterious a nature, one ought to have some of the gifts of Lilly or Partridge to be able to write about them; and I leave all those dissertations to those distinguished mortals who are endowed with the talent of divination; though I am at present the only one of my sex who seems to be of that opinion, the ladies having shown their zeal and appetite for knowledge in a most glorious manner. At the last 20 warm debate in the House of Lords, it was unanimously resolved that there should be no crowd of unnecessary auditors; consequently the fair sex were excluded, and the gallery destined to the sole use of the House of Commons. Notwithstanding which determination, a tribe of dames resolved to show on this occasion that neither men nor laws could resist them. These heroines were Lady Huntingdon, the Duchess of Queensberry, the Duchess of Ancaster, Lady Westmoreland, Lady Cobham, 30 Lady Charlotte Edwin, Lady Archibald Hamilton, and her daughter, Mrs. Scott, and Mrs. Pendarves, and Lady Frances Saunderson. I am thus particular in their names, since I look upon them to be the boldest assertors, and most resigned sufferers for liberty, I ever read of. They presented themselves at the door at nine o'clock in the morning, where Sir William Saunderson respectfully informed them that the Chancellor had made an order against their admittance. The Duchess of Queensberry, as head 40 of the squadron, pished at the ill-breeding of a mere lawyer, and desired him to let them upstairs privately. After some modest refusals, he swore by — he would not let them in. Her grace, with a noble warmth, answered, by — they would come in in spite of the Chancellor and the whole House. This being reported, the Peers resolved to starve them out; an order was made that the doors should not be opened till they had raised their siege. These

- 50 Amazons now showed themselves qualified for the duty even of foot soldiers; they stood there till five in the afternoon, every now and then playing volleys of thumps, kicks, and raps against the door, with so much violence that the speakers in the House were scarce heard. When the Lords were not to be conquered by this, the two duchesses (very well apprised of the use of stratagems in war) commanded a dead silence of half an hour; and the Chancellor, who thought this a certain proof of their absence
- 60 (the Commons also being very impatient to enter), gave order for the opening of the door, upon which they all rushed in, pushed aside their competitors, and placed themselves in the front rows of the gallery. They stayed there till after eleven, when the House rose; and during the debate gave applause, and showed marks of dislike, not only by smiles and winks (which have always been allowed in these cases), but by noisy laughs and apparent contempts; which is supposed the true reason why poor Lord
- 70 Hervey spoke miserably. I beg your pardon, dear madam, for this long relation; but 'tis impossible to be short on so copious a subject; and you must own this action very well worthy of record, and I think not to be paralleled in history, ancient or modern. I look so little in my own eyes (who was at that time ingloriously sitting over a tea-table), I hardly dare subscribe myself even,

Yours,

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

THE STATE OF ENGLAND IN 1685

(HISTORY OF ENGLAND, CHAP. III)

THE coffee house must not be dismissed with a cursory mention. It might indeed in that time have been not improperly called a most important political institution. No Parliament had sat for years. The

municipal council of the City had ceased to speak the sense of the citizens. Public meetings, harangues, resolutions, and the rest of the modern machinery of agitation had not yet come into fashion. Nothing resembling the modern newspaper existed. In such circumstances the coffee houses were the chief 10 organs through which the public opinion of the metropolis vented itself.

The first of these establishments had been set up in the time of the Commonwealth by a Turkey merchant, who had acquired among the Mahometans a taste for their favourite beverage. The convenience of being able to make appointments in any part of the town, and of being able to pass evenings socially at a very small charge, was so great that the fashion spread fast. Every man of 20 the upper or middle class went daily to his coffee house to learn the news and to discuss it. Every coffee house had one or more orators to whose eloquence the crowd listened with admiration, and who soon became, what the journalists of our time have been called, a fourth Estate of the realm. The Court had long seen with uneasiness the growth of this new power in the state. An attempt had been made, during Danby's administration, to close the coffee houses. But men of all parties missed their 30 usual places of resort so much that there was an universal outcry. The government did not venture, in opposition to a feeling so strong and general, to enforce a regulation of which the legality might well be questioned. Since that time ten years had elapsed, and during those years the number and influence of the coffee houses had been constantly increasing. Foreigners remarked that the coffee house was that which especially distinguished London from all other cities; that the coffee house was the 40 Londoner's home, and that those who wished to find a gentleman commonly asked, not whether he lived in Fleet Street or Chancery Lane, but whether he

frequented the Grecian or the Rainbow. Nobody was excluded from these places who laid down his penny at the bar. Yet every rank and profession, and every shade of religious and political opinion, had its own headquarters. There were houses near Saint James's Park where fops congregated, their
50 heads and shoulders covered with black or flaxen wigs, not less ample than those which are now worn by the Chancellor and by the Speaker of the House of Commons. The wig came from Paris and so did the rest of the fine gentleman's ornaments, his embroidered coat, his fringed gloves, and the tassel which upheld his pantaloons. The conversation was in that dialect which, long after it had ceased to be spoken in fashionable circles, continued, in the
60 mouth of Lord Foppington, to excite the mirth of theatres. The atmosphere was like that of a perfumer's shop. Tobacco in any other form than that of richly scented snuff was held in abomination. If any clown, ignorant of the usages of the house, called for a pipe, the sneers of the whole assembly and the short answers of the waiters soon convinced him that he had better go somewhere else. Nor, indeed, would he have had far to go. For, in general, the coffee rooms reeked with tobacco like a guard-room; and strangers sometimes expressed their sur-
70 prise that so many people should leave their own firesides to sit in the midst of eternal fog and stench. Nowhere was the smoking more constant than at Will's. That celebrated house, situated between Covent Garden and Bow Street, was sacred to polite letters. There the talk was about poetical justice and the unities of place and time. There was a faction for Perrault and the moderns, a faction for Boileau and the ancients. One group debated whether *Paradise Lost* ought not to have been
80 in rhyme. To another an envious poetaster demonstrated that *Venice Preserved* ought to have been hooted from the stage. Under no roof was a

greater variety of figures to be seen. There were Earls in stars and garters, clergymen in cassocks and bands, pert Templars, sheepish lads from the Universities, translators and index makers in ragged coats of frieze. The great press was to get near the chair where John Dryden sate. In winter that chair was always in the warmest nook by the fire; in summer it stood in the balcony. To bow to the Laureate, and to hear his opinion of Racine's last tragedy or of Bossu's treatise on epic poetry, was thought a privilege. A pinch from his snuff box was an honour sufficient to turn the head of a young enthusiast. There were coffee houses where the first medical men might be consulted. Doctor John Radcliffe, who, in the year 1685, rose to the largest practice in London, came daily, at the hour when the Exchange was full, from his house in Bow Street, then a fashionable part of the capital, to Garraway's, and was to be found, surrounded by surgeons and apothecaries, at a particular table. There were Puritan coffee houses where no oath was heard, and where lankhaired men discussed election and reprobation through their noses; Jew coffee houses where dark eyed money changers from Venice and from Amsterdam greeted each other; and Popish coffee houses where, as good Protestants believed, Jesuits planned, over their cups, another great fire, and cast silver bullets to shoot the King.

These gregarious habits had no small share in forming the character of the Londoner of that age. He was, indeed, a different being from the rustic Englishman. There was not then the intercourse which now exists between the two classes. Only very great men were in the habit of dividing the year between town and country. Few esquires came to the capital thrice in their lives. Nor was it yet the practice of all citizens in easy circumstances to breathe the fresh air of the fields and woods during some weeks of every summer. A cockney,

in a rural village, was stared at as much as if he had intruded into a Kraal of Hottentots. On the other hand, when the lord of a Lincolnshire or Shropshire manor appeared in Fleet Street, he was as easily distinguished from the resident population as a Turk or a Lascar. His dress, his gait, his accent, the manner in which he gazed at the shops, stumbled into the gutters, ran against the porters, and stood under the waterspouts, marked him out as an excellent subject for the operations of swindlers and banterers. Bullies jostled him into the kennel. Hackney coachmen splashed him from head to foot. Thieves explored with perfect security the huge pockets of his horseman's coat, while he stood entranced by the splendour of the Lord Mayor's show. Moneydroppers, sore from the cart's tail, introduced themselves to him, and appeared to him the most honest friendly gentlemen that he had ever seen. Painted women, the refuse of Lewkner Lane and Whetstone Park, passed themselves on him for countesses and maids of honour. If he asked his way to Saint James's, his informants sent him to Mile End. If he went into a shop, he was instantly discerned to be a fit purchaser of everything that nobody else would buy, of second-hand embroidery, copper rings, and watches that would not go. If he rambled into any fashionable coffee house, he became a mark for the insolent derision of fops and the grave waggery of Templars. Enraged and mortified, he soon returned to his mansion, and there, in the homage of his tenants and the conversation of his boon companions, found consolation for the vexations and humiliations which he had undergone. There he was once more a great man, and saw nothing above himself except when at the assizes he took his seat on the bench near the Judge, or when at the muster of the militia he saluted the Lord Lieutenant.

The chief cause which made the fusion of the

different elements of society so imperfect was the extreme difficulty which our ancestors found in passing from place to place. Of all inventions, the alphabet and the printing press alone excepted, those inventions which abridge distance have done most for the civilization of our species. Every improvement of the means of locomotion benefits mankind morally and intellectually as well as materially, and not only facilitates the interchange of the various productions of nature and art, but tends to remove national and provincial antipathies, and to bind together all the branches of the great human family. In the seventeenth century the inhabitants of London were, for almost every practical purpose, farther from Reading than they now are from Edinburgh, and farther from Edinburgh than they now are from Vienna. 170

The subjects of Charles the Second were not, it is true, quite acquainted with that principle which has, in our own time, produced an unprecedented revolution in human affairs, which has enabled navies to advance in face of wind and tide, and brigades of troops, attended by all their baggage and artillery, to traverse kingdoms at a pace equal to that of the fleetest race horse. The Marquess of Worcester had recently observed the expansive power of moisture rarefied by heat. After many experiments he had succeeded in constructing a rude steam engine, which he called a fire water work, and which he pronounced to be an admirable and most forcible instrument of propulsion. But the Marquess was suspected to be a madman and known to be a Papist. His inventions, therefore found no favourable reception. His fire water work might, perhaps, furnish matter for conversation at a meeting of the Royal Society, but was not applied to any practical purpose. There were no railways, except a few made of timber, on which coals were carried from the mouths of the Northumbrian pits to the 180 190

200 banks of the Tyne. There was very little internal communication by water. A few attempts had been made to deepen and embank the natural streams, but with slender success. Hardly a single navigable canal had been even projected. The English of that day were in the habit of talking with mingled admiration and despair of the immense trench by which Lewis the Fourteenth had made a junction between the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. They little thought that their country would, in the course
210 of a few generations, be intersected, at the cost of private adventurers, by artificial rivers making up more than four times the length of the Thames, the Severn, and the Trent together.

It was by the highways that both travellers and goods generally passed from place to place; and those highways appear to have been far worse than might have been expected from the degree of wealth and civilization which the nation had even then attained. On the best lines of communication
220 the ruts were deep, the descents precipitous, and the way often such as it was hardly possible to distinguish, in the dusk, from the unenclosed heath and fen which lay on both sides. Ralph Thorseby, the antiquary, was in danger of losing his way on the great North road, between Barnby Moor and Tuxford, and actually lost his way between Doncaster and York. Pepys and his wife, travelling in their own coach, lost their way between Newbury and Reading. In the course of the same tour they lost
230 their way near Salisbury, and were in danger of having to pass the night on the plain. It was only in fine weather that the whole breadth of the road was available for wheeled vehicles. Often the mud lay deep on the right and the left; and only a narrow track of firm ground rose above the quagmire. At such times obstructions and quarrels were frequent, and the path was sometimes blocked up during a long time by carriers, neither of whom would

break the way. It happened, almost every day, that coaches stuck fast, until a team of cattle could be 240
procured from some neighbouring farm, to tug them out of the slough. But in bad seasons the traveller had to encounter inconveniences still more serious. Thoresby, who was in the habit of travelling between Leeds and the capital, has recorded, in his Diary, such a series of perils and disasters as might suffice for a journey to the Frozen Ocean or to the Desert of Sahara. On one occasion he learned that the floods were out between Ware and London, that passengers had to swim for their lives, 250
and that a higgler had perished in the attempt to cross. In consequence of these tidings he turned out of the high road, and was conducted across some meadows, where it was necessary for him to ride to the saddle skirts in water. In the course of another journey he narrowly escaped being swept away by an inundation of the Trent. He was afterwards detained at Stamford four days, on account of the state of the roads, and then ventured to proceed only because fourteen members of the House 260
of Commons, who were going up in a body to Parliament with guides and numerous attendants, took him into their company. On the roads of Derbyshire, travellers were in constant fear for their necks, and were frequently compelled to alight and lead their beasts. The great route through Wales to Holyhead was in such a state that, in 1685, a viceroy, going to Ireland, was five hours in travelling fourteen miles, from Saint Asaph to Conway. Between Conway and Beaumaris he was forced 270
to walk great part of the way; and his lady was carried in a litter. His coach was, with much difficulty, and by the help of many hands, brought after him entire. In general, carriages were taken to pieces at Conway, and borne, on the shoulders of stout Welsh peasants, to the Menai Straits. In some parts of Kent and Sussex, none but the strong-

est horses could, in winter, get through the bog, in which, at every step, they sank deep. The markets
280 were often inaccessible during several months. It is said that the fruits of the earth were sometimes suffered to rot in one place, while in another place, distant only a few miles, the supply fell far short of the demand. The wheeled carriages were, in this district, generally pulled by oxen. When Prince George of Denmark visited the stately mansion of Petworth in wet weather, he was six hours in going nine miles; and it was necessary that a body of
290 sturdy hinds should be on each side of his coach, in order to prop it. Of the carriages which conveyed his retinue several were upset and injured. A letter from one of the party has been preserved, in which the unfortunate courtier complains that, during fourteen hours, he never once alighted, except when his coach was overturned or stuck fast in the mud. . . .

Whatever might be the way in which a journey was performed, the travellers, unless they were numerous and well armed, ran considerable risk of
300 being stopped and plundered. The mounted highwayman, a marauder known to our generation only from books, was to be found on every main road. The waste tracts which lay on the great routes near London were especially haunted by plunderers of this class. Hounslow Heath, on the Great Western Road, and Finchley Common, on the Great Northern Road, were perhaps the most celebrated of these spots. The Cambridge scholars trembled when they approached Epping Forest, even in broad daylight.
310 Seamen who had just been paid off at Chatham were often compelled to deliver their purses on Gadshill, celebrated near a hundred years earlier by the greatest of poets as the scene of the depredations of Falstaff. The public authorities seem to have been often at a loss how to deal with the plunderers. At one time it was announced in the

Gazette, that several persons, who were strongly suspected of being highwaymen, but against whom there was not sufficient evidence, would be paraded at Newgate in riding dresses: their horses would also be shown; and all gentlemen who had been robbed were invited to inspect this singular exhibition. On another occasion a pardon was publicly offered to a robber if he would give up some rough diamonds, of immense value, which he had taken when he stopped the Harwich mail. A short time after appeared another proclamation, warning the innkeepers that the eye of the government was upon them. Their criminal connivance, it was affirmed, enabled banditti to infest the roads with impunity. That these suspicions were not without foundation, is proved by the dying speeches of some penitent robbers of that age, who appear to have received from the innkeepers services much resembling those which Farquhar's Boniface rendered to Gibbet.

It was necessary to the success and even to the safety of the highwayman that he should be a bold and skilful rider, and that his manners and appearance would be such as suited the master of a fine horse. He therefore held an aristocratical position in the community of thieves, appeared at fashionable coffee houses and gaming houses, and betted with men of quality on the race ground. Sometimes, indeed, he was a man of good family and education. A romantic interest therefore attached, and perhaps still attaches, to the names of freebooters of this class. The vulgar eagerly drank in tales of their ferocity and audacity, of their occasional acts of generosity and good nature, of their amours, of their miraculous escapes, of their desperate struggles, and of their manly bearing at the bar and in the cart. Thus it was related of William Nevison, the great robber of Yorkshire, that he levied a quarterly tribute on all the northern drovers, and, in return, not only spared

them himself, but protected them against all other thieves: that he demanded purses in the most courteous manner; that he gave largely to the poor what he had taken from the rich; that
360 his life was once spared by the royal clemency, but that he again tempted his fate, and at length died, in 1685, on the gallows of York. It was related how Claude Duval, the French page of the Duke of Richmond, took to the road, became captain of a formidable gang, and had the honour to be named first in a royal proclamation against notorious offenders; how at the head of his troop he stopped a lady's coach, in which there was a booty of four hundred pounds; how he took only one
370 hundred, and suffered the fair owner to ransom the rest by dancing a coranto with him on the heath; how his vivacious gallantry stole away the hearts of all women; how his dexterity at sword and pistol made him a terror to all men; how, at length, in the year 1670, he was seized when overcome by wine; how dames of high rank visited him in prison, and with tears interceded for his life; how the King would have granted a pardon, but for the interference of Judge Morton, the terror of highwaymen,
380 who threatened to resign his office unless the law were carried into full effect; and how, after the execution, the corpse lay in state with all the pomp of scutcheons, wax lights, black hangings and mutes, till the same cruel Judge, who had intercepted the mercy of the crown, sent officers to disturb the obsequies. In these anecdotes there is doubtless a large mixture of fable; but they are not on that account unworthy of being recorded; for it is both an
390 authentic and an important fact that such tales, whether false or true, were heard by our ancestors with eagerness and faith.

T. B. Macaulay.

LEVANA AND OUR LADIES OF SORROW

OFTENTIMES at Oxford I saw Levana in my dreams. I knew her by her Roman symbols. Who is Levana? Reader, that do not pretend to have leisure for very much scholarship, you will not be angry with me for telling you. Levana was the Roman goddess that performed for the new-born infant the earliest office of ennobling kindness,—typical, by its mode, of that grandeur which belongs to man everywhere, and of that benignity in powers invisible which even in Pagan worlds sometimes descends to sustain it. At the very moment of birth, just as the infant tasted for the first time the atmosphere of our troubled planet, it was laid on the ground. *That* might bear different interpretations. But immediately, lest so grand a creature should grovel there for more than one instant, either the paternal hand, as proxy for the goddess Levana, or some near kinsman, as proxy for the father, raised it upright, bade it look erect as the king of all this world, and presented its forehead to the stars, saying, perhaps, in his heart, “Behold what is greater than yourselves!” This symbolic act represented the function of Levana. And that mysterious lady, who never revealed her face (except to me in dreams), but always acted by delegation, had her name from the Latin verb (as still it is the Italian verb) *levare*, to raise aloft. 10 20

This is the explanation of Levana. And hence it has arisen that some people have understood by Levana the tutelary power that controls the education of the nursery. She, that would not suffer at his birth even a prefigurative or mimic degradation for her awful ward, far less could be supposed to suffer the real degradation attaching to the non-development of his powers. She therefore watches over human education. Now, the word *edūco*, with the penultimate short, was derived (by a pro- 30

cess often exemplified in the crystallisation of languages) from the word *edūco*, with the penultimate long. Whatsoever *educēs*, or develops, *educates*. By the education of Levana, therefore, is, meant,—not the poor machinery that moves by spelling-books and grammars, but by that mighty system of central forces hidden in the deep bosom of human life, which by passion, by strife, by temptation, by the energies of resistance, works for ever upon children,—resting not day or night, any more than the mighty wheel of day and night themselves, whose moments, like restless spokes, are glimmering forever as they revolve.

If, then, *these* are the ministries by which Levana works, how profoundly must she reverence the agencies of grief! But you, reader, think that children generally are not liable to grief such as mine. There are two senses in the word *generally*,—the sense of Euclid, where it means *universally* (or in the whole extent of the *genus*), and a foolish sense of this world, where it means *usually*. Now, I am far from saying that children universally are capable of grief like mine. But there are more than you ever heard of who die of grief in this island of ours. I will tell you a common case. The rules of Eton require that a boy on the *foundation* should be there twelve years: he is superannuated at eighteen; consequently he must come at six. Children torn away from mothers and sisters at that age not unfrequently die. I speak of what I know. The complaint is not entered by the registrar as grief; but *that* it is. Grief of that sort, and at that age, has killed more than ever have been counted amongst its martyrs.

Therefore it is that Levana often communes with the powers that shake man's heart; therefore it is that she dotes upon grief. "These ladies," said I softly to myself, on seeing the ministers with whom Levana was conversing, "these are the Sorrows;

and they are three in number: as the *Graces* are three, who dress man's life with beauty; the *Parcæ* are three, who weave the dark arras of man's life in their mysterious loom always with colours sad in part, sometimes angry with tragic crimson and black; the *Furies* are three, who visit with retributions called from the other side of the grave offences that walk upon this; and once even the *Muses* were but three, who fit the harp, the trumpet, or the lute, to the great burdens of man's impassioned creations. These are the Sorrows; all three of whom I know." The last words I say *now*; but in Oxford I said, "one of whom I know, and the others too surely I *shall* know." For already, in my fervent youth, I saw (dimly relieved upon the dark background of my dreams) the imperfect lineaments of the awful Sisters. 80

These Sisters—by what name shall we call them? If I say simply "The Sorrows," there will be a chance of mistaking the term; it might be understood of individual sorrow,—separate cases of sorrow,—whereas I want a term expressing the mighty abstractions that incarnate themselves in all individual sufferings of man's heart, and I wish to have these abstractions presented as impersonations, —that is, as clothed with human attributes of life, and with functions pointing to flesh. Let us call them, therefore, *Our Ladies of Sorrow*. 100

I know them thoroughly, and have walked in all their kingdoms. Three sisters they are, of one mysterious household; and their paths are wide apart; but of their dominion there is no end. Them I saw often conversing with Levana, and sometimes about myself. Do they talk, then? Oh no! Mighty phantoms like these disdain the infirmities of language. They may utter voices through the organs of man when they dwell in human hearts, but amongst themselves is no voice nor sound; eternal silence reigns in *their* kingdoms. They spoke not as they 110

talked with Levana; they whispered not; they sung not; though oftentimes methought they *might* have sung: for I upon earth had heard their mysteries oftentimes deciphered by harp and timbrel, by dulcimer and organ. Like God, whose servants they
120 are, they utter their pleasure not by sounds that perish, or by words that go astray, but by signs in heaven, by changes on earth, by pulses in secret rivers, heraldries painted on darkness, and hieroglyphics written on the tablets of the brain. *They* wheeled in mazes; *I* spelled the steps. *They* telegraphed from afar; *I* read the signals. *They* conspired together; and on the mirrors of darkness *my* eye traced the plots. *Theirs* were the symbols;
130 *mine* are the words.

What is it the Sisters are? What is it that they do? Let me describe their form and their presence, if form it were that still fluctuated in its outline, or presence it were that for ever advanced to the front, or for ever receded amongst shades.

The eldest of the three is named *Mater Lachrymarum*, Our Lady of Tears. She it is that night and day raves and moans, calling for vanished faces. She stood in Rama, where a voice was heard of
140 lamentation,—Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted. She it was that stood in Bethlehem on the night when Herod's sword swept its nurseries of Innocents, and the little feet were stiffened for ever which, heard at times as they trotted along floors overhead, woke pulses of love in household hearts that were not unmarked in heaven.

Her eyes are sweet and subtle, wild and sleepy, by turns; oftentimes rising to the clouds, oftentimes challenging the heavens. She wears a diadem round her head. And I knew by childish
150 memories that she could go abroad upon the winds, when she heard the sobbing of litanies, or the thundering of organs, and when she beheld the mustering of summer clouds. This sister, the elder,

it is that carries keys more than papal at her girdle, which open every cottage and every palace. She, to my knowledge, sat all last summer by the bedside of the blind beggar, him that so often and so gladly I talked with, whose pious daughter, eight years old, with the sunny countenance, resisted the temptations of play and village mirth, to travel all day long on dusty roads with her afflicted father. For this did God send her a great reward. In the spring time of the year, and whilst yet her own spring was budding, He recalled her to himself. But her blind father mourns for ever over *her*: still he dreams at midnight that the little guiding hand is locked within his own; and still he wakens to a darkness that is *now* within a second and a deeper darkness. This *Mater Lachrymarum* also has been sitting all this winter of 1844-5 within the bedchamber of the Czar, bringing before his eyes a daughter (not less pious) that vanished to God not less suddenly, and left behind her a darkness not less profound. By the power of the keys it is that Our Lady of Tears glides, a ghostly intruder, into the chambers of sleepless men, sleepless women, sleepless children, from Ganges to Nile, from Nile to Mississippi. And her, because she is the first-born of her house, and has the widest empire, let us honour with the title of "Madonna."

The second Sister is called *Mater Suspiriorum*, Our Lady of Sighs. She never scales the clouds, nor walks abroad upon the winds. She wears no diadem. And her eyes, if they were ever seen, would be neither sweet nor subtle; no man could read their story; they would be found filled with perishing dreams, and with wrecks of forgotten delirium. But she raises not her eyes; her head on which sits a dilapidated turban, droops for ever, for ever fastens on the dust. She weeps not. She groans not. But she sighs inaudibly at intervals. Her sister, Madonna, is oftentimes stormy and

frantic, raging in the highest against heaven, and demanding back her darlings. But Our Lady of Sighs never clamours, never defies, dreams not of rebellious aspirations. She is humble to abjectness. Hers is the meekness that belongs to the hopeless. Murmur she may, but it is in her sleep. Whisper she may, but it is to herself in the twilight. Mutter she does at times, but it is in solitary places that are desolate as she is desolate, in ruined cities, and when the sun has gone down to his rest. This sister is the visitor of the Pariah, of the Jew, of the bondsman to the oar in the Mediterranean galleys; of the English criminal in Norfolk Island, blotted out from the books of remembrance in sweet far-off England; of the baffled penitent reverting his eyes for ever upon a solitary grave, which to him seems the altar over-
thrown of some past and bloody sacrifice, on which
altar no oblations can now be availing, whether to-
wards pardon that he might implore, or towards
reparation that he might attempt. Every slave that
at noonday looks up to the tropical sun with timid
reproach, as he points with one hand to the earth,
our general mother, but for *him* a stepmother, as
he points with the other hand to the Bible, our
general teacher, but against *him* sealed and sequest-
ered; every woman sitting in darkness, without
love to shelter her head, or hope to illumine her
solitude, because the heaven-born instincts kindling
in her nature germs of holy affections, which God
implanted in her womanly bosom, having been stifled
by social necessities, now burn sullenly to waste,
like sepulchral lamps amongst the ancients; every
nun defrauded of her unreturning May-time by
wicked kinsman, whom God will judge; every cap-
tive in every dungeon; all that are betrayed, and all
that are rejected; outcasts by traditionary law, and
children of *hereditary* disgrace: all these walk with
Our Lady of Sighs. She also carries a key; but
she needs it little. For her kingdom is chiefly

amongst the tents of Shem, and the houseless vagrant of every clime. Yet in the very highest ranks of man she finds chapels of her own; and even in glorious England there are some that, to the world, carry their heads as proudly as the reindeer, who yet secretly have received her mark upon their foreheads.

But the third Sister, who is also the youngest —! Hush! whisper whilst we talk of *her*! Her kingdom is not large, or else no flesh should live; but within that kingdom all power is hers. Her head, turreted like that of Cybele, rises almost beyond the reach of sight. She droops not; and her eyes, rising so high, *might* be hidden by distance. But, being what they are, they cannot be hidden: through the treble veil of crape which she wears the fierce light of a blazing misery, that rests not for matins or for vespers, for noon of day or noon of night, for ebbing or for flowing tide, may be read from the very ground. She is the defier of God. She also is the mother of lunacies, and the suggestress of suicides. Deep lie the roots of her power; but narrow is the nation that she rules. For she can approach only those in whom a profound nature has been upheaved by central convulsions; in whom the heart trembles and the brain rocks under conspiracies of tempest from without and tempest from within. Madonna moves with uncertain steps, fast or slow, but still with tragic grace. Our Lady of Sighs creeps timidly and stealthily. But this youngest Sister moves with incalculable motions, bounding, and with tiger's leaps. She carries no key; for, though coming rarely amongst men, she storms all doors at which she is permitted to enter at all. And *her* name is *Mater Tenebrarum*,—Our Lady of Darkness.

These were the *Semnai Theai* or Sublime Goddesses, these were the *Eumenides* or Gracious Ladies (so called by antiquity in shuddering pro-

pitiatio), of my Oxford dreams. Madonna spoke. She spoke by her mysterious hand. Touching my head, she beckoned to Our Lady of Sighs; and *what* she spoke, translated out of the signs which (except in dreams) no man reads, was this:

“Lo! here is he whom in childhood I dedicated to my altars. This is he that once I made my darling. Him I led astray, him I beguiled; and from heaven
280 I stole away his young heart to mine. Through me did he become idolatrous; and through me it was, by languishing desires, that he worshipped the worm, and prayed to the wormy grave. Holy was the grave to him; lovely was its darkness; saintly its corruption. Him, this young idolater, I have seasoned for thee, dear gentle Sister of Sighs! Do thou take him now to *thy* heart, and season him for our dreadful sister. And thou,”—turning to the *Mater Tenebrarum*, she said,—“wicked sister, that
290 temptest and hatest, do thou take him from *her*. See that thy sceptre lie heavily on his head. Suffer not woman and her tenderness to sit near him in his darkness. Banish the frailties of hope; wither the relenting of love; scorch the fountains of tears; curse him as only *thou* canst curse. So shall he be accomplished in the furnace; so shall he see the things that ought *not* to be seen, sights that are abominable, and secrets that are unutterable. So shall he read elder truths, sad truths, grand truths,
300 fearful truths. So shall he rise again *before* he dies. And so shall our commission be accomplished which from God we had,—to plague his heart until we had unfolded the capacities of his spirit.”

Thomas De Quincey.

LETTER TO
THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD

MY LORD,—

February 7, 1755.

I have been lately informed by the proprietor of *The World*, that two papers, in which my *Dictionary* is recommended to the public, were written by your Lordship. To be so distinguished is an honour, which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your Lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address; and could not forbear to wish that I might 10
boast myself *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*,—that I might retain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your Lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his 20
all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my Lord, have now past, since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a Patron before. 30

The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a Patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encum-

bers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am sol-
 40 itary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a Patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less
 50 be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation,

My Lord,
 Your Lordship's most humble,
 Most obedient servant,
 SAM. JOHNSON.

A CLEAR VIEW OF THE GOVERNMENT AND POLITICS OF ENGLAND

(MY DISCOVERY OF ENGLAND)

A LOYAL British subject like myself in dealing with the government of England should necessarily begin with a discussion of the monarchy. I have never had the pleasure of meeting the King,—except once on the G.T.R. platform in Orillia, Ontario, when he was the Duke of York and I was one of the welcoming delegates of the town council. No doubt he would recall it in a minute.

But in England the King is surrounded by form-
 10 ality and circumstance. On many mornings I waited round the gates of Buckingham Palace but I found it quite impossible to meet the King in the quiet sociable way in which one met him in Orillia.

The English, it seems, love to make the kingship a subject of great pomp and official etiquette. In Canada it is quite different. Perhaps we understand kings and princes better than the English do. At any rate we treat them in a far more human heart-to-heart fashion than is the English custom, and they respond to it at once. I remember when King 20 George—he was, as I say, Duke of York then—came up to Orillia, Ontario, how we all met him in a delegation on the platform. Bob Curran—Bob was Mayor of the town that year—went up to him and shook hands with him and invited him to come right on up to the Orillia House where he had a room reserved for him. Charlie Janes and Mel Tudhope and the other boys who were on the town Council gathered round the royal prince and shook hands and told him that he simply must stay 30 over. George Rapley, the bank manager, said that if he wanted a cheque cashed or anything of that sort to come right into the Royal Bank and he would do it for him. The prince had two aides-de-camp with him and a secretary, but Bob Curran said to bring them uptown too and it would be all right. We had planned to have an oyster supper for the Prince at Jim Smith's hotel and then take him either to the Y.M.C.A. Pool Room or else over to the tea social in the basement of the Presbyterian Church. 40

Unluckily the prince couldn't stay. It turned out that he had to get right back into his train and go on to Peterborough, Ontario, where they were to have a brass band to meet him, which naturally he didn't want to miss.

But the point is that it was a real welcome. And you could see that the prince appreciated it. There was a warmth and a meaning to it that the prince understood at once. It was a pity that he couldn't have stayed over and had time to see the carriage 50 factory and the new sewerage plant. We all told the prince that he must come back and he said that

if he could he most certainly would. When the prince's train pulled out of the station and we all went back uptown together (it was before prohibition came to Ontario) you could feel that the institution of royalty was quite solid in Orillia for a generation.

But you don't get that sort of thing in England. 60 There's a formality and coldness in all their dealings with royalty that would never go down with us. They like to have the King come and open Parliament dressed in royal robes, and with a clattering troop of soldiers riding in front of him. As for taking him over to the Y.M.C.A. to play pin pool, they never think of it. They have seen so much of the mere *outside* of his kingship that they don't understand the *heart* of it as we do in Canada.

But let us turn to the House of Commons: for no 70 description of England would be complete without at least some mention of this interesting body. Indeed for the ordinary visitor to London the greatest interest of all attaches to the spacious and magnificent Parliament Buildings. The House of Commons is commodiously situated beside the River Thames. The principal features of the House are the large lunch room on the western side and the tea-room on the terrace on the eastern. A series of smaller luncheon rooms extend (apparently) all 80 round about the premises: while a commodious bar offers a ready access to the members at all hours of the day. While any members are in the bar a light is kept burning in the tall Clock Tower at one corner of the building, but when the bar is closed the light is turned off by whichever of the Scotch members leaves last. There is a handsome legislative chamber attached to the premises from which—so the antiquarians tell us—the House of Commons took its name. But it is not usual now for the 90 members to sit in the legislative chamber as the legislation is now all done outside, either at the

home of Mr. Lloyd George, or at the National Liberal Club, or at one or other of the newspaper offices. The House, however, is called together at very frequent intervals to give it an opportunity of hearing the latest legislation and allowing the members to indulge in cheers, sighs, groans, votes and other expressions of vitality. After having cheered as much as is good for it, it goes back again to the lunch rooms and goes on eating till 100 needed again.

It is, however, an entire exaggeration to say that the House of Commons no longer has a real share in the government of England. This is not so. Anybody connected with the government values the House of Commons in a high degree. One of the leading newspaper proprietors of London himself told me that he has always felt that if he had the House of Commons on his side he had a very valuable ally. Many of the labour leaders are inclined to regard the House of Commons as of great utility, while the leading women's organizations, now that women are admitted as members, may be said to regard the House as one of themselves. 110

Looking around to find just where the natural service of the House of Commons comes in, I am inclined to think that it must be in the practice of "asking questions" in the House. Whenever anything goes wrong a member rises and asks a question. He gets up, for example, with a little paper in his hand, and asks the government if ministers are aware that the Khedive of Egypt was seen yesterday wearing a Turkish Tarbosh. Ministers say very humbly that they hadn't known it, and a thrill runs through the whole country. The members can apparently ask any questions they like. In the repeated visits which I made to the gallery of the House of Commons I was unable to find any particular sense or meaning in the questions asked, though no doubt they had an intimate bearing on English 120 130

politics not clear to an outsider like myself. I heard one member ask the government whether they were aware that herrings were being imported from Hamburg to Harwich. The government said no. Another member rose and asked the government whether they considered Shakespeare or Molière the greater dramatic artist. The government answered that ministers were taking this under their earnest consideration and that a report would be
140 submitted to Parliament. Another member asked the government if they knew who won the Queen's Plate this season at Toronto. They did,—in fact this member got in wrong, as this is the very thing that the government do know. Towards the close of the evening a member rose and asked the government if they knew what time it was. The Speaker, however, ruled this question out of order on the ground that it had been answered before.

The Parliament Buildings are so vast that it is
150 not possible to state with certainty what they do, or do not, contain. But it is generally said that somewhere in the building is the House of Lords. When they meet they are said to come together very quietly shortly before the dinner hour, take a glass of dry sherry and a biscuit (they are all abstemious men), reject whatever bills may be before them at the moment, take another dry sherry and then adjourn for two years.

The public are no longer allowed unrestricted
160 access to the Houses of Parliament; its approaches are now strictly guarded by policemen. In order to obtain admission it is necessary either to (A) communicate in writing with the Speaker of the House, enclosing certificates of naturalization and proof of identity, or (B) give the policeman five shillings. Method B is the one usually adopted. On great nights, however, when the House of Commons is sitting and is about to do something important, such as ratifying a Home Rule Bill or

cheering, or welcoming a new lady member, it is 170
not possible to enter by merely bribing the policeman with five shillings; it takes a pound. The English people complain bitterly of the rich Americans who have in this way corrupted the London public. Before they were corrupted they would do anything for sixpence.

This peculiar vein of corruption by the Americans runs like a thread, I may say, through all the texture of English life. Among those who have been principally exposed to it are the servants,— 180
especially butlers and chauffeurs, hotel porters, bell boys, railway porters and guards, all taxi-drivers, pew-openers, curates, bishops, and a large part of the peerage.

The terrible ravages that have been made by the Americans on English morality are witnessed on every hand. Whole classes of society are hopelessly damaged. I have it in the evidence of the English themselves and there seems to be no doubt of the fact. Till the Americans came to England the 190
people were an honest, law-abiding race, respecting their superiors and despising those below them. They had never been corrupted by money and their employers extended to them in this regard their tenderest solicitude. Then the Americans came. Servants ceased to be what they were; butlers were hopelessly damaged; hotel porters became a wreck; taxi-drivers turned out thieves; curates could no longer be trusted to handle money; peers sold their daughters at a million dollars a piece or three for two. In fact the whole kingdom began to deteriorate 200
till it got where it is now. At present after a rich American has stayed in any English country house, its owners find that they can do nothing with the butler; a wildness has come over the man. There is a restlessness in his demeanour and a strange wistful look in his eye as if seeking for something. In many cases, so I understand, after an American

has stayed in a country house the butler goes insane.
210 He is found in his pantry counting over the sixpence given to him by a Duke, and laughing to himself. He has to be taken in charge by the police. With him generally go the chauffeur, whose mind has broken down from driving a rich American twenty miles; and the gardener, who is found tearing up raspberry bushes by the roots to see if there is any money under them; and the local curate whose brain has collapsed or expanded, I forget which, when a rich American gave him fifty dollars for his
220 soup kitchen.

There are, it is true, a few classes that have escaped this contagion, shepherds living in the hills, drovers, sailors, fishermen and such like. I remember the first time I went into the English countryside being struck with the clean, honest look in the people's faces. I realised exactly where they got it: they had never seen any Americans. I remember speaking to an aged peasant down in Somerset.
230 "Have you ever seen any Americans?" "Nah," he said, "uz eard a mowt o' 'em, zir, but uz zeen nowt o' 'em." It was clear that the noble fellow was quite undamaged by American contact.

Now the odd thing about this corruption is that exactly the same idea is held on the other side of the water. It is a known fact that if a young English Lord comes to an American town he puts it to the bad in one week. Socially the whole place goes to pieces. Girls whose parents are in the hardware
240 business and who used to call their father "pop" begin to talk of precedence and whether a Duchess Dowager goes in to dinner ahead of or behind a countess scavenger. After the young Lord has attended two dances and one tea-social in the Methodist Church Sunday School Building (Adults 25 cents, children 10 cents—all welcome.) there is nothing for the young men of the town to do except to drive him out or go further west.

One can hardly wonder then that this general corruption has extended even to the policemen who guard the Houses of Parliament. On the other hand this vein of corruption has not extended to English politics. Unlike ours, English politics,—one hears it on every hand,—are pure. Ours unfortunately are known to be not so. The difference seems to be that our politicians will do anything for money and the English politicians won't; they just take the money and won't do a thing for it. 250

Somehow there always seems to be a peculiar interest about English political questions that we don't find elsewhere. At home in Canada our politics turn on such things as how much money the Canadian National Railways lose as compared with how much they could lose if they really tried; on whether the Grain Growers of Manitoba should be allowed to import ploughs without paying a duty or to pay a duty without importing ploughs. Our members at Ottawa discuss such things as highway subsidies, dry farming, the Bank Act, and the tariff on hardware. These things leave me absolutely cold. To be quite candid there is something terribly plebeian about them. In short, our politics are what we call in French "people." 260 270

But when one turns to England, what a striking difference! The English, with the whole huge British Empire to fish in and the European system to draw upon, can always dig up some kind of political topic of discussion that has a real charm about it. One month you find English politics turning on the Oasis of Merv and the next on the hinterland of Albania; or a member rises in the Commons with a little bit of paper in his hand and desires to ask the foreign secretary if he is aware that the Ahkoond of Swat is dead. The foreign secretary states that the government have no information other than that the Ahkoond *was* dead a month ago. There is a distinct sensation in the House at the realisation 280

that the Ahkoond has been dead a month without the House having known that he was alive. The sensation is conveyed to the Press and the afternoon
290 papers appear with large headings, THE AHKOOND OF SWAT IS DEAD. The public who have never heard of the Ahkoond bare their heads in a moment in a pause to pray for the Ahkoond's soul. Then the cables take up the refrain and word is flashed all over the world, *The Ahkoond of Swat is Dead*.

There was a Canadian journalist and poet once who was so impressed with the news that the Ahkoond was dead, so bowed down with regret that he had never known the Ahkoond while alive, that
300 he forthwith wrote a poem in memory of *The Ahkoond of Swat*. I have always thought that the reason of the wide admiration that Lannigan's verses received was not merely because of the brilliant wit that is in them but because in a wider sense they typify so beautifully the scope of English politics. The death of the Ahkoond of Swat, and whether Great Britain should support as his successor Mustalpa El Djin or Kamu Flaj,—there is something worth talking of over an afternoon at
310 tea table. But suppose that the whole of the Manitoba Grain Growers were to die. What could one say about it? They'd be dead, that's all.

So it is that people all over the world turn to English politics with interest. What more delightful than to open an atlas, find out where the new kingdom of Hejaz is, and then violently support the British claim to a protectorate over it. Over in America we don't understand this sort of thing. There is naturally little chance to do so and we don't
320 know how to use it when it comes. I remember that when a chance did come in connection with the great Venezuela dispute over the ownership of the jungles and mud-flats of British Guiana, the American papers at once inserted headings, WHERE IS THE ESSQUIBO RIVER? That spoiled the whole

thing. If you admit that you don't know where a place is, then the bottom is knocked out of all discussion. But if you pretend that you do, then you are all right. Mr. Lloyd George is said to have caused great amusement at the Versailles Conference by admitting that he hadn't known where Teschen was. So at least it was reported in the papers; and for all I know it might even have been true. But the fun that he raised was not really half what could have been raised. I have it on good authority that two of the American delegates hadn't known where Austria Proper was and thought that Unredeemed Italy was on the East side of New York, while the Chinese Delegate thought that the Cameroons were part of Scotland. But it is these little geographic niceties that lend a charm to European politics that ours lack forever. 330 340

I don't mean to say the English politics always turn on romantic places or on small questions. They don't. They often include questions of the largest order. But when the English introduce a really large question as the basis of their politics they like to select one that is insoluble. This guarantees that it will last. Take for example the rights of the Crown as against the people. That lasted for one hundred years,—all the seventeenth century. In Oklahoma or in Alberta they would have called a convention on the question, settled it in two weeks and spoiled it for further use. In the same way the Protestant Reformation was used for a hundred years and the Reform Bill for a generation. 350

At the present time the genius of the English for politics has selected as their insoluble political question the topic of the German indemnity. The essence of the problem as I understand it may be stated as follows: 360

It was definitely settled by the Conference at Versailles that Germany is to pay the Allies 3,912,-486,782,421 marks. I think that is the correct figure,

though of course I am speaking only from memory. At any rate, the correct figure is within a hundred billion marks of the above.

370 The sum to be paid was not reached without a great deal of discussion. Monsieur Briand, the French Minister, is reported to have thrown out the figure 4,281,390,687,471. But Mr. Lloyd George would not pick it up. Nor do I blame him unless he had a basket to pick it up with.

Lloyd George's point of view was that the Germans could very properly pay a limited amount such as 3,912,486,782,421 marks, but it was not feasible to put on them a burden of 4,281,390,687,471 marks.

380 By the way, if any one at this point doubts the accuracy of the figures just given, all he has to do is to take the amount of the indemnity as stated in gold marks and then multiply it by the present value of the mark and he will find to his chagrin that the figures are correct. If he is still not satisfied I refer him to a book of Logarithms. If he is not satisfied with that I refer him to any work on conic sections and if not convinced even then I refer him so far that he will never come back.

390 The indemnity being thus fixed, the next question is as to the method of collecting it. In the first place there is no intention of allowing the Germans to pay in actual cash. If they do this they will merely inflate the English beyond what is bearable. England has been inflated now for eight years and has had enough of it.

In the second place, it is understood that it will not allow the Germans to offer 4,281,390,687,471 marks' worth of coal. It is more than the country needs.

400 What is more, if the English want coal they propose to buy it in an ordinary decent way from a Christian coal-dealer in their own country. They do not purpose to ruin their own coal industry for

the sake of building up the prosperity of the German nation.

What I say of coal is applied with equal force to any offers of food, grain, oil, petroleum, gas, or any other natural product. Payment in any of these will be sternly refused. Even now it is all the British farmers can do to live and for some it is more. Many of them are having to sell off their motors and pianos and to send their sons to college to work. At the same time, the German producer by depressing the mark further and further is able to work fourteen hours a day. This argument may not be quite correct but I take it as I find it in the London Press. Whether I state it correctly or not, it is quite plain that the problem is insoluble. That is all that is needed in first class politics. 410

A really good question like the German reparation question will go on for a century. Undoubtedly in the year 2000 A.D., a British Chancellor of the Exchequer will still be explaining that the government is fully resolved that Germany shall pay to the last farthing (*cheers*): but that ministers have no intention of allowing the German payment to take a form that will undermine British industry (*wild applause*): that the German indemnity shall be paid so that without weakening the power of the Germans to buy from us it shall increase our power of selling to them. 420

Such questions last forever. 430

On the other hand sometimes by sheer carelessness a question gets settled and passes out of politics. This, so we are given to understand, has happened to the Irish question. It is settled. A group of Irish delegates and British ministers got together round a table and settled it. The settlement has since been celebrated at a demonstration of brotherhood by the Irish Americans of New York with only six casualties. Henceforth the Irish question passes into history. There may be some odd fighting 440

along the Ulster border, or a little civil war with perhaps a little revolution every now and then, but as a question the thing is finished.

I must say that I for one am very sorry to think that the Irish question is gone. We shall miss it greatly. Debating societies which have flourished on it ever since 1886 will be wrecked for want of it. Dinner parties will now lose half the sparkle of
450 their conversation. It will be no longer possible to make use of such good old remarks as, "After all the Irish are a gifted people," or "You must remember that fifty per cent of the great English generals were Irish."

The settlement turned out to be a very simple affair. Ireland was merely given dominion status. What that is, no one knows, but it means that the Irish have now got it and that they sink from the high place that they had in the white light of pub-
460 licity to the level of the Canadians or the New Zealanders.

Whether it is quite a proper thing to settle trouble by conferring dominion status on it, is open to question. It is a practice that is bound to spread. It is rumoured that it is now contemplated to confer dominion status upon the Borough of Poplar and on the Cambridge undergraduates. It is even understood that at the recent disarmament conference England offered to confer dominion status on the
470 United States. President Harding would assuredly have accepted it at once but for the protest of Mr. Briand, who claimed that any such offer must be accompanied by a permission to increase the French fire-brigade by fifty per cent.

It is lamentable, too, that at the very same moment when the Irish question was extinguished, the Naval Question which had lasted for nearly fifty years was absolutely obliterated by disarmament. Henceforth the alarm of invasion is a thing of the
480 past and the navy practically needless. Beyond

keeping a fleet in the North Sea and one on the Mediterranean, and maintaining a patrol all round the rim of the Pacific Ocean, Britain will cease to be a naval power. A mere annual expenditure of fifty million pounds sterling will suffice for such thin pretence of naval preparedness as a disarmed nation will have to maintain.

This thing too, came as a surprise, or at least a surprise to the general public who are unaware of the workings of diplomacy. Those who know about such things were fully aware of what would happen if a whole lot of British sailors and diplomatists and journalists were exposed to the hospitalities of Washington. The British and Americans are both alike. You can't drive them or lead them or coerce them, but if you give them a cigar they'll do anything. 490

The inner history of the conference is only just beginning to be known. But it is whispered that immediately on his arrival Mr. Balfour was given a cigar by President Harding. Mr. Balfour at once offered to scrap five ships, and invited the entire American cabinet into the British Embassy, where Sir A. Geddes was rash enough to offer them champagne. 500

The American delegates immediately offered to scrap ten ships. Mr. Balfour, who simply cannot be outdone in international courtesy, saw the ten and raised it to twenty. President Harding saw the twenty, raised it to thirty, and sent out for more poker chips. 510

At the close of the play Lord Beatty, who is urbanity itself, offered to scrap Portsmouth Dockyard, and asked if anybody present would like Canada. President Harding replied with his customary tact that if England wanted the Philippines, he would think it what he would term a residuum of normalcy to give them away. There is no telling what might have happened had not Mr. Briand

520 interposed to say that any transfer of the Philip-
pines must be regarded as a signal for a twenty per
cent increase in the Boy Scouts of France. As a
tactful conclusion to the matter President Harding
raised Mr. Balfour to the peerage.

As things are, disarmament coming along with the
Irish settlement, leaves English politics in a bad way.
The general outlook is too peaceful altogether. One
looks round almost in vain for any of those "strained
relations" which used to be the very basis of Eng-
530 lish foreign policy. In only one direction do I see
light for English politics, and that is over towards
Czecho-Slovakia. It appears that Czecho-Slovakia
owes the British Exchequer fifty million sterling.
I cannot quote the exact figure, but it is either fifty
million or fifty billion. In either case Czecho-Slo-
vakia is unable to pay. The announcement has just
been made by M. Sgitzch, the new treasurer, that
the country is bankrupt or at least that he sees his
way to make it so in a week.

540 It has been at once reported in City circles that
there are "strained relations" between Great Britain
and Czecho-Slovakia. Now what I advise is, that
if the relations are strained, keep them so. England
has lost nearly all the strained relations she ever
had; let her cherish the few that she still has. I
know that there are other opinions. The suggestion
has been at once made for a "round table confer-
ence," at which the whole thing can be freely dis-
cussed without formal protocols and something like
550 a "gentleman's agreement" reached. I say, don't do
it. England is being ruined by these round table
conferences. They are sitting round in Cairo
and Calcutta and Capetown, filling all the best hotels
and eating out the substance of the taxpayer.

I am told that Lloyd George has offered to go to
Czecho-Slovakia. He should be stopped. It is said
that Professor Keynes has proved that the best
way to deal with the debt of Czecho-Slovakia is to

send them whatever cash we have left, thereby turning the exchange upside down on them, and forcing them to buy all their Christmas presents in Manchester. 560

It is wiser not to do anything of the sort. England should send them a good old-fashioned ultimatum, mobilise all the naval officers at the Embankment hotels, raise the income tax another sixpence, and defy them.

If that were done it might prove a successful first step in bringing English politics back to the high plane of conversational interest from which they are threatening to fall. 570

Stephen Leacock.

LETTER TO HORACE GREELEY

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON,
August 22, 1862.

HON. HORACE GREELEY:

DEAR SIR,—I have just read yours of the 19th, addressed to myself through the New York *Tribune*. If there be in it any statements or assumptions of fact which I may know to be erroneous, I do not, now and here, controvert them. If there be in it any inferences which I may believe to be falsely drawn, I do not, now and here, argue against them. If there be perceptible in it an impatient and dictatorial tone, I waive it in deference to an old friend whose heart I have always supposed to be right. 10

As to the policy I “seem to be pursuing,” as you say, I have not meant to leave anyone in doubt.

I would save the Union. I would save it the shortest way under the constitution. The sooner the national authority can be restored, the nearer the Union will be the “Union as it was.” If there be those who would not save the Union unless

20 they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them. If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time destroy slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and it is not either to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; and if I could do it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, 30 I would also do that. What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save the Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union. I shall do less whenever I shall believe what I am doing hurts the cause, and I shall do more whenever I shall believe that doing more will help the cause. I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views. 40 I have stated my purpose according to my view of official duty; and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed wish that all men everywhere could be free.

Yours,

A. Lincoln.

THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

FOUR score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-

place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. 10

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work 20 which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the the last full measure of devotion: that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain: that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom: and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the 30 earth.

Abraham Lincoln.

THE METHOD OF SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION

(DARWINIANA)

THE method of scientific investigation is nothing but the expression of the necessary mode of working of the human mind. It is simply the mode at which all phenomena are reasoned about, rendered precise and exact. There is no more difference, but there is just the same kind of difference, between the mental operations of a man of science and those of an ordinary person, as there is between the operations and methods of a baker or of a butcher weighing out his goods in common scales, and the 10

operations of a chemist in performing a difficult and complex analysis by means of his balance and finely graduated weights. It is not that the action of the scales in the one case, and the balance in the other, differ in the principles of their construction or manner of working; but the beam of one is set on an infinitely finer axis than the other, and of course turns by the addition of a much smaller weight.

20 You will understand this better, perhaps, if I give you some familiar example. You have all heard it repeated, I dare say, that men of science work by means of induction and deduction, and that by the help of these operations, they, in a sort of sense, wring from Nature certain other things, which are called natural laws, and causes, and that out of these, by some cunning skill of their own, they build up hypotheses and theories. And it is imagined by many, that the operations of the common mind can
30 be by no means compared with these processes, and that they have to be acquired by a sort of special apprenticeship to the craft. To hear all these large words, you would think that the mind of a man of science must be constituted differently from that of his fellow men; but if you will not be frightened by terms, you will discover that you are quite wrong, and that all these terrible apparatus are being used by yourselves every day and every hour of your lives.

40 There is a well-known incident in one of Molière's plays, where the author makes the hero express unbounded delight on being told that he had been talking prose during the whole of his life. In the same way, I trust, that you will take comfort, and be delighted with yourselves, on the discovery that you have been acting on the principles of inductive and deductive philosophy during the same period. Probably there is not one here who has not in the course of the day had occasion to set in motion a complex

train of reasoning, of the very same kind, though 50
differing of course in degree, as that which a scientific man goes through in tracing the causes of natural phenomena.

A very trivial circumstance will serve to exemplify this. Suppose you go into a fruiterer's shop, wanting an apple, — you take up one, and, on biting it, you find it is sour; you look at it, and see that it is hard and green. You take up another one, and that too is hard, green, and sour. The shopman offers you a third; but, before biting it, you examine 60
it, and find that it is hard and green, and you immediately say that you will not have it, as it must be sour, like those that you have already tried.

Nothing can be more simple than that, you think; but if you will take the trouble to analyse and trace out into its logical elements what has been done by the mind, you will be greatly surprised. In the first place you have performed the operation of induction. You found that, in two experiences, hardness and greenness in apples went together with sourness. It 70
was so in the first case, and it was confirmed by the second. True, it is a very small basis, but still it is enough to make an induction from; you generalise the facts, and you expect to find sourness in apples where you get hardness and greenness. You found upon that a general law that all hard and green apples are sour; and that, so far as it goes, is a perfect induction. Well, having got your natural law in this way, when you are offered another apple which you find is hard and green, you say, "All 80
hard and green apples are sour; this apple is hard and green, therefore this apple is sour." That train of reasoning is what logicians call a syllogism, and has all its various parts and terms,— its major premiss, its minor premiss and its conclusion. And, by the help of further reasoning, which, if drawn out, would have to be exhibited in two or three other syllogisms, you arrive at your final determination,

“I will not have that apple.” So that, you see, you
90 have, in the first place, established a law by induction, and upon that you have founded a deduction, and reasoned out the special particular case. Well now, suppose, having got your conclusion of the law, that at some time afterwards, you are discussing the qualities of apples with a friend: you will say to him, “It is a very curious thing, — but I find that all hard and green apples are sour!” Your friend says to you, “But how do you know that?” You at once reply, “Oh, because I have tried them over
100 and over again, and have always found them to be so.” Well, if we were talking science instead of common sense, we should call that an experimental verification. And, if still opposed, you go further, and say, “I have heard from the people in Somersetshire and Devonshire, where a large number of apples are grown, that they have observed the same thing. It is also found to be the case in Normandy, and in North America. In short, I find it to be the universal experience of mankind wherever attention
110 has been directed to the subject.” Whereupon, your friend, unless he is a very unreasonable man, agrees with you, and is convinced that you are quite right in the conclusion you have drawn. He believes, although perhaps he does not know he believes it, that the more extensive verifications are, — that the more frequently experiments have been made, and results of the same kind arrived at, — that the more varied the conditions under which the same results are attained, the more certain is the ultimate conclusion, and he disputes the question no further. He
120 sees that the experiment has been tried under all sorts of conditions, as to time, place, and people, with the same result; and he says with you, therefore, that the law you have laid down must be a good one, and he must believe it.

In science we do the same thing; — the philosopher exercises precisely the same faculties, though

in a much more delicate manner. In scientific inquiry it becomes a matter of duty to expose a supposed law to every possible kind of verification, and to take care, moreover, that this is done intentionally, and not left to a mere accident, as in the case of the apples. And in science, as in common life, our confidence in a law is in exact proportion to the absence of variation in the result of our experimental verifications. For instance, if you let go your grasp of an article you may have in your hand, it will immediately fall to the ground. That is a very common verification of one of the best established laws of nature — that of gravitation. The method by which men of science establish the existence of that law is exactly the same as that by which we have established the trivial proposition about the sourness of hard and green apples. But we believe it in such an extensive, thorough, and unhesitating manner because the universal experience of mankind verifies it, and we can verify it ourselves at any time; and that is the strongest possible foundation on which any natural law can rest.

So much, then, by way of proof that the method of establishing laws in science is exactly the same as that pursued in common life. Let us now turn to another matter (though really it is but another phase of the same question), and that is, the method by which, from the relations of certain phenomena, we prove that some stand in the position of causes towards the others.

I want to put the case clearly before you, and I will therefore show you what I mean by another familiar example. I will suppose that one of you, on coming down in the morning to the parlour of your house, finds that a tea-pot and some spoons which had been left in the room on the previous evening are gone, — the window is open, and you observe the mark of a dirty hand on the window-frame, and perhaps, in addition to that, you notice

the impress of a hob-nailed shoe on the gravel outside. All these phenomena have struck your attention instantly, and before two seconds have passed, 170 you say, "Oh, somebody has broken open the window, entered the room and run off with the spoons and the tea-pot!" That speech is out of your mouth in a moment. And you will probably add, "I know there has ; I am quite sure of it!" You mean to say exactly what you know ; but in reality you are giving expression to what is, in all essential particulars, an hypothesis. You do not *know* it at all ; it is nothing but an hypothesis rapidly framed in your own mind. And it is an hypothesis founded on a long 180 train of inductions and deductions.

What are those inductions and deductions, and how have you got at this hypothesis? You have observed in the first place, that the window is open ; but by a train of reasoning involving many inductions and deductions, you have probably arrived long before at the general law — and a very good one it is — that windows do not open of themselves ; and you therefore conclude that something has opened the window. A second general law that you have 190 arrived at in the same way is, that tea-pots and spoons do not go out of a window spontaneously, and you are satisfied that, as they are not now where you left them, they have been removed. In the third place, you look at the marks on the window-sill, and the shoe-marks outside, and you say that in all previous experience the former kind of mark has never been produced by anything else but the hand of a human being ; and the same experience shows that no other animal but man at present 200 wears shoes with hobnails in them such as would produce the marks in the gravel. I do not know, even if we could discover any of those "missing links" that are talked about, that they would help us to any other conclusion ! At any rate the law which states our present experience is strong enough for

my present purpose. You next reach the conclusion that, as these kind of marks have not been left by any other animal than man, or are liable to be formed in any other way than a man's hand and shoe, the marks in question have been formed by a man in that way. You have, further, a general law, founded on observation and experience, and that, too, is, I am sorry to say, a very universal and unimpeachable one, — that some men are thieves; and you assume at once from all these premisses — and that is what constitutes your hypothesis — that the man who made the marks outside and on the window-sill, opened the window, got into the room, and stole your tea-pot and spoons. You have now arrived at a *vera causa*; — you have assumed a cause which, it is plain, is competent to produce all the phenomena you have observed. You can explain all these phenomena only by the hypothesis of a thief. But that is a hypothetical conclusion, of the justice of which you have no absolute proof at all; it is only rendered highly probable by a series of inductive and deductive reasonings. 210 220

I suppose your first action, assuming that you are a man of ordinary common sense, and that you have established this hypothesis to your own satisfaction, will very likely be to go off for the police, and set them on the track of the burglar, with the view to the recovery of your property. But just as you are starting with this object, some person comes in, and on learning what you are about, says, "My good friend, you are going on a great deal too fast. How do you know that the man who really made the marks took the spoons? It might have been a monkey that took them, and the man may have merely looked in afterwards." You would probably reply, "Well, that is all very well, but you see it is contrary to all experience of the way tea-pots and spoons are abstracted; so that, at any rate, your hypothesis is less probable than mine." While you 230 240

are talking the thing over in this way, another friend arrives, one of the good kind of people that I was talking of a little while ago. And he might say, "Oh, my dear sir, you are certainly going on a great deal too fast. You are most presumptuous. You admit that all these occurrences took place when you were fast asleep, at a time when you could not possibly have known anything about what was taking place. How do you know that the laws of Nature are not suspended during the night? It may be that there has been some kind of supernatural interference in this case." In point of fact, he declares that your hypothesis is one of which you cannot at all demonstrate the truth, and that you are by no means sure that the laws of Nature are the same when you are asleep as when you are awake.

Well, now, you cannot at the moment answer that kind of reasoning. You feel that your worthy friend has you somewhat at a disadvantage. You will feel perfectly convinced in your own mind, however, that you are quite right, and you say to him, "My good friend, I can only be guided by the natural probabilities of the case, and if you will be kind enough to stand aside and permit me to pass, I will go and fetch the police." Well, we will suppose that your journey is successful, and that by good luck you meet with a policeman; that eventually the burglar is found with your property on his person, and the marks correspond to his hand and to his boots. Probably any jury would consider these facts a very good experimental verification of your hypothesis, touching the cause of the abnormal phenomena observed in your parlor, and would act accordingly.

Now, in this supposititious case, I have taken phenomena of a very common kind, in order that you might see what are the different steps in an ordinary process of reasoning, if you will only take the trouble to analyse it carefully. All the operations

I have described, you will see, are involved in the mind of any man of sense in leading him to a conclusion as to the course he should take in order to make good a robbery and punish the offender. I say that you are led, in that case, to your conclusion by exactly the same train of reasoning as that which a man of science pursues when he is endeavouring to discover the origin and laws of the most occult phenomena. The process is, and always must be, the same; and precisely the same mode of reasoning was employed by Newton and Laplace in their endeavours to discover and define the causes of the movements of the heavenly bodies, as you, with your own common sense, would employ to detect a burglar. The only difference is, that the nature of the inquiry being more abstruse, every step has to be most carefully watched, so that there may not be a single crack or flaw in your hypothesis. A flaw or crack in many of the hypotheses of daily life may be of little or no moment as affecting the general correctness of the conclusions at which we may arrive; but, in a scientific inquiry, a fallacy, great or small, is always of importance, and is sure to be in the long run constantly productive of mischievous if not fatal results.

Do not allow yourselves to be misled by the common notion that an hypothesis is untrustworthy simply because it is an hypothesis. It is often urged, in respect to some scientific conclusion, that, after all, it is only an hypothesis. But what more have we to guide us in nine-tenths of the most important affairs of daily life than hypotheses, and often very ill-based ones? So that in science, where the evidence of an hypothesis is subjected to the most rigid examination, we may rightly pursue the same course. You may have hypotheses and hypotheses. A man may say, if he likes, that the moon is made of green cheese: that is an hypothesis. But another man, who has devoted a great deal of

time and attention to the subject, and availed himself of the most powerful telescopes and the results of the observations of others, declares that in his opinion it is probably composed of materials very similar to those of which our own earth is made up: and that is also only an hypothesis. But I need not tell you that there is an enormous difference in the value of the two hypotheses. That one which is based on sound scientific knowledge is sure to have a corresponding value; and that which is a mere hasty random guess is likely to have but little value. Every great step in our progress in discovering causes has been made in exactly the same way as that which I have detailed to you. A person observing the occurrence of certain facts and phenomena asks, naturally enough, what process, what kind of operation known to occur in Nature applied to the particular case, will unravel and explain the mystery? Hence you have the scientific hypothesis; and its value will be proportionate to the care and completeness with which its basis had been tested and verified. It is in these matters as in the commonest affairs of practical life: the guess of the fool will be folly, while the guess of the wise man will contain wisdom. In all cases, you see that the value of the result depends on the patience and faithfulness with which the investigator applies to his hypothesis every possible kind of verification.

Thomas Henry Huxley.

III SHORT STORIES

THE APPARITION OF MRS. VEAL

A True Relation

of

The Apparition

of

MRS. VEAL,

The Next Day After Her Death,

to

MRS. BARGRAVE,

at

Canterbury, The Eighth of September, 1705,
which apparition recommends the perusal of
Drelincourt's Book of Consolations Against
the Fears of Death.

THE PREFACE

THIS relation is matter of fact, and attended with such circumstances as may induce any reasonable man to believe it. It was sent by a gentleman, a justice of peace at Maidstone, in Kent, and a very intelligent person, to his friend in London, as it is here worded; which discourse is attested by a very sober and understanding gentleman, who had it from his kinswoman, who lives in Canterbury, within a few doors of the house in which the within-named Mrs. Bargrave lived; and who he believes to be of so discerning a spirit, as not to be put upon by any fallacy, and who positively assured him that the whole matter as it is related and laid down is really

true, and what she herself had in the same words, as near as may be, from Mrs. Bargrave's own mouth, who, she knows, had no reason to invent and publish such a story, or any design to forge and tell a lie, being a woman of much honesty and virtue, and her whole life a course, as it were, of piety. The
20 use which we ought to make of it is to consider that there is a life to come after this, and a just God who will retribute to every one according to the deeds done in the body, and therefore to reflect upon our past course of life we have led in the world; that our time is short and uncertain; and that if we would escape the punishment of the ungodly and receive the reward of the righteous, which is the laying hold of eternal life, we ought, for the
30 time to come to return to God by a speedy repentance, ceasing to do evil, and learning to do well; to seek after God early, if haply He may be found of us, and lead such lives for the future as may be well pleasing in His sight.

A RELATION, &C.

This thing is so rare in all its circumstances, and on so good authority, that my reading and conversation have not given me anything like it. It is fit to gratify the most ingenious and serious inquirer. Mrs. Bargrave is the person to whom Mrs. Veal
40 appeared after her death; she is my intimate friend, and I can avouch for her reputation for these last fifteen or sixteen years, on my own knowledge; and I can confirm the good character she had from her youth to the time of my acquaintance; though since this relation she is calumniated by some people that are friends to the brother of Mrs. Veal who appeared, who think the relation of this appearance to be a reflection, and endeavour what they can to blast Mrs. Bargrave's reputation, and to laugh the
50 story out of countenance. But by the circumstances thereof, and the cheerful disposition of Mrs. Bar-

grave, notwithstanding the ill-usage of a very wicked husband, there is not the least sign of dejection in her face; nor did I ever hear her let fall a desponding or murmuring expression; nay, not when actually under her husband's barbarity, which I have been witness to, and several other persons of undoubted reputation.

Now you must know Mrs. Veal was a maiden gentlewoman of about thirty years of age, and for some years last past had been troubled with fits, which were perceived coming on by her going off from her discourses very abruptly to some impertinence. She was maintained by an only brother, and kept his house in Dover. She was a very pious woman, and her brother a very sober man, to all appearance; but now he does all he can to null or quash the story. Mrs. Veal was intimately acquainted with Mrs. Bargrave from her childhood. Mrs. Veal's circumstances were then mean; her father did not take care of his children as he ought, so that they were exposed to hardships; and Mrs. Bargrave in those days had as unkind a father, though she wanted neither for food nor clothing, whilst Mrs. Veal wanted for both, insomuch that she would often say, "Mrs. Bargrave, you are not only the best, but the only friend I have in the world; and no circumstance in life shall ever dissolve my friendship." They would often condole each other's adverse fortunes, and read together, "Drelincourt upon Death," and other good books; and so, like two Christian friends, they comforted each other under their sorrow.

Some time after Mr. Veal's friends got him a place in the custom-house at Dover, which occasioned Mrs. Veal, by little and little, to fall off from her intimacy with Mrs. Bargrave, though there never was any such thing as a quarrel; but an indifferency came on by degrees, till at last Mrs. Bargrave had not seen her in two years and a half; though about

a twelvemonth of the time Mrs. Bargrave had been absent from Dover, and this last half-year had been in Canterbury about two months of the time, dwelling in a house of her own.

In this house, on the 8th of September, 1705, she was sitting alone, in the forenoon, thinking over her unfortunate life, and arguing herself into a due resignation to Providence, though her condition seemed hard. "And," said she, "I have been provided for hitherto, and doubt not but I shall be still; and am well satisfied that my afflictions shall end when it is most fit for me;" and then took up her sewing-work, which she had no sooner done but she hears a knocking at the door. She went to see who was there, and this proved to be Mrs. Veal, her old friend, who was in a riding-habit; at that moment of time the clock struck twelve at noon.

"Madam," says Mrs. Bargrave, "I am surprised to see you, you have been so long a stranger;" but told her she was glad to see her, and offered to salute her, which Mrs. Veal complied with, till their lips almost touched; and then Mrs. Veal drew her hand across her own eyes and said, "I am not very well," and so waived it. She told Mrs. Bargrave she was going a journey, and had a great mind to see her first. "But," says Mrs. Bargrave, "how came you to take a journey alone? I am amazed at it, because I know you have a good brother." "Oh," says Mrs. Veal, "I gave my brother the slip, and came away, because I had so great a desire to see you before I took my journey." So Mrs. Bargrave went in with her into another room within the first, and Mrs. Veal set her down in an elbow-chair, in which Mrs. Bargrave was sitting when she heard Mrs. Veal knock. Then says Mrs. Veal, "My dear friend, I am come to renew our old friendship again, and beg your pardon for my breach of it; and if you can forgive me, you are the best of women." "Oh," says Mrs. Bargrave, "do not mention such a thing.

I have not had an uneasy thought about it; I can easily forgive it." "What did you think of me?" said Mrs. Veal. Says Mrs. Bargrave, "I thought you were like the rest of the world, and that prosperity had made you forget yourself and me." Then Mrs. Veal reminded Mrs. Bargrave of the many friendly offices she did in her former days, and much of the conversation they had with each other in the times of their adversity; what books they read, and what comfort in particular they received from "Drelincourt's Book of Death," which was the best, she said, on that subject ever written. She also mentioned Dr. Sherlock, the two Dutch books which were translated, written upon Death, and several others; but Drelincourt, she said, had the clearest notions of death and of the future state of any who had handled that subject. Then she asked Mrs. Bargrave whether she had Drelincourt. She said, "Yes." Says Mrs. Veal, "Fetch it." And so Mrs. Bargrave goes up stairs and brings it down. Says Mrs. Veal, "Dear Mrs. Bargrave, if the eyes of our faith were as open as the eyes of our body, we should see numbers of angels about us for our guard. The notions we have of heaven now are nothing like to what it is, as Drelincourt says. Therefore be comforted under your afflictions, and believe that the Almighty has a particular regard to you, and that your afflictions are marks of God's favour; and when they have done the business they are sent for, they shall be removed from you. And believe me, my dear friend, believe what I say to you, one minute of future happiness will infinitely reward you for all your sufferings; for I can never believe" (and claps her hands upon her knees with great earnestness, which indeed ran through most of her discourse) "that ever God will suffer you to spend all your days in this afflicted state; but be assured that your afflictions shall leave you, or you them, in a short time." She spake in that pathetical

and heavenly manner that Mrs. Bargrave wept several times, she was so deeply affected with it.

Then Mrs. Veal mentioned Dr. Horneck's "Ascetick," at the end of which he gives an account of the lives of the primitive Christians. Their pattern she recommended to our imitation, and said, "Their conversation was not like this of our age: for now," says she, "there is nothing but frothy, vain discourse, which is far different from theirs. Theirs was to edification, and to build one another up in faith; so that they were not as we are, nor are we as they were; but," said she, "we ought to do as they did. There was a hearty friendship among them; but where is it now to be found?" Says Mrs. Bargrave, "It is hard indeed to find a true friend in these days." Says Mrs. Veal, "Mr. Norris has a fine copy of verses, called 'Friendship in Perfection,' which I wonderfully admire. Have you seen the book?" Says Mrs. Veal. "No," says Mrs. Bargrave, "but I have the verses of my own writing out." "Have you?" says Mrs. Veal; "then fetch them." Which she did from above-stairs, and offered them to Mrs. Veal to read, who refused, and waived the thing, saying holding down her head would make it ache; and then desired Mrs. Bargrave to read them to her, which she did. As they were admiring "Friendship" Mrs. Veal said, "Dear Mrs. Bargrave, I shall love you for ever." In these verses there is twice used the word Elysian. "Ah!" says Mrs. Veal, "these poets have such names for heaven!" She would often draw her hand across her own eyes and say, "Mrs. Bargrave, do not you think I am mightily impaired by my fits?" "No," says Mrs. Bargrave, "I think you look as well as ever I knew you."

After all this discourse, which the apparition put in much finer words than Mrs. Bargrave said she could pretend to, and as much more than she can remember, for it cannot be thought that an hour and

three-quarters' conversation could be retained, though the main of it she thinks she does, she said to Mrs. Bargrave she would have her write a letter 210 to her brother, and tell him she would have him give rings to such and such, and that there was a purse of gold in her cabinet, and that she would have two broad pieces given to her cousin Watson.

Talking at this rate, Mrs. Bargrave thought that a fit was coming upon her, and so placed herself in a chair just before her knees, to keep her from falling to the ground, if her fits should occasion it (for the elbow-chair, she thought, would keep her from falling on either side); and to divert Mrs. 220 Veal, as she thought, took hold of her gown-sleeve several times and commended it. Mrs. Veal told her it was a scoured silk, and newly made up. But for all this, Mrs. Veal persisted in her request, and told Mrs. Bargrave that she must not deny her, and she would have her tell her brother all their conversation when she had an opportunity. "Dear Mrs. Veal," said Mrs. Bargrave, "this seems so impertinent that I cannot tell how to comply with it; and what a mortifying story will our conversation be to 230 a young gentleman? Why," says Mrs. Bargrave, "it is much better, methinks, to do it yourself." "No," says Mrs. Veal, "though it seems impertinent to you now, you will see more reason for it hereafter." Mrs. Bargrave then, to satisfy her importunity, was going to fetch a pen and ink, but Mrs. Veal said, "Let it alone now, but do it when I am gone; but you must be sure to do it;" which was one of the last things she enjoined her at parting. So she promised her. 240

Then Mrs. Veal asked for Mrs. Bargrave's daughter. She said she was not at home, "but if you have a mind to see her," says Mrs. Bargrave, "I'll send for her." "Do," says Mrs. Veal. On which she left her, and went to a neighbour's to see for her; and by the time Mrs. Bargrave was returning, Mrs.

Veal was got without the door into the street, in the face of the beast-market, on a Saturday (which is market-day), and stood ready to part. As soon as
250 Mrs. Bargrave came to her, she asked her why she was in such haste. She said she must be going, though perhaps she might not go her journey until Monday; and told Mrs. Bargrave she hoped she should see her again at her cousin Watson's before she went whither she was going. Then she said she would take her leave of her, and walked from Mrs. Bargrave in her view, till a turning interrupted the sight of her, which was three-quarters after one in the afternoon.

260 Mrs. Veal died the 7th of September, at twelve o'clock at noon, of her fits, and had not above four hours' sense before death, in which time she received the sacrament. The next day after Mrs. Veal's appearing, being Sunday, Mrs. Bargrave was so mightily indisposed with a cold and a sore throat, that she could not go out that day; but on Monday morning she sent a person to Captain Watson's to know if Mrs. Veal was there. They wondered at
Mrs. Bargrave's inquiry, and sent her word that she
270 was not there, nor was expected. At this answer, Mrs. Bargrave told the maid she had certainly mistook the name or made some blunder. And though she was ill, she put on her hood, and went herself to Captain Watson's, though she knew none of the family, to see if Mrs. Veal was there or not. They said they wondered at her asking, for that she had not been in town; they were sure, if she had, she would have been there. Says Mrs. Bargrave, "I am
sure she was with me on Saturday almost two
280 hours." They said it was impossible; for they must have seen her, if she had. In comes Captain Watson while they are in dispute, and said that Mrs. Veal was certainly dead, and her escutcheons were making. This strangely surprised Mrs. Bargrave, when she sent to the person immediately who had the care

of them, and found it true. Then she related the whole story to Captain Watson's family, and what gown she had on, and how striped, and that Mrs. Veal told her it was scoured. Then Mrs. Watson cried out, "You have seen her indeed, for none knew but Mrs. Veal and myself that the gown was scoured." And Mrs. Watson owned that she described the gown exactly; "for," said she, "I helped her to make it up." This Mrs. Watson blazed all about the town, and avouched the demonstration of the truth of Mrs. Bargrave's seeing Mrs. Veal's apparition; and Captain Watson carried two gentlemen immediately to Mrs. Bargrave's house to hear the relation from her own mouth. And when it spread so fast that gentlemen and persons of quality, the judicious and sceptical part of the world, flocked in upon her, it at last became such a task that she was forced to go out of the way; for they were in general extremely well satisfied of the truth of the thing, and plainly saw that Mrs. Bargrave was no hypochondriac, for she always appears with such a cheerful air and pleasing mien, that she has gained the favour and esteem of all the gentry, and it is thought a great favour if they can but get the relation from her own mouth. I should have told you before that Mrs. Veal told Mrs. Bargrave that her sister and brother-in-law were just come down from London to see her. Says Mrs. Bargrave, "How came you to order matters so strangely?" "It could not be helped," said Mrs. Veal. And her brother and sister did come to see her, and entered the town of Dover just as Mrs. Veal was expiring. Mrs. Bargrave asked her whether she would drink some tea. Says Mrs. Veal, "I do not care if I do; but I'll warrant you this mad fellow" (meaning Mrs. Bargrave's husband) "has broken all your trinkets." "But," says Mrs. Bargrave, "I'll get something to drink in for all that." But Mrs. Veal

waived it, and said, "It is no matter; let it alone;" and so it passed.

All the time I sat with Mrs. Bargrave, which was some hours, she recollected fresh sayings of Mrs. Veal. And one material thing more she told Mrs. Bargrave—that old Mr. Breton allowed Mrs. Veal
330 ten pounds a year, which was a secret, and unknown to Mrs. Bargrave till Mrs. Veal told it her. Mrs. Bargrave never varies in her story, which puzzles those who doubt of the truth or are unwilling to believe it. A servant in the neighbour's yard adjoining to Mrs. Bargrave's house heard her talking to somebody an hour of the time Mrs. Veal was with her. Mrs. Bargrave went out to her next neighbour's the very moment she parted with Mrs. Veal, and told her what ravishing conversation she had with an
340 old friend, and told the whole of it. Drelincourt's "Book of Death" is, since this happened, bought up strangely. And it is to be observed that, notwithstanding all the trouble and fatigue Mrs. Bargrave has undergone upon this account, she never took the value of a farthing, nor suffered her daughter to take anything of anybody, and therefore can have no interest in telling the story.

But Mr. Veal does what he can to stifle the matter, and said he would see Mrs. Bargrave; but yet
350 it is certain matter of fact that he has been at Captain Watson's since the death of his sister, and yet never went near Mrs. Bargrave; and some of his friends report her to be a liar, and that she knew of Mr. Breton's ten pounds a year. But the person who pretends to say so has the reputation of a notorious liar among persons whom I know to be of undoubted credit. Nor, Mr. Veal is more of a gentleman than to say she lies, but says a bad husband has crazed her. But she needs only present
360 herself and it will effectually confute that pretence. Mr. Veal says he asked his sister on her deathbed whether she had a mind to dispose of anything, and

she said no. Now, the things that Mrs. Veal's apparition would have disposed of were so trifling, and nothing of justice aimed at in their disposal, that the design of it appears to me to be only in order to make Mrs. Bargrave so to demonstrate the truth of her appearance, as to satisfy the world of the reality thereof as to what she had seen and heard, and to secure her reputation among the reasonable and understanding part of mankind. And then again Mr. Veal owns that there was a purse of gold; but it was not found in her cabinet, but in a comb-box. This looks improbable; for that Mrs. Watson owned that Mrs. Veal was so very careful of the key of the cabinet that she would trust nobody with it; and if so, no doubt she would not trust her gold out of it. And Mrs. Veal's often drawing her hand over her eyes, and asking Mrs. Bargrave whether her fits had not impaired her, looks to me as if she did it on purpose to remind Mrs. Bargrave of her fits, to prepare her not to think it strange that she should put her upon writing to her brother to dispose of rings and gold, which looks so much like a dying person's request; and it took accordingly with Mrs. Bargrave, as the effects of her fits coming upon her; and was one of the many instances of her wonderful love to her and care of her that she should not be affrighted, which indeed appears in her whole management, particularly in her coming to her in the daytime, waiving the salutation, and when she was alone, and then the manner of her parting to prevent a second attempt to salute her.

Now, why Mr. Veal should think this relation a reflection, as it is plain he does by his endeavouring to stifle it, I cannot imagine, because the generality believe her to be a good spirit, her discourse was so heavenly. Her two great errands were to comfort Mrs. Bargrave in her affliction, and to ask her forgiveness for the breach of friendship, and with a pious discourse to encourage her. So that after all

to suppose that Mrs. Bargrave could hatch such an invention as this from Friday noon to Saturday noon, supposing that she knew of Mrs. Veal's death the very first moment, without jumbling circumstances, and without any interest too, she must be more witty, fortunate, and wicked too than any indifferent person, I dare say, will allow. I asked Mrs. Bargrave several times if she was sure she felt the gown. She answered modestly "If my senses are to
410 be relied on, I am sure of it." I asked her if she heard a sound when she clapped her hands upon her knees. She said she did not remember she did, but said she appeared to be as much a substance as I did, who talked with her. "And I may," said she, "be as soon persuaded that your apparition is talking to me now as that I did not really see her; for I was under no manner of fear, and received her as a friend, and parted with her as such. I would not,"
420 says she, "give one farthing to make any one believe it; I have no interest in it. Nothing but trouble is entailed upon me for a long time, for aught I know; and had it not come to light by accident, it would never have been made public." But now she says she will make her own private use of it, and keep herself out of the way as much as she can; and so she has done since. She says she had a gentleman who came thirty miles to her to hear the relation, and that she told it to a room full of people at a
430 time. Several particular gentlemen have had the story from Mrs. Bargrave's own mouth.

This thing has very much affected me, and I am as well satisfied as I am of the best grounded matter of fact. And why we should dispute matter of fact because we cannot solve things of which we have no certain or demonstrative notions, seems strange to me. Mrs. Bargrave's authority and sincerity alone would have been undoubted in any other case.

THE THREE STRANGERS

(WESSEX TALES)

AMONG the few features of agricultural England which retain an appearance but little modified by the lapse of centuries, may be reckoned the high, grassy and furzy downs, coombs, or ewe-leases, as they are indifferently called, that fill a large area of certain counties in the south and south-west. If any mark of human occupation is met with hereon, it usually takes the form of the solitary cottage of some shepherd.

Fifty years ago such a lonely cottage stood on such 10
a down, and may possibly be standing there now. In spite of its loneliness, however, the spot, by actual measurements, was not more than five miles from a county-town. Yet that affected it little. Five miles of irregular upland, during the long inimical seasons, with their sleets, snows, rains, and mists, afford withdrawing space enough to isolate a Timon or a Nebuchadnezzar; much less, in fair weather, to please that less repellent tribe, the poets, philosophers, artists, and others who 'conceive and 20
meditate of pleasant things.'

Some old earthen camp or barrow, some clump of trees, at least some starved fragment of ancient hedge is usually taken advantage of in the erection of these forlorn dwellings. But, in the present case, such a kind of shelter had been disregarded. Higher Crowstairs, as the house was called, stood quite detached and undefended. The only reason for its precise situation seemed to be the crossing of two footpaths at right angles hard by, which may 30
have crossed there and thus for a good five hundred years. Hence the house was exposed to the elements on all sides. But, though the wind up here blew unmistakably when it did blow, and the rain hit hard whenever it fell, the various weathers of the winter season were not quite so formidable on the

coomb as they were imagined to be by dwellers on low ground. The raw rims were not so pernicious as in the hollows, and the frosts were scarcely so
40 severe. When the shepherd and his family who tenated the house were pitied for their sufferings from the exposure, they said that upon the whole they were less inconvenienced by 'wuzzes and flames' (hoarses and phlegms) than when they had lived by the stream of a snug neighbouring valley.

The night of March 28, 182-, was precisely one of the nights that were wont to call forth these expressions of commiseration. The level rainstorm smote walls, slopes, and hedges like the clothyard
50 shafts of Senlac and Crecy. Such sheep and outdoor animals as had no shelter stood with their buttocks to the winds; while the tails of little birds trying to roost on some scraggy thorn were blown inside-out like umbrellas. The gable-end of the cottage was stained with wet, and the eavesdroppings flapped against the wall. Yet never was commiseration for the shepherd more misplaced. For that cheerful rustic was entertaining a large party in glorification of the christening of his second girl.
60 The guests had arrived before the rain began to fall, and they were all now assembled in the chief or living room of the dwelling. A glance into the apartment at eight o'clock on this eventful evening would have resulted in the opinion that it was as cosy and comfortable a nook as could be wished for in boisterous weather. The calling of its inhabitant was proclaimed by a number of highly-polished sheep-crooks without stems that were hung ornamentally over the fireplace, the curl of each shining
70 crook, varying from the antiquated type engraved in the patriarchal pictures of old family Bibles to the most approved fashion of the last local sheep-fair. The room was lighted by half-a-dozen candles, having wicks only a trifle smaller than the grease which enveloped them, in candlesticks that were

never used but at high-days, holy-days, and family feasts. The lights were scattered about the room, two of them standing on the chimney-piece. This position of candles was in itself significant. Candles on the chimney-piece always meant a party. 80

On the hearth, in front of a back-brand to give substance, blazed a fire of thorns, that crackled 'like the laughter of the fool.'

Nineteen persons were gathered here. Of these, five women, wearing gowns of various bright hues, sat in chairs along the wall; girls shy and not shy filled the window-bench; four men, including Charley Jake the hedge-carpenter, Elijah New the parish-clerk, and John Pitcher, a neighbouring dairyman, the shepherd's father-in-law, lolled in the settle; a young man and maid, who were blushing over tentative *pourparlers* on a life-companionship, sat beneath the corner-cupboard; and an elderly engaged man of fifty or upward moved restlessly about from spots where his betrothed was not to the spot where she was. Enjoyment was pretty general, and so much the more prevailed in being unhampered by conventional restriction. Absolute confidence in each other's good opinion begat perfect ease, while the finishing stroke of manner, amount- 100 ing to a truly princely serenity, was lent to the majority by the absence of any expression or trait denoting that they wished to get on in the world, enlarge their minds, or do any eclipsing thing whatever—which nowadays so generally nips the bloom and *bonhomie* of all except the two extremes of the social scale.

Shepherd Fennel had married well, his wife being a dairyman's daughter from a vale at a distance, who brought fifty guineas in her pocket—and kept them 110 there, till they should be required for ministering to the needs of a coming family. This frugal woman had been somewhat exercised as to the character that should be given to the gathering. A sit-still party

had its advantages; but an undisturbed position of ease in chairs and settles was apt to lead on the men to such an unconscionable deal of toping that they would sometimes fairly drink the house dry. A dancing-party was the alternative; but this, while
120 avoiding the foregoing objection on the score of good drink, had a counterbalancing disadvantage in the matter of good victuals, the ravenous appetites engendered by the exercise causing immense havoc in the buttery. Shepherdess Fennel fell back upon the intermediate plan of mingling short dances with short periods of talk and singing, so as to hinder any ungovernable rage in either. But this scheme was entirely confined to her own gentle mind; the shepherd himself was in the mood to exhibit the
130 most reckless phases of hospitality.

The fiddler was a boy of those parts, about twelve years of age, who had a wonderful dexterity in jigs and reels, though his fingers were so small and short as to necessitate a constant shifting for the high notes, from which he scrambled back to the first position with sounds not of unmixed purity of tone. At seven the shrill tweedle-dee of this youngster had begun, accompanied by a booming ground-bass from Elijah New, the parish-clerk, who had thoughtfully
140 brought with him his favourite musical instrument, the serpent. Dancing was instantaneous, Mrs. Fennel privately enjoining the players on no account to let the dance exceed the length of a quarter of an hour.

But Elijah and the boy, in the excitement of their position, quite forgot the injunction. Moreover, Oliver Giles, a man of seventeen, one of the dancers, who was enamoured of his partner, a fair girl of thirty-three rolling years, had recklessly
150 handed a new crown-piece to the musicians, as a bribe to keep going as long as they had muscle and wind. Mrs. Fennel, seeing the steam begin to generate on the countenances of her guests, crossed

over and touched the fiddler's elbow and put her hand on the serpent's mouth. But they took no notice, and fearing she might lose her character of genial hostess if she were to interfere too markedly, she retired and sat down helpless. And so the dance whizzed on with cumulative fury, the performers moving in their planetlike course, direct 160 and retrograde, from apogee to perigee, till the hand of the well-kicked clock at the bottom of the room had travelled over the circumference of an hour.

While these cheerful events were in course of enactment within Fennel's pastoral dwelling, an incident having considerable bearing on the party had occurred in the gloomy night without. Mrs. Fennel's concern about the growing fierceness of the dance corresponded in point of time with the ascent 170 of a human figure to the solitary hill of Higher Crowstairs from the direction of the distant town. This personage strode on through the rain without a pause, following the little-worn path which, further on in its course, skirted the shepherd's cottage.

It was nearly the time of full moon, and on this account, though the sky was lined with a uniform sheet of dripping cloud, ordinary objects out of doors were readily visible. The sad wan light 180 revealed the lonely pedestrian to be a man of supple frame; his gait suggested that he had somewhat passed the period of perfect and instinctive agility, though not so far as to be otherwise than rapid of motion when occasion required. At a rough guess, he might have been about forty years of age. He appeared tall, but a recruiting sergeant, or other person accustomed to the judging of men's heights by the eye, would have discerned that this was chiefly owing to his gauntness, and that he was not 190 more than five-feet-eight or nine.

Notwithstanding the regularity of his tread, there

was caution in it, as in that of one who mentally feels his way; and despite the fact that it was not a black coat nor a dark garment of any sort that he wore, there was something about him which suggested that he naturally belonged to the black-coated tribes of men. His clothes were of fustian, and his boots hobnailed, yet in his progress he showed not the mud-accustomed bearing of hobnailed and fustianed peasantry.

By the time that he had arrived abreast of the shepherd's premises the rain came down, or rather came along, with yet more determined violence. The outskirts of the little settlement partially broke the force of wind and rain, and this induced him to stand still. The most salient of the shepherd's domestic erections was an empty sty at the forward corner of his hedgeless garden, for in these latitudes the principal of masking the homelier features of your establishment by a conventional frontage was unknown. The traveller's eye was attracted to this small building by the pallid shine of the wet slates that covered it. He turned aside, and, finding it empty, stood under the pent-roof for shelter.

While he stood, the boom of the serpent within the adjacent house, and the lesser strains of the fiddler, reached the spot as an accompaniment to the surging hiss of the flying rain on the sod, its louder beating on the cabbage-leaves of the garden, on the eight or ten beehives just discernible by the path, and its dripping from the eaves into a row of buckets and pans that had been placed under the walls of the cottage. For at Higher Crowstairs, as at all such elevated domiciles, the grand difficulty of housekeeping was an insufficiency of water; and a casual rainfall was utilized by turning out, as catchers, every utensil that the house contained. Some queer stories might be told of the contrivances for economy in suds and dish-waters that are absolutely necessitated in upland habitations during

the droughts of summer. But at this season there were no such exigencies; a mere acceptance of what the skies bestowed was sufficient for an abundant store.

At last the notes of the serpent ceased and the house was silent. This cessation of activity aroused the solitary pedestrian from the reverie into which he had lapsed, and, emerging from the shed, with an apparently new intention, he walked up the path 240 to the house-door. Arrived here, his first act was to kneel down on a large stone beside the row of vessels, and to drink a copious draught from one of them. Having quenched his thirst he rose and lifted his hand to knock, but paused with his eye upon the panel. Since the dark surface of the wood revealed absolutely nothing, it was evident that he must be mentally looking through the door, as if he wished to measure thereby all the possibilities that a house of this sort might include, and how 250 they might bear upon the question of his entry.

In his indecision he turned and surveyed the scene around. Not a soul was anywhere visible. The garden-path stretched downward from his feet, gleaming like the track of a snail; the roof of the little well (mostly dry), the well-cover, the top rail of the garden-gate, were varnished with the same dull liquid glaze; while, far away in the vale, a faint whiteness of more than usual extent showed that the rivers were high in the meads. Beyond all 260 this winked a few bleared lamplights through the beating drops—lights that denoted the situation of the county-town from which he had appeared to come. The absence of all notes of life in that direction seemed to clinch his intentions, and he knocked at the door.

Within, a desultory chat had taken the place of movement and musical sound. The hedge-carpenter was suggesting a song to the company, which nobody just then was inclined to undertake, 270

so that the knock afforded a not unwelcome diversion.

"Walk in!" said the shepherd promptly.

The latch clicked upward, and out of the night our pedestrian appeared upon the door-mat. The shepherd arose, snuffed two of the nearest candles, and turned to look at him.

280 Their light disclosed that the stranger was dark in complexion and not unprepossessing as to feature. His hat, which for a moment he did not remove, hung low over his eyes, without concealing that they were large, open, and determined, moving with a flash rather than a glance round the room. He seemed pleased with his survey, and, baring his shaggy head, said, in a rich deep voice, "The rain is so heavy, friends, that I ask leave to come in and rest awhile."

290 "To be sure, stranger," said the shepherd. "And faith, you've been lucky in choosing your time, for we are having a bit of a fling for a glad cause—though, to be sure, a man could hardly wish that glad cause to happen more than once a year."

"Nor less," spoke up a woman. "For 'tis best to get your family over and done with, as soon as you can, so as to be all the earlier out of the fag o't."

"And what may be this glad cause?" asked the stranger.

"A birth and christening," said the shepherd.

300 The stranger hoped his host might not be made unhappy either by too many or too few of such episodes, and being invited by a gesture to a pull at the mug, he readily acquiesced. His manner, which, before entering, had been so dubious, was now altogether that of a careless and candid man.

"Late to be traipsing athwart this coomb—hey?" said the engaged man of fifty.

"Late it is, master, as you say.—I'll take a seat in the chimney-corner, if you have nothing to urge

against it, ma'am; for I am a little moist on the side that was next the rain."

310

Mrs. Shepherd Fennel assented, and made room for the self-invited comer, who, having got completely inside the chimney-corner, stretched out his legs and his arms with the expansiveness of a person quite at home.

"Yes, I am rather cracked in the vamp," he said freely, seeing that the eyes of the shepherd's wife fell upon his boots, "and I am not well fitted either. I have had some rough times lately, and have been forced to pick up what I can get in the way of wearing, but I must find a suit better fit for working-days when I reach home."

320

"One of hereabouts?" she inquired.

"Not quite that—further up the country."

"I thought so. And so be I; and by your tongue you come from my neighbourhood."

"But you would hardly have heard of me," he said quickly. "My time would be long before yours, ma'am, you see."

This testimony to the youthfulness of his hostess had the effect of stopping her cross-examination.

330

"There is only one thing more wanted to make me happy," continued the new-comer. "And that is a little baccy, which I am sorry to say I am out of."

"I'll fill your pipe," said the shepherd.

"I must ask you to lend me a pipe likewise."

"A smoker, and no pipe about 'ee?"

"I have dropped it somewhere on the road."

The shepherd filled and handed him a new clay pipe, saying, as he did so, "Hand me your baccy-box—I'll fill that too, now I am about it."

340

The man went through the movement of searching his pockets.

"Lost that too." said his entertainer, with some surprise.

"I am afraid so," said the man with some con-

fusion. "Give it to me in a screw of paper." Lighting his pipe at the candle with a suction that drew the whole flame into the bowl, he resettled himself in the corner and bent his looks upon the faint steam from his damp legs, as if he wished to say no more.

Meanwhile the general body of guests had been taking little notice of this visitor by reason of an absorbing discussion in which they were engaged with the band about a tune for the next dance. The matter being settled, they were about to stand up when an interruption came in the shape of another knock at the door.

At sound of the same the man in the chimney-corner took up the poker and began stirring the brands as if doing it thoroughly were the one aim of his existence; and a second time the shepherd said, "Walk in" In a moment another man stood upon the straw-woven door-mat. He too was a stranger.

This individual was one of a type radically different from the first. There was more of the commonplace in his manner, and a certain jovial cosmopolitanism sat upon his features. He was several years older than the first arrival, his hair being slightly frosted, his eyebrows bristly, and his whiskers cut back from his cheeks. His face was rather full and flabby, and yet it was not altogether a face without power. A few grog-blossoms marked the neighbourhood of his nose. He flung back his long drab greatcoat, revealing that beneath it he wore a suit of cinder-gray shade throughout, large heavy seals, of some metal or other that would take a polish, dangling from his fob as his only personal ornament. Shaking the water-drops from his low-crowned glazed hat, he said, "I must ask for a few minutes' shelter, comrades, or I shall be wetted to my skin before I get to Casterbridge."

"Make yourself at home, master," said the

shepherd, perhaps a trifle less heartily than on the first occasion. Not that Fennel had the least tinge of niggardliness in his composition; but the room was far from large, spare chairs were not numerous, and damp companions were not altogether desirable at close quarters for the women and girls in their bright-coloured gowns. 390

However, the second comer, after taking off his greatcoat, and hanging his hat on a nail in one of the ceiling-beams as if he had been specially invited to put it there, advanced and sat down at the table. This had been pushed so closely into the chimney-corner, to give all available room to the dancers, that its inner edge grazed the elbow of the man who had ensconced himself by the fire; and thus the two strangers were brought into close companionship. 400 They nodded to each other by way of breaking the ice of unacquaintance, and the first stranger handed his neighbour the family mug—a huge vessel of brown ware, having its upper edge worn away like a threshold by the rub of whole generations of thirsty lips that had gone the way of all flesh, and bearing the following inscription burnt upon its rotund side in yellow letters:— 410

THERE IS NO FUN
UNTIL I CUM.

The other man, nothing loth, raised the mug to his lips, and drank on, and on, and on—till a curious blueness overspread the countenance of the shepherd's wife, who had regarded with no little surprise the first stranger's free offer to the second of what did not belong to him to dispense.

"I knew it!" said the toper to the shepherd with much satisfaction. "When I walked up your garden before coming in, and saw the hives all of a row, I said to myself, 'Where there's bees there's honey, and where there's honey there's mead.'" But mead of such a truly comfortable sort as this I really 420

didn't expect to meet in my older days." He took yet another pull at the mug, till it assumed an ominous elevation.

"Glad you enjoy it!" said the shepherd warmly.

430 "It is goodish mead," assented Mrs. Fennel, with an absence of enthusiasm which seemed to say that it was possible to buy praise for one's cellar at too heavy a price. "It is trouble enough to make—and really I hardly think we shall make any more. For honey sells well, and we ourselves can make shift with a drop o' small mead and metheglin for common use from the comb-washings."

440 "O, but you'll never have the heart!" reproachfully cried the stranger in cinder-gray, after taking up the mug a third time and setting it down empty. "I love mead, when 'tis old like this, as I love to go to church o' Sundays, or to relieve the needy any day of the week."

"Ha, ha, ha!" said the man in the chimney-corner, who, in spite of the taciturnity induced by the pipe of tobacco, could not or would not refrain from this slight testimony to his comrade's humour.

450 Now the old mead of those days, brewed of the purest first year or maiden honey, four pounds to the gallon—with its due complement of white of eggs, cinnamon, ginger, cloves, mace, rosemary, yeast, and process of working, bottling, and cellaring—tasted remarkably strong; but it did not taste so strong as it actually was. Hence, presently, the stranger in cinder-grey at the table, moved by its creeping influence, unbuttoned his waistcoat, threw himself back in his chair, spread his legs, and made his presence felt in various ways.

460 "Well, well, as I say," he resumed, "I am going to Casterbridge, and to Casterbridge I must go. I should have been almost there by this time: but the rain drove me into your dwelling, and I'm not sorry for it."

"You don't live in Casterbridge?" said the shepherd.

"Not as yet; though I shortly mean to move there."

"Going to set up in trade, perhaps?"

"No, no," said the shepherd's wife. "It is easy to see that the gentleman is rich, and don't want to work at anything."

470

The cinder-gray stranger paused, as if to consider whether he would accept that definition of himself. He presently rejected it by answering, "Rich is not quite the word for me, dame. I do work, and I must work. And even if I only get to Casterbridge by midnight I must begin work there at eight to-morrow morning. Yes, het or wet, blow or snow, famine or sword, my day's work to-morrow must be done."

"Poor man! Then, in spite o' seeming, you be worse off than we?" replied the shepherd's wife. 480

"'Tis the nature of my trade, men and maidens. 'Tis the nature of my trade more than my poverty. . . . But really and truly I must up and off, or I shan't get a lodging in the town." However, the speaker did not move, and directly added, "There's time for one more draught of friendship before I go; and I'd perform it at once if the mug were not dry."

"Here's a mug o' small," said Mrs. Fennel. 490
"Small, we call it, though to be sure 'tis only the first wash o' the combs."

"No," said the stranger disdainfully. "I won't spoil your first kindness by partaking o' your second."

"Certainly not," broke in Fennel. "We don't increase and multiply every day, and I'll fill the mug again." He went away to the dark place under the stairs where the barrel stood. The Shepherdess followed him.

500

"Why should you do this?" she said reproach-

fully, as soon as they were alone. "He's emptied it once, though it held enough for ten people; and now he's not contented wi' the small, but must needs call for more o' the strong! And a stranger unbeknown to any of us. For my part, I don't like the look o' the man at all."

510 "But he's in the house, my honey; and 'tis a wet night, and a christening. Daze it, what's a cup of mead more or less? There'll be plenty more next bee-burning."

"Very well—this time, then," she answered, looking wistfully at the barrel. "But what is the man's calling, and where is he one of, that he should come in and join us like this?"

"I don't know. I'll ask him again."

520 The catastrophe of having the mug drained dry at one pull by the stranger in cinder-gray was effectually guarded against this time by Mrs. Fennel. She poured out his allowance in a small cup, keeping the large one at a discreet distance from him. When he had tossed off his portion the shepherd renewed his inquiry about the stranger's occupation.

The latter did not immediately reply, and the man in the chimney-corner, with sudden demonstrativeness, said, "Anybody may know my trade—I'm a wheelwright."

530 "A very good trade for these parts," said the shepherd.

"And anybody may know mine—if they've the sense to find it out," said the stranger in cinder-gray.

"You may generally tell what a man is by his claws," observed the hedge-capenter, looking at his own hands. "My fingers be so full of thorns as an old pin-cushion is of pins."

540 The hands of the man in the chimney-corner instinctively sought the shade, and he gazed into the fire as he resumed his pipe. The man at the table took up the hedge-carpenter's remark, and added

smartly, "True; but the oddity of my trade is that, instead of setting a mark upon me, it sets a mark upon my customers."

No observation being offered by anybody in elucidation of this enigma, the shepherd's wife once more called for a song. The same obstacles presented themselves as at the former time—one had no voice, another had forgotten the first verse. The stranger at the table, whose soul had now risen to a good working temperature, relieved the difficulty by exclaiming that, to start the company, he would sing himself. Thrusting one thumb into the arm-hole of his waistcoat, he waved the other hand in the air, and, with an extemporizing gaze at the shining sheep-crooks above the mantelpiece, began:

O my trade it is the rarest one,
Simple shepherds all—
 My trade is a sight to see;
 For my customers I tie, and take them up on high,
560
 And waft 'em to a far countree!

The room was silent when he had finished the verse—with one exception, that of the man in the chimney-corner, who, at the singer's word, "Chorus!" joined him in a deep bass voice of musical relish—

And waft 'em to a far countree!

Oliver Giles, John Pitcher the dairyman, the parish-clerk, the engaged man of fifty, the row of young women against the wall, seemed lost in thought not of the gayest kind. The shepherd looked meditatively on the ground, the shepherdess gazed keenly at the singer, and with some suspicion; she was doubting whether this stranger were merely singing an old song from recollection, or was composing one there and then for the occasion. All were as perplexed at the obscure revelation as the guests at Belshazzar's Feast, except the man in the chimney-

corner, who quietly said, "Second verse, stranger,"
580 and smoked on.

The singer thoroughly moistened himself from his lips inwards, and went on with the next stanza as requested:—

My tools are but common ones,
Simple shepherds all—

My tools are no sight to see:

A little hempen string, and a post whereon to swing,
Are implements enough for me!

590 Shepherd Fennel glanced round. There was no longer any doubt that the stranger was answering his question rhythmically. The guests one and all started back with suppressed exclamations. The young woman engaged to the man of fifty fainted half-way, and would have proceeded, but finding him wanting in alacrity for catching her she sat down trembling.

"O, he's the —— !" whispered the people in the background, mentioning the name of an ominous public officer. "He's come to do it! 'Tis to be at
600 Chesterbridge jail to-morrow—the man for sheep-stealing—the poor clock-maker we heard of, who used to live away at Shottsford and had no work to do—Timothy Summers, whose family were a-starving, and so he went out of Shottsford by the high-road, and took a sheep in open daylight, defying the farmer and the farmer's wife and the farmer's lad, and every man jack among 'em. He" (and they nodded towards the stranger of the deadly trade) "is come from up the country to do
610 it because there's not enough to do in his own countytown, and he's got the place here now our own county man's dead; he's going to live in the same cottage under the prison wall."

The stranger in cinder-gray took no notice of this whispered string of observations, but again wetted his lips. Seeing that his friend in the chimney-corner was the only one who reciprocated his

joviality in any way, he held out his cup towards that appreciative comrade, who also held out his own. They clinked together, the eyes of the rest 620 of the room hanging upon the singer's actions. He parted his lips for the third verse; but at that moment another knock was audible upon the door. This time the knock was faint and hesitating.

The company seemed scared; the shepherd looked with consternation towards the entrance, and it was with some effort that he resisted his alarmed wife's deprecatory glance, and uttered for the third time the welcoming words, "Walk in!"

The door was gently opened, and another man 630 stood upon the mat. He, like those who had preceded him, was a stranger. This time it was a short, small personage, of fair complexion, and dressed in a decent suit of dark clothes.

"Can you tell me the way to——?" he began: when, gazing round the room to observe the nature of the company amongst whom he had fallen, his eyes lighted on the stranger in cinder-gray. It was just at the instant when the latter, who had thrown his mind into his song with such a will that he 640 scarcely heeded the interruption, silenced all whispers and inquiries by bursting into his third verse:—

To-morrow is my working day,

Simple shepherds all—

To-morrow is a working day for me:

For the farmer's sheep is slain, and the lad who did it
ta'en,

And on his soul may God ha' mercy!

The stranger in the chimney-corner, waving cups 650 with the singer so heartily that his mead splashed over on the hearth, repeated in his bass voice as before:—

And on his soul may God ha' merc-y!

All this time the third stranger had been standing

in the doorway. Finding now that he did not come forward or go on speaking, the guests particularly regarded him. They noticed to their surprise that he stood before them the picture of abject terror—
660 his knees trembling, his hand shaking so violently that the door-latch by which he supported himself rattled audibly: his white lips were parted, and his eyes fixed on the merry officer of justice in the middle of the room. A moment more and he had turned, closed the door, and fled.

“What a man can it be.” said the shepherd.

The rest, between the awfulness of their late discovery and the odd conduct of this third visitor, looked as if they knew not what to think, and said
670 nothing. Instinctively they withdrew further and further from the grim gentleman in their midst, whom some of them seemed to take for the Prince of Darkness himself, till they formed a remote circle, an empty space of floor being left between them and him—

. . . circulus, cujus centrum diabolus.

The room was so silent—though there were more than twenty people in it—that nothing could be heard but the patter of the rain against the window-shutters, accompanied by the occasional hiss of a
680 stray drop that fell down the chimney into the fire, and the steady puffing of the man in the corner, who had now resumed his pipe of long clay.

The stillness was unexpectedly broken. The distant sound of a gun reverberated through the air—apparently from the direction of the county-town.

“Be jiggered!” cried the stranger who had sung the song, jumping up.

“What does that mean?” asked several.

690 “A prisoner escaped from the jail—that’s what it means.”

All listened. The sound was repeated, and none of them spoke but the man in the chimney-corner,

who said quietly, "I've often been told that in this county they fire a gun at such times; but I never heard it till now."

"I wonder if it is *my* man," murmured the personage in cinder-gray.

"Surely it is!" said the shepherd involuntarily. "And surely we've zeed him! That little man who 700 looked in at the door by now, and quivered like a leaf when he zeed ye and heard your song!"

"His teeth chattered, and the breath went out of his body," said the dairyman.

"And his heart seemed to sink within him like a stone," said Oliver Giles.

"And he bolted as if he'd been shot at," said the hedge-carpenter.

"True—his teeth chattered, and his heart seemed to sink; and he bolted as if he'd been shot at," 710 slowly summed up the man in the chimney-corner.

"I didn't notice it," remarked the hangman.

"We were all a-wondering what made him run off in such a fright," faltered one of the women against the wall, "and now 'tis explained!"

The firing of the alarm-gun went on at intervals, low and sullenly, and their suspicions became a certainty. The sinister gentleman in cinder-gray roused himself. "Is there a constable here?" he asked, in thick tones. "If so, let him step forward." 720

The engaged man of fifty stepped quavering out from the wall, his betrothed beginning to sob on the back of the chair.

"You are a sworn constable?"

"I be, sir."

"Then pursue the criminal at once, with assistance, and bring him back here. He can't have gone far."

"I will, sir, I will—when I've got my staff. I'll go home and get it, and come sharp here, and start 730 in a body."

"Staff!—never mind your staff; the man'll be gone!"

"But I can't do nothing without my staff—can I, William, and John, and Charles Jake? No; for there's the king's royal crown a painted on en in yaller and gold, and the lion and the unicorn, so as when I raise en up and hit my prisoner, 'tis made a lawful blow thereby. I wouldn't 'tempt to take up a
740 man without my staff—no, not I. If I hadn't the law to gie me courage, why, instead o' my taking up him he might take up me!"

"Now, I'm a king's man myself, and can give you authority enough for this," said the formidable officer in gray. "Now then, all of ye, be ready. have ye any lanterns?"

"Yes—have ye any lanterns?—I demand it!" said the constable.

"And the rest of you able-bodied——"

750 "Able-bodied men—yes—the rest of ye!" said the constable.

"Have you some good stout staves and pitchforks——"

"Staves and pitchforks—in the name o' the law! And take 'em in yer hands and go in quest, and do as we in authority tell ye!"

Thus aroused, the men prepared to give chase. The evidence was, indeed, though circumstantial, so convincing, that but little argument was needed to
760 show the shepherd's guests that after what they had seen it would look very much like connivance if they did not instantly pursue the unhappy third stranger, who could not as yet have gone more than a few hundred yards over such uneven country.

A shepherd is always well provided with lanterns; and, lighting these hastily, and with hurdle-staves in their hands, they poured out of the door, taking a direction along the crest of the hill, away from the town, the rain having fortunately a
770 little abated.

Disturbed by the noise, or possibly by unpleasant dreams of her baptism, the child who had been christened began to cry heart-brokenly in the room overhead. These notes of grief came down through the chinks of the floor to the ears of the women below, who jumped up one by one, and seemed glad of the excuse to ascend and comfort the baby, for the incidents of the last half-hour greatly oppressed them. Thus in the space of two or three minutes the room on the ground-floor was deserted quite.

780

But it was not for long. Hardly had the sound of footsteps died away when a man returned round the corner of the house from the direction the pursuers had taken. Peeping in at the door, and seeing nobody there, he entered leisurely. It was the stranger of the chimney-corner, who had gone out with the rest. The motive of his return was shown by his helping himself to a cut piece of skimmer-cake that lay in a ledge beside where he had sat, and which he had apparently forgotten to take with him. He also poured out half a cup more mead from the quantity that remained, ravenously eating and drinking these as he stood. He had not finished when another figure came in just as quietly—his friend in cinder-gray.

790

"O—you here?" said the latter, smiling. "I thought you had gone to help in the capture." And this speaker also revealed the object of his return by looking solicitously round for the fascinating mug of old mead.

800

"And I thought you had gone," said the other, continuing his skimmer-cake with some effort.

"Well, on second thought, I felt there were enough without me," said the first confidentially, "and such a night as it is, too. Besides, 'tis the business o' the Government to take care of its criminals—not mine."

"True; so it is. And I felt as you did, that there were enough without me."

810 "I don't want to break my limbs running over the humps and hollows of this wild country."

"Nor I neither, between you and me."

"These shepherd-people are used to it—simple-minded souls, you know, stirred up to anything in a moment. They'll have him ready for me before the morning, and no trouble to me at all."

"They'll have him, and we shall have saved ourselves all labour in the matter."

820 "True, true. Well, my way is to Casterbridge; and 'tis as much as my legs will do to take me that far. Going the same way?"

"No, I am sorry to say! I have to get home over there" (he nodded indefinitely to the right), "and I feel as you do, that it is quite enough for my legs to do before bedtime."

The other had by this time finished the mead in the mug, after which, shaking hands heartily at the door, and wishing each other well, they went their several ways.

830 In the meantime the company of pursuers had reached the end of the hog's-back elevation which dominated this part of the down. They had decided on no particular plan of action; and, finding that the man of the baleful trade was no longer in their company, they seemed quite unable to form any such plan now. They descended in all directions down the hill, and straightway several of the party fell into the snare set by Nature for all misguided midnight rambles over this part of the cretaceous formation. The "lanchets", or flint slopes, which
840 belted the escarpment at intervals of a dozen yards, took the cautious ones unawares, and losing their footing on the rubbly steep they slid sharply downwards, the lanterns rolling from their hands to the bottom, and there lying on their sides till the horn was scorched through.

When they had again gathered themselves together, the shepherd, as the man who knew the

country best, took the lead, and guided them round these treacherous inclines. The lanterns, which 850 seemed rather to dazzle their eyes and warn the fugitive than to assist them in the exploration, were extinguished, due silence was observed; and in this more rational order they plunged into the vale. It was a grassy, briery, moist defile, affording some shelter to any person who had sought it; but the party perambulated it in vain, and ascended on the other side. Here they wandered apart, and after an interval closed together again to report progress. At the second time of closing in they 860 found themselves near a lonely ash, the single tree on this part of the coomb, probably sown there by a passing bird some fifty years before. And here, standing a little to one side of the trunk, as motionless as the trunk itself, appeared the man they were in quest of, his outline being well defined against the sky beyond. The band noiselessly drew up and faced him.

"Your money or your life!" said the constable sternly to the still figure. 870

"No, no," whispered John Pitcher. "'Tisn't our side ought to say that. That's the doctrine of vagabonds like him, and we be on the side of the law."

"Well, well," replied the constable impatiently; "I must say something, mustn't I? and if you had all the weight o' this undertaking upon your mind, perhaps you'd say the wrong thing too!—Prisoner at the bar, surrender, in the name of the Father—the Crown, I mane!"

The man under the tree seemed to notice them 880 for the first time, and, giving them no opportunity whatever for exhibiting their courage, he strolled slowly towards them. He was, indeed, the little man, the third stranger; but his trepidation had in a great measure gone.

"Well, travellers," he said, "did I hear ye speak to me?"

“You did: you’ve got to come and be our prisoner at once!” said the constable. “We arrest ’ee on the charge of not biding in Casterbridge jail in a decent proper manner to be hung to-morrow morning. Neighbours, do your duty, and seize the culprit!”

On hearing the charge, the man seemed enlightened, and, saying not another word, resigned himself with preternatural civility to the search-party, who, with their staves in their hands, surrounded him on all sides, and marched him back towards the shepherd’s cottage.

It was eleven o’clock by the time they arrived. The light shining from the open door, a sound of men’s voices within, proclaimed to them as they approached the house that some new events had arisen in their absence. On entering they discovered the shepherd’s living room to be invaded by two officers from Casterbridge jail, and a well-known magistrate who lived at the nearest county-seat, intelligence of the escape having become generally circulated.

“Gentlemen,” said the constable, “I have brought back your man—not without risk and danger; but every one must do his duty! He is inside this circle of able-bodied persons, who have lent me useful aid, considering their ignorance of Crown work. Men, bring forward your prisoner!” And the third stranger was led to the light.

“Who is this?” said one of the officials.

“The man,” said the constable.

“Certainly not,” said the turnkey; and the first corroborated his statement.

“But how can it be otherwise?” asked the constable. “Or why was he so terrified at sight o’ the singing instrument of the law who sat there?” Here he related the strange behaviour of the third stranger on entering the house during the hangman’s song.

“Can’t understand it,” said the officer coolly.

"All I know is that it is not the condemned man. He's quite a different character from this one; a gauntish fellow, with dark hair and eyes, rather good looking, and with a musical bass voice that if 930 you heard it once you'd never mistake so long as you lived."

"Why, souls—'twas the man in the chimney-corner!"

"Hey—what?" said the magistrate, coming forward after inquiring particulars from the shepherd in the background. "Haven't you got the man after all?"

"Well, sir," said the constable, "he's the man we were in search of, that's true; and yet he's not the 940 man we were in search of. For the man we were in search of was not the man we wanted, sir, if you understand my every day way; for 'twas the man in the chimney-corner!"

"A pretty kettle of fish altogether!" said the magistrate. "You had better start for the other man at once."

The prisoner now spoke for the first time. The mention of the man in the chimney-corner seemed to have moved him as nothing could do. "Sir," he 950 said, stepping forward to the magistrate, "take no more trouble about me. The time is come when I may as well speak. I have done nothing; my crime is that the condemned man is my brother. Early this afternoon I left home at Shottsford to tramp it all the way to Casterbridge jail to bid him farewell. I was benighted, and called here to rest and ask the way. When I opened the door I saw before me the very man, my brother, that I thought to see in the condemned cell at Casterbridge. He was in this 960 chimney-corner; and jammed close to him, so that he could not have got out if he had tried, was the executioner who'd come to take his life, singing a song about it and not knowing that it was his victim who was close by, joining in to save appear-

ances. My brother looked a glance of agony at me, and I knew he meant, "Don't reveal what you see; my life depends on it." I was so terror-struck that I could hardly stand, and, not knowing what I did,
970 I turned and hurried away."

The narrator's manner and tone had the stamp of truth, and his story made a great impression on all around. "And do you know where your brother is at the present time?" asked the magistrate.

"I do not. I have never seen him since I closed this door."

"I can testify to that, for we've been between ye ever since," said the constable.

"Where does he think to fly to?—what is his
980 occupation.

"He's a watch-and-clock-maker, sir."

"A said 'a was a wheelwright—a wicked rogue," said the constable.

"The wheels of clocks and watches he meant, no doubt," said Shepherd Fennel. "I thought his hands were palish for's trade."

"Well, it appears to me that nothing can be gained by retaining this poor man in custody," said the magistrate; "your business lies with the other, un-
990 questionably."

And so the little man was released off-hand; but he looked nothing the less sad on that account, it being beyond the power of magistrate or constable to raze out the written troubles in his brain, for they concerned another whom he regarded with more solicitude than himself. When this was done, and the man had gone his way, the night was found to be so far advanced that it was deemed useless to renew the search before the next morning.

1000 Next day, accordingly, the quest for the clever sheep-stealer became general and keen, to all appearance at least. But the intended punishment was cruelly disproportioned to the transgression, and the sympathy of a great many country-folk in that

district was strongly on the side of the fugitive. Moreover, his marvellous coolness and daring in hob-and-nobbing with the hangman, under the unprecedented circumstances of the shepherd's party, won their admiration. So that it may be questioned if all those who ostensibly made themselves so busy¹⁰¹⁰ in exploring woods and fields and lanes were quite so thorough when it came to the private examination of their own lofts and outhouses. Stories were afloat of a mysterious figure being occasionally seen in some old overgrown trackway or other, remote from turnpike roads; but when a search was instituted in any of these suspected quarters nobody was found. Thus the days and weeks passed without tidings.

In brief, the bass-voiced man of the chimney-¹⁰²⁰ corner was never recaptured. Some said that he went across the sea, others that he did not, but buried himself in the depths of a populous city. At any rate, the gentleman in cinder-gray never did his morning's work at Casterbridge, nor met anywhere at all, for business purposes, the genial comrade with whom he had passed an hour of relaxation in the lonely house on the coomb.

The grass has long been green on the graves of Shepherd Fennel and his frugal wife; the guests who made up the christening party have mainly fol-¹⁰³⁰ lowed their entertainers to the tomb; the baby in whose honour they all had met is a matron in the sere and yellow leaf. But the arrival of the three strangers at the shepherd's that night, and the details connected therewith, is a story as well known as ever in the country about Higher Crowstairs.

Thomas Hardy.

THE PRINCE CONSORT

(TALES OF TWO PEOPLE)

I HAD known her for some considerable time before I came to know him. Most of their acquaintance were in the same case; for to know him was among the less noticeable and the less immediate results of knowing her. You might go to the house three or four times and not happen upon him. He was there always, but he did not attract attention. You joined Mrs. Clinton's circle, or, if she were in a confidential mood, you sat with her on the sofa. She would point out her daughter, and Muriel, attired in a wonderful elaboration of some old-fashioned mode, would talk to you about "Mamma's books," while Mrs. Clinton declared that, do what she would, she could not prevent the darling from reading them. Perhaps, when you had paid half-a-dozen visits, Mr. Clinton would cross your path. He was very polite, active for your comfort, ready to carry out his wife's directions, determined to be useful. Mrs. Clinton recognised his virtues. She called him an "old dear," with a fond pitying smile on her lips, and would tell you, with an arch glance and the slightest of shrugs, that "he wrote too." If you asked what he wrote, she said that it was "something musty," but that it kept him happy, and that he never minded being interrupted, or even having nowhere to write, because Muriel's dancing-lesson occupied the dining-room, "and I really couldn't have him in my study. One must be *alone* to work, mustn't one?" She could not be blamed for holding her work above his, there was nothing at all to show for his; whereas hers not only brought her a measure of fame, as fame is counted, but also doubled the moderate private income on which they had started housekeeping — and writing — thirteen or

fourteen years before. Mr. Clinton himself would have been the last to demur to her assumption; he accepted his inferiority with an acquiescence that was almost eagerness. He threw himself into the task of helping his wife, not of course in the writing, but by relieving her of family and social cares. He walked with Muriel, and was sent to parties when his wife was too busy to come. I recollect that he told me, when we had become friendly, that these offices made considerable inroads on his time. "If," he said apologetically, "I had not acquired the habit of sitting up late, I should have difficulty in getting forward with my work. As it happens, Millie doesn't work at night—the brain must be fresh for *her* work—and so I can have the study then; and I am not so liable to—I mean, I have not so many other calls then."

I liked Clinton, and I do not mean by that that I disliked Mrs. Clinton. Indeed I admired her very much, and her husband's position in the household seemed just as natural to me as it did to himself and to everybody else. Young Gregory Dulcet, who is a poet and a handsome impudent young dog, was felt by us all to have put the matter in a shape that was at once true in regard to our host, and pretty in regard to our hostess, when he referred, apparently in a casual way, to Mr. Clinton as "the Prince Consort". Mrs. Clinton laughed and blushed; Muriel clapped her hands and ran off to tell her father. She came back saying that he was very pleased with the name, and I believe that very possibly he really was. Anyhow, young Dulcet was immensely pleased with it; he repeated it, and it "caught on." I heard Mrs. Clinton herself, with a half-daring, half-modest air, use it more than once. Thus Mrs. Clinton was led to believe herself great; so that she once asked me if I thought that there was any prospect of *The Quarterly* "doing her." I said that I did not see

why not. Yet it was not a probable literary event.

Thus Mr. Clinton passed the days of an obscure useful life, helping his wife, using the dining-room when dancing lessons did not interfere, and enjoying the luxury of the study in the small hours of the morning. And Mrs. Clinton grew more and more pitiful to him; and Muriel more and more patronising; and the world more and more forgetful. And then, one fine morning, as I was going to my office, the Prince Consort overtook me. He was walking fast, and he carried a large, untidy, brown-paper parcel. I quickened my pace to keep up with his.

"Sorry to hurry you, old fellow," said he, "but I must be back in an hour. A fellow's coming to interview Millie, and I promised to be back and show him over the house. She doesn't want to lose more of her time than is absolutely necessary: she's in the thick of a new story, you see. And Muriel's got her fiddle lesson, so she can't do it."

"And what's brought you out with the family wash?" I asked in pleasantry, pointing to the parcel.

The Prince Consort blushed (though he must have been forty at least at this date), pulled his beard, and said:

"This? Do you mean this? Oh, this is—well, it's a little thing of my own."

"Of your own? What do you mean?" I asked.

"Didn't Millie ever tell you that I write too? Well, I do when I can get a few hours. And this is it. I've managed to get a fellow to look at it. Millie spoke a word for me, you know."

I do not know whether my expression was sceptical or offensive, but I suppose it must have been one or the other, for the Prince Consort went on hastily:

"Oh, I'm not going to be such an ass as to pay anything for having it brought out, you know. They

must do it on spec. or leave it alone. Besides, they really like to oblige Millie, you see."

"It doesn't look very little," I observed.

"Er—no. I'm afraid it's rather long," he admitted.

"What's it about?"

"Oh, it's dull, heavy stuff. I can't do what Millie does, you see. It's not a novel."

We parted at the door of the publisher who had been ready to oblige Mrs. Clinton, and would, I ¹²⁰ thought, soon regret his complaisance; and I went on to my office, dismissing the Prince Consort and his "little thing" from my mind.

I went to the Clintons' about three months later, in order to bid them farewell before starting for a holiday on the Continent. They were, for a wonder, without other visitors, and when we had talked over Mrs. Clinton's last production, she stretched out her hand and pointed to the table.

"And there," she said, with a little laugh, "is ¹³⁰ Thompson's" (the Prince Consort's Christian name is Thompson) "*magnum opus*. Vincents' have just sent him his advance copies."

The Prince Consort laughed nervously as I rose and walked to the table.

"Never mind, papa," I heard Muriel say encouragingly. "You know Mr. George Vincent says it's very good."

"Oh, he thought that would please your mother," protested the Prince Consort. ¹⁴⁰

I examined the two large thick volumes that lay on the table. I glanced at the title page: and I felt sorry for the poor Prince Consort. It must have been a terrible "grind" to write such a book—almost as bad as reading it. But I said something civil about the importance and interest of the subject.

"If you really don't mind looking at it," said the

Prince Consort, "I should like awfully to send you
150 a copy."

"Oh yes! You must read it," said Mrs. Clinton.
"Why, *I'm* going to read—well, some of it! I've
promised!"

"So am I," said little Muriel, while the Prince
Consort rubbed his hands together with a sort of
pride which was, on its other side, the profoundest
humility. He was wondering, I think, that he should
have been able to produce any book at all—even the
worst of books—and admiring a talent which he
160 had not considered himself to possess.

"I'm going to worry everybody who comes here
to buy it—or to order it at Mudie's, anyhow," pur-
sued Mrs. Clinton. "What's written in this house
must be read."

"I hope Vincents' won't lose a lot over it," said
the Prince Consort, shaking his head.

"Oh well, they've made a good deal out of me
before now," laughed his wife lightly.

I did not take the Prince Consort's book away
170 with me to the Continent. Whatever else it might
be, it was certainly not holiday reading, and it would
have needed a portmanteau to itself. But the rever-
beration of the extraordinary and almost unequalled
"boom" which the book made, reached me in the re-
cesses of Switzerland. I came on *The Times* of
three days before in my hotel, and it had three col-
umns and a half on Mr. Thompson Clinton's work.
The weekly *Budget* which my sister sent to me at
Andermatt contained, besides a long review, a por-
180 trait of the Prince Consort (he must have sat to them
on purpose) and a biographical sketch of him, quite
accurate as to the remarkably few incidents which
his previous life contained. It was this sketch which
first caused me to begin to realise what was happen-
ing. For the sketch, after a series of eulogies (which
to my prepossessed mind seemed absurdly extrava-

gant) on the Prince Consort, reached its conclusion with the following remark: "Mr. Thompson Clinton's wife is also a writer, and is known in the literary world as the author of more than one clever and amusing novel." I laid down the *Budget* with a vague feeling that a revolution had occurred. It was now Mrs. Clinton who "wrote too." 190

I was right in my feeling, yet my feeling was inadequate to the reality with which I was faced on my return to England. The Prince Consort was the hero of the hour. I had written him a line of warm congratulation, and I settled at once to the book, not only in order to be able to talk about it, but also because I could not, without personal investigation, believe that he had done all they said. But he had. It was a wonderful book—full of learning and research, acute and profound in argument, and (greatest of all surprises) eminently lucid, polished, and even brilliant in style; irony, pathos, wit—the Prince Consort had them all. I laid the second volume down, wondering no longer that he had become an authority, that his name appeared in the lists of public banquets, that he was quoted now by one, now by the other, political party, and that translations into French and German were to be undertaken by distinguished *savants*. 200

And of course both *The Quarterly* and *The Edinburgh* had articles—"did him," as his wife had phrased it. Upon which, being invited by Mrs. Clinton to an evening party, I made a point of going. 210

There were a great many people there that night. A large group was on the hearthrug. I am tall, and looking over the heads of the assembly, I saw the Prince Consort standing there. He was smiling, still rather nervously, and was talking in quick, eager tones. Everyone listened in deferential silence, broken by murmurs of "Yes, yes," or "How true!" or "I never thought of that!" and Muriel held 220

the Prince Consort's hand, and looked up at him with adoration in her young eyes. I rejoiced with the Prince Consort in his hour of deserved triumph, but I did not, somehow, find Muriel as "pretty a picture" as a lady told me later on that she was.

230 Indeed, I thought that the child would have been as well—or better—in bed. I turned round and looked for Mrs. Clinton. Ah, there she was, on her usual sofa. By her side sat Lady Troughton; nobody else was near. Mrs. Clinton was talking very quickly and vivaciously to her companion, who rose as I approached, gave me her hand, and then passed on to join the group on the hearthrug. I sat down by Mrs. Clinton, and began to congratulate her on her husband's marvellous triumph.

240 "Yes," said she, "do you see he's in both the quarterlies?"

I said that such a tribute was only natural.

"And it's selling wonderfully too," she went on. "You may imagine how much obliged Vincents' are to me for sending him there!"

"Did you know he was doing it?" I asked.

"Oh, I knew he was working at something. Muriel used to be always chaffing him about it."

"She doesn't chaff him now, I should think."

250 "No," said Mrs. Clinton, twisting a ring on her finger round and round. Suddenly the group opened, and the Prince Consort came through, leading Muriel by the hand. He marched across the room, followed by his admirers. I rose, and he stood close by his wife, and began to talk about her last novel. He said that it was wonderfully clever, and told us all to get it and read it. Everybody murmured that such was their intention, and a lady observed:

260 "How charming for you to be able to provide your husband with recreation, Mrs. Clinton!"

"Papa doesn't care about novels much, really," said Muriel.

"You do, I suppose, young lady?" asked someone.

"I like papa's book better," the child answered, and we all laughed, Mrs. Clinton leading the chorus with almost exaggerated heartiness.

And then an enthusiastic woman must needs see where Mr. Thompson Clinton (the Prince Consort bid fair to be double-barrelled before long) worked. She would take no denial, and at last Mrs. Clinton rose, and, in spite of her husband's protests, led the way to the study. I had been in the room a little while before I went abroad. It was much changed now. A row of Mrs. Clinton's novels, indeed, still stood on the top of the whatnot, but her "litter" (it had been her own playful name for her manuscripts and other properties) had vanished. Large, fat, solemn books, Blue-books, books of science, of statistics, and other horrors dominated the scene.

"And to think that the great book was actually written in this very room!" mused the enthusiastic woman in awestruck accents. "I shall always be glad to have seen it."

Again we murmured assent; and the enthusiastic woman, with an obviously sudden remembrance of Mrs. Clinton, turned to her, and said:

"Of course you don't work in the same room?"

"Oh, I do my little writing anywhere," smiled Mrs. Clinton.

"In the dining-room generally," added Muriel, "when it's not wanted, you know."

"Ah, well, you don't need such complete quiet as Mr. Thompson Clinton must have to think out his books, do you?" asked the enthusiastic woman, with a most amiable smile.

"There's plenty of thought in my wife's books," said the Prince Consort.

"Oh yes, of that *sort*," conceded the enthusiastic woman.

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Then we went back to the drawing-room, and the worshippers gradually took their leave, till only Lady Troughton and I were left. The child Muriel looked at her watch.

"Papa's got to go on to a party at the ——," she began.

"There's no hurry, my dear; no hurry at all," interposed the Prince Consort.

310 "And, anyhow, I'm not going out, Muriel," said Mrs. Clinton. "I'm not asked there, you know."

Yet Lady Troughton and I said "Good-bye." The Prince Consort came downstairs with us, and made us renew our promises to procure his wife's novel. "It's really a striking book," said he. "And look here, Tom; just write her a line, and tell her how much you like it, will you? You're sure to like it, you know."

320 Lady Troughton stopped on the doorstep, and looked him full in the face. She said nothing; neither did he. But when they shook hands I saw her squeeze his. Then she was good enough to offer me a lift in her carriage, and I handed her in and followed myself. We drove a quarter of a mile or so in silence, and when we had gone thus far Lady Troughton made what appeared to me to be the only remark that could possibly be made.

"Poor little goose!" said Lady Troughton.

Anthony Hope.

THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER

(TALES OF MYSTERY AND IMAGINATION)

*Son coeur est un luth suspendu;
Sitôt qu'on le touche il résonne.*

—Beranger.

DURING the whole of a dull, dark, and soundless day in the autumn of the year, when the clouds hung oppressively low in the heavens, I had been passing alone, on horseback, through a singularly dreary tract of country; and at length found myself, as the shades of the evening drew on, within view of the melancholy House of Usher. I know not how it was—but, with the first glimpse of the building, a sense of insufferable gloom pervaded my spirit. I say insufferable; for the feeling was unrelieved by 10 any of that half-pleasurable, because poetic, sentiment, with which the mind usually receives even the sternest natural images of the desolate or terrible. I looked upon the scene before me—upon the mere house, and the simple landscape features of the domain—upon the bleak walls—upon the vacant eye-like windows—upon a few rank sedges—and upon a few white trunks of decayed trees—with an utter depression of soul which I can compare to no earthly sensation more properly than to the after-dream of 20 the reveller upon opium—the bitter lapse into everyday life—the hideous dropping off of the veil. There was an iciness, a sinking, a sickening of the heart—an unredeemed dreariness of thought which no goading of the imagination could torture into aught of the sublime. What was it—I paused to think—what was it that so unnerved me in the contemplation of the House of Usher? It was a mystery all insoluble; nor could I grapple with the shadowy fancies that crowded upon me as I pondered. I was 30 forced to fall back upon the unsatisfactory conclusion, that while, beyond doubt, there *are* combina-

tions of very simple natural objects which have the power of thus affecting us, still the analysis of this power lies among considerations beyond our depth. It was possible, I reflected, that a mere different arrangement of the particulars of the scene, of the details of the picture, would be sufficient to modify, or perhaps to annihilate its capacity for sorrowful impression; and acting upon this idea, I reined my horse to the precipitous brink of a black and lurid tarn that lay in unruffled lustre by the dwelling, and gazed down—but with a shudder even more thrilling than before—upon the remodelled and inverted images of the grey sedge, and the ghastly tree-stems, and the vacant and eye-like windows.

Nevertheless, in this mansion of gloom I now proposed to myself a sojourn of some weeks. Its proprietor, Roderick Usher, had been one of my boon companions in boyhood; but many years had elapsed since our last meeting. A letter, however, had lately reached me in a distant part of the country—a letter from him—which, in its wildly importunate nature, had admitted of no other than a personal reply. The MS. gave evidence of nervous agitation. The writer spoke of acute bodily illness—of a mental disorder which oppressed him—and of an earnest desire to see me, as his best, and indeed his only personal friend, with a view of attempting, by the cheerfulness of my society, some alleviation of his malady. It was the manner in which all this, and much more, was said—it was the apparent *heart* that went with his request—which allowed me no room for hesitation; and I accordingly obeyed forthwith what I still considered a very singular summons.

Although, as boys, we had been even intimate associates, yet I really knew little of my friend. His reserve had been always excessive and habitual. I was aware, however, that his very an-

cient family had been noted, time out of mind, for a peculiar sensibility of temperament, displaying itself, through long ages, in many works of exalted art, and manifested, of late, in repeated deeds of munificent yet unobtrusive charity, as well as in a passionate devotion to the intricacies, perhaps even more than to the orthodox and easily recognisable beauties, of musical science. I had learned, too, the very remarkable fact, that 80 the stem of the Usher race, all time-honoured as it was, had put forth, at no period, any enduring branch; in other words, that the entire family lay in the direct line of descent, and had always, with very trifling and very temporary variation, so lain. It was this deficiency, I considered, while running over in thought the perfect keeping of the character of the premises with the accredited character of the people, and while speculating upon the possible influence which the one, in the long 90 lapse of centuries, might have exercised upon the other—it was this deficiency, perhaps, of collateral issue, and the consequent undeviating transmission, from sire to son, of the patrimony with the name, which had, at length, so identified the two as to merge the original title of the estate in the quaint and equivocal appellation of the “House of Usher”—an appellation which seemed to include, in the minds of the peasantry who used it, both the family and the family mansion. 100

I have said that the sole effect of my somewhat childish experiment—that of looking down within the tarn—had been to deepen the first singular impression. There can be no doubt that the consciousness of the rapid increase of my superstition—for why should I not so term it?—served mainly to accelerate the increase itself. Such, I have long known, is the paradoxical law of all sentiments having terror as a basis. And it might have been for this reason only, that, when I again 110

uplifted my eyes to the house itself, from its image in the pool, there grew in my mind a strange fancy—a fancy so ridiculous, indeed, that I but mention it to show the vivid force of the sensations which oppressed me. I had so worked upon my imagination as really to believe that about the whole mansion and domain there hung an atmosphere peculiar to themselves and their immediate vicinity—an atmosphere which had no affinity with the air of heaven, but which had reeked up from the decayed trees, and the grey wall, and the silent tarn—a pestilent and mystic vapour, dull, sluggish, faintly discernible, and leaden-hued.

Shaking off from my spirit what *must* have been a dream, I scanned more narrowly the real aspect of the building. Its principle feature seemed to be that of an excessive antiquity. The discoloration of ages had been great. Minute *fungi* overspread the whole exterior, hanging in a fine tangled web-work from the eaves. Yet all this was apart from any extraordinary dilapidation. No portion of the masonry had fallen; and there appeared to be a wild inconsistency between its still perfect adaptation of parts, and the crumbling condition of the individual stones. In this there was much that reminded me of that specious totality of old woodwork which has rotted for long years in some neglected vault, with no disturbance from the breath of the external air. Beyond this indication of extensive decay, however, the fabric gave little token of instability. Perhaps the eye of a scrutinising observer might have discovered a barely perceptible fissure, which, extending from the roof of the building in front, made its way down the wall in a zigzag direction, until it became lost in the sullen waters of the tarn.

Noticing these things, I rode over a short causeway to the house. A servant in waiting took my horse, and I entered the Gothic archway of the

hall. A valet, of stealthy step, thence conducted me, in silence, through many dark and intricate passages in my progress to the *studio* of his master. Much that I encountered on the way contributed, I know not how, to heighten the vague sentiments of which I have already spoken. While the objects around me—while the carvings of the ceilings, the sombre tapestries of the walls, the ebon blackness of the floors, and the phantasmagoric armorial trophies which rattled as I strode, were but matters to which, or to such as which, I had been accustomed from my infancy—while I hesitated not to acknowledge how familiar was all this—I still wondered to find how unfamiliar were the fancies which ordinary images were stirring up. On one of the staircases, I met the physician of the family. His countenance, I thought, wore a mingled expression of low cunning and perplexity. He accosted me with trepidation and passed on. The valet now threw open a door and ushered me into the presence of his master. 150 160 170

The room in which I found myself was very large and lofty. The windows were long, narrow, and pointed, and at so vast a distance from the black oaken floor as to be altogether inaccessible from within. Feeble gleams of encrimsoned light made their way through the trellised panes, and served to render sufficiently distinct the more prominent objects around; the eye, however, struggled in vain to reach the remoter angles of the chamber, or the recesses of the vaulted and fretted ceiling. Dark draperies hung upon the walls. The general furniture was profuse, comfortless, antique, and tattered. Many books and musical instruments lay scattered about, but failed to give any vitality to the scene. I felt that I breathed an atmosphere of sorrow. An air of stern, deep, and irredeemable gloom hung over and pervaded all. 180

Upon my entrance, Usher arose from a sofa on
190 which he had been lying at full length, and greeted
me with a vivacious warmth which had much in
it, I at first thought, of an overdone cordiality—
of the constrained effort of the *ennuyé* man of the
world. A glance, however, at his countenance,
convinced me of his perfect sincerity. We sat
down; and for some moments, while he spoke not,
I gazed upon him with a feeling half of pity, half
of awe. Surely, man had never before so terribly
altered, in so brief a period, as had Roderick
200 Usher! It was with difficulty that I could bring
myself to admit the identity of the wan being be-
fore me with the companion of my earlier boy-
hood. Yet the character of his face had been at
all times remarkable. A cadaverousness of com-
plexion; an eye large, liquid, and luminous beyond
comparison; lips somewhat thin and very pallid,
but of a surpassingly beautiful curve; a nose of
a delicate Hebrew model, but with a breadth of
nostril unusual in similar formations; a finely-
210 moulded chin, speaking, in its want of promi-
nence, of a want of moral energy; hair of a more
than web-like softness and tenuity; these features,
with an inordinate expansion above the regions
of the temple, made up altogether a countenance
not easily to be forgotten. And now in the mere
exaggeration of the prevailing character of these
features, and of the expression they were wont to
convey, lay so much of change that I doubted to
whom I spoke. The now ghastly pallor of the
220 skin, and the now miraculous lustre of the eye,
above all things startled and even awed me. The
silken hair, too, had been suffered to grow all un-
heeded, and as, in its wild gossamer texture, it
floated rather than fell about the face, I could not,
even with effort, connect its arabesque expression
with any idea of simple humanity.

In the manner of my friend I was at once struck

with an incoherence—an inconsistency; and I soon found this to arise from a series of feeble and futile struggles to overcome an habitual trepidancy 230—an excessive nervous agitation. For something of this nature I had indeed been prepared, no less by his letter, than by reminiscences of certain boyish traits, and by conclusions deduced from his peculiar physical conformation and temperament. His action was alternately vivacious and sullen. His voice varied rapidly from a tremulous indecision (when the animal spirits seemed utterly in abeyance) to that species of energetic concision—that abrupt, weighty, unhurried, and hollow- 240-sounding enunciation—that leaden, self-balanced and perfectly modulated guttural utterance, which may be observed in the lost drunkard, or the irreclaimable eater of opium, during the periods of his most intense excitement.

It was thus that he spoke of the object of my visit, of his earnest desire to see me, and of the solace he expected me to afford him. He entered, at some length, into what he conceived to be the nature of his malady. It was, he said, 250 a constitutional and a family evil, and one for which he despaired to find a remedy—a mere nervous affection, he immediately added, which would undoubtedly soon pass off. It displayed itself in a host of unnatural sensations. Some of these, as he detailed them, interested and bewildered me; although, perhaps, the terms, and the general manner of the narration had their weight. He suffered much from a morbid acuteness of the senses; the most insipid food was alone endurable; he 260 could wear only garments of certain texture; the odours of all flowers were oppressive; his eyes were tortured by even a faint light; and there were but peculiar sounds, and these from stringed instruments, which did not inspire him with horror.

To an anomalous species of terror I found him a bounden slave. "I shall perish," said he, "I *must* perish in this deplorable folly. Thus, thus, and
270 not otherwise, shall I be lost. I dread the events of the future, not in themselves, but in their results. I shudder at the thought of any, even the most trivial incident, which may operate upon this intolerable agitation of soul. I have, indeed, no abhorrence of danger, except in its absolute effect—in terror. In this unnerved—in this pitiable condition—I feel that the period will sooner or later arrive when I must abandon life and reason together, in some struggle with the grim phantasm, FEAR."
280

I learned, moreover, at intervals, and through broken and equivocal hints, another singular feature of his mental condition. He was enchained by certain superstitious impressions in regard to the dwelling which he tenanted, and whence, for many years, he had never ventured forth—in regard to an influence whose suppositious force was conveyed in terms too shadowy here to be re-stated—an influence which some peculiarities in the mere
290 form and substance of his family mansion, had, by dint of long sufferance, he said, obtained over his spirit—an effect which the *physique* of the grey walls and turrets, and of the dim tarn into which they all looked down, had, at length, brought about upon the *morale* of his existence.

He admitted, however, although with hesitation, that much of the peculiar gloom which thus afflicted him could be traced to a more natural and far more palpable origin—to the severe and long-continued
300 illness—indeed to the evidently approaching dissolution—of a tenderly beloved sister—his sole companion for long years—his last and only relative on earth. "Her decease," he said, with a bitterness which I can never forget, "would leave him (him the hopeless and the frail) the last of the

ancient race of the Ushers." While he spoke, the Lady Madeline (for so was she called) passed slowly through a remote portion of the apartment, and, without having noticed my presence, disappeared. I regarded her with an utter astonishment not unmingled with dread—and yet I found it impossible to account for such feelings. A sensation of stupor oppressed me, as my eyes followed her retreating steps. When a door, at length, closed upon her, my glance sought instinctively and eagerly the countenance of the brother—but he had buried his face in his hands, and I could only perceive that a far more than ordinary wanness had overspread the emaciated fingers through which trickled many passionate tears. 310

The disease of the Lady Madeline had long baffled the skill of her physicians. A settled apathy, a gradual wasting away of the person, and frequent although transient affections of a partially cataleptical character, were the unusual diagnosis. Hitherto she had steadily borne up against the pressure of her malady, and had not betaken herself finally to bed; but, on the closing in of the evening of my arrival at the house, she succumbed (as her brother told me at night with inexpressible agitation) to the prostrating power of the destroyer; and I learned that the glimpse I had obtained of her person would thus probably be the last I should obtain—that the lady, at least while living, would be seen by me no more. 320

For several days ensuing, her name was unmentioned by either Usher or myself: and during this period I was busied in earnest endeavours to alleviate the melancholy of my friend. We painted and read together; or I listened, as if in a dream, to the wild improvisations of his speaking guitar. And thus, as a closer and still closer intimacy admitted me more unreservedly into the recesses of his spirit, the more bitterly did I perceive the futility 340

of all attempt at cheering a mind from which darkness, as if an inherent positive quality, poured forth upon all objects of the moral and physical universe, in one unceasing radiation of gloom.

I shall ever bear about me a memory of the many
350 solemn hours I thus spent alone with the master of
the House of Usher. Yet I should fail in any
attempt to convey an idea of the exact character of
the studies, or of the occupations, in which he in-
volved me, or led me the way. An excited and
highly distempered ideality threw a sulphureous
lustre over all. His long improvised dirges will
ring forever in my ears. Among other things, I
hold painfully in mind a certain singular perversion
and amplification of the wild air of the last waltz
360 of Von Weber. From the paintings over which
his elaborate fancy brooded, and which grew, touch
by touch, into vagueness at which I shuddered the
more thrillingly, because I shuddered knowing not
why;—from these paintings (vivid as their images
now are before me) I would in vain endeavour to
educe more than a small portion which should lie
within the compass of merely written words. By
the utter simplicity, by the nakedness of his de-
signs, he arrested and overawed attention. If
370 ever mortal painted an idea, that mortal was Rod-
erick Usher. For me at least—in the circumstances
then surrounding me—there arose out of the pure
abstractions which the hypochondriac contrived to
throw upon his canvas, an intensity of intoler-
able awe, no shadow of which felt I ever yet in the
contemplation of the certainly glowing yet too con-
crete reveries of Fuseli.

One of the phantasmagoric conceptions of my
friend, partaking not so rigidly of the spirit of ab-
380 straction, may be shadowed forth, although feebly,
in words. A small picture presented the interior
of an immensely long and rectangular vault or
tunnel, with low walls, smooth, white, and without

interruption or device. Certain accessory points of the design served well to convey the idea that this excavation lay at an exceeding depth below the surface of the earth. No outlet was observed in any portion of its vast extent, and no torch, or other artificial source of light was discernible; yet a flood of intense rays rolled throughout, and bathed the whole in a ghastly and inappropriate splendour. 390

I have just spoken of that morbid condition of the auditory nerve which rendered all music intolerable to the sufferer, with the exception of certain effects of stringed instruments. It was, perhaps, the narrow limits to which he thus confined himself upon the guitar, which gave birth, in great measure, to the fantastic character of his performances. But the fervid *facility* of his *impromptus* could not be so accounted for. They must have been, and were, in the notes, as well as in the words of his wild fantasias (for he not unfrequently accompanied himself with rhymed verbal improvisations), the result of that intense mental collectedness and concentration to which I have previously alluded as observable only in particular moments of the highest artificial excitement. The words of one of these rhapsodies I have easily remembered. I was, perhaps, the more forcibly impressed with it, as he gave it, because, in the under or mystic current of its meaning, I fancied that I perceived, and for the first time, a full consciousness on the part of Usher, of the tottering of his lofty reason upon her throne. The verses, which were entitled "The Haunted Palace," ran very nearly, if not accurately, thus: 400

I

In the greenest of our valleys,
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace—
Radiant palace—reared its head.

In the monarch Thought's dominion—
It stood there!
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair.

II

430

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow;
(This—all this—was in the olden
Time long ago)
And every gentle air that dallied,
In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
A winged odour went away.

III

440

Wanderers in that happy valley
Through two luminous windows saw
Spirits moving musically
To a lute's well tunèd law,
Round about a throne, where sitting
(Porphyrogene!)
In state his glory well befitting,
The ruler of the realm was seen.

IV

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And all with pearl and ruby glowing
Was the fair palace door,
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing
And sparkling evermore,
A troop of Echoes whose sweet duty
Was but to sing,
In voices of surpassing beauty,
The wit and wisdom of their king.

V

460

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate;
(Ah, let us mourn, for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him, desolate!)
And, round about his home, the glory
That blushed and bloomed
Is but a dim-remembered story
Of the old time entombed.

VI

And travellers now within that valley,
Through the red-litten windows, see
Vast forms that move fantastically
To a discordant melody;
While, like a rapid ghastly river,
Through the pale door,
A hideous throng rush out forever,
And laugh—but smile no more.

470

I well remember that suggestions arising from this ballad, led us into a train of thought wherein there became manifest an opinion of Usher's which I mention not so much on account of its novelty (for other men have thought thus), as on account of the pertinacity with which he maintained it. This opinion, in its general form, was that of the sentience of all vegetable things. But, in his disordered fancy, the idea had assumed a more daring character, and trespassed, under certain conditions, upon the kingdom of inorganisation. I lack words to express the full extent, or the earnest *abandon* of his persuasion. The belief, however, was connected (as I have previously hinted) with the grey stones of the home of his forefathers. The conditions of the sentience had been here, he imagined, fulfilled in the method of collocation of these stones—in the order of their arrangement, as well as in that of the many *fungi* which overspread them, and of the decayed trees which stood around—above all, in the long undisturbed endurance of this arrangement, and in its reduplication in the still waters of the tarn. Its evidence—the evidence of the sentience—was to be seen, he said, (and I here started as he spoke) in the gradual yet certain condensation of an atmosphere of their own about the waters and the walls. The result was discoverable, he added, in that silent, yet importunate and terrible influence which for centuries had moulded the destinies of his family, and which made *him* what I

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now saw him—what he was. Such opinions need no comment, and I will make none.

Our books—the books which, for years, had formed no small portion of the mental existence of the invalid—were, as might be supposed, in strict keeping with this character of phantasm. We pored together over such works as the *Ververt et Chartreuse* of Gresset; the *Belphegor* of Machiavelli; the *Heaven and Hell* of Swedenborg; the 510 *Subterranean Voyage of Nicholas Klimm* by Holberg; the *Chiromancy* of Robert Flud, of Jean D'Indaginé, and of De la Chambre; the *Journey into the Blue Distance* of Tieck; and the *City of the Sun* of Campanella. One favourite volume was a small octavo edition of the *Directorium Inquisitorum*, by the Dominican Eymeric de Gironne; and there were passages in *Pomponius Mela*, about the old African Satyrs and Ægipans, over which Usher would sit dreaming for hours. His chief delight, 520 however, was found in the perusal of an exceedingly rare and curious book in quarto Gothic—the manual of a forgotten church—the *Vigiliæ Mortuorum Secundum Chorum Ecclesiæ Maguntinæ*.

I could not help thinking of the wild ritual of this work, and of its probable influence upon the hypochondriac, when, one evening, having informed me abruptly that the Lady Madeline was no more, he stated his intention of preserving her corpse for a fortnight (previously to its final interment), in 530 one of the numerous vaults within the main walls of the building. The worldly reason, however, assigned for this singular proceeding, was one which I did not feel at liberty to dispute. The brother had been led to his resolution (so he told me) by consideration of the unusual character of the malady of the deceased, of certain obtrusive and eager inquiries on the part of her medical men, and of the remote and exposed situation of the burial-ground of the family. I will not deny that

when I called to mind the sinister countenance of the person whom I met upon the staircase, on the day of my arrival at the house, I had no desire to oppose what I regarded as at best but a harmless, and by no means an unnatural, precaution. 540

At the request of Usher, I personally aided him in the arrangements for the temporary entombment. The body having been encoffined, we two alone bore it to its rest. The vault in which we placed it (and which had been so long unopened that our torches, half smothered in its oppressive atmosphere, gave us little opportunity for investigation) was small, damp, and entirely without means of admission of light; lying, at great depth, immediately beneath that portion of the building in which was my own sleeping apartment. It had been used, apparently, in remote feudal times, for the worst purpose of a donjon-keep, and, in later days, as a place of deposit for powder, or some other highly combustible substance, as a portion of its floor, and the whole interior of a long archway through which we reached it, were carefully sheathed with copper. 550

The door, of massive iron, had been, also, similarly protected. Its immense weight caused an unusually sharp grating sound, as it moved upon its hinges. 560

Having deposited our mournful burden upon tressels within this region of horror, we partially turned aside the yet unscrewed lid of the coffin, and looked upon the face of the tenant. A striking similitude between the brother and sister now first arrested my attention; and Usher, divining, perhaps, my thoughts, murmured out some few words from which I learned that the deceased and himself had been twins, and that sympathies of a scarcely intelligible nature had always existed between them. Our glances, however, rested not long upon the dead—for we could not regard her unawed. The disease which had thus entombed the lady in the maturity of youth, had left, as usual 570

in all maladies of a strictly cataleptical character, the mockery of a faint blush upon the bosom and the face, and that suspiciously lingering smile upon the lip which is so terrible in death. We replaced and screwed down the lid, and, having secured the door of iron, made our way, with toil, into the scarcely less gloomy apartments of the upper portion of the house.

And now, some days of bitter grief having elapsed, an observable change came over the features of the mental disorder of my friend. His ordinary manner had vanished. His ordinary occupations were neglected or forgotten. He roamed from chamber to chamber with hurried, unequal, and objectless step. The pallor of his countenance had assumed, if possible, a more ghastly hue—but the luminousness of his eye had utterly gone out. The once occasional huskiness of his tone was heard no more; and a tremulous quaver, as if of extreme terror, habitually characterised his utterance. There were times, indeed, when I thought his unceasingly agitated mind was labouring with some oppressive secret, to divulge which he struggled for the necessary courage. At times, again, I was obliged to resolve all into the mere inexplicable vagaries of madness, for I beheld him gazing upon vacancy for long hours, in an attitude of the profoundest attention, as if listening to some imaginary sound. It was no wonder that his condition terrified—that it infected me. I felt creeping upon me, by slow yet certain degrees, the wild influences of his own fantastic yet impressive superstitions.

It was, especially, upon retiring to bed late in the night of the seventh or eighth day after the placing of the Lady Madeline within the donjon, that I experienced the full power of such feelings. Sleep came not near my couch—while the hours waned and waned away. I struggled to reason off the

nervousness which had dominion over me. I endeavoured to believe that much, if not all of what I felt, was due to the bewildering influence of the gloomy furniture of the room—of the dark and tattered draperies, which, tortured into motion by the breath of a rising tempest, swayed fitfully to and fro upon the walls, and rustled uneasily about the decorations of the bed. But my efforts were fruitless. An irrepressible tremor gradually pervaded my frame; and, at length, there sat upon my very heart an incubus of utterly causeless alarm. Shaking this off with a gasp and a struggle, I uplifted myself upon the pillows, and, peering earnestly within the intense darkness of the chamber, hearkened—I know not why, except that an instinctive spirit prompted me—to certain low and indefinite sounds which came, through the pauses of the storm, at long intervals, I knew not whence. Overpowered by an intense sentiment of horror, unaccountable yet unendurable, I threw on my clothes with haste (for I felt that I should sleep no more during the night), and endeavoured to arouse myself from the pitiable condition into which I had fallen, by pacing rapidly to and fro through the apartment. 620

I had taken but few turns in this manner, when a light step on an adjoining staircase arrested my attention. I presently recognized it as that of Usher. In an instant afterward he rapped, with a gentle touch, at my door, and entered, bearing a lamp. His countenance was, as usual, cadaverously wan—but, moreover, there was a species of mad hilarity in his eyes—an evidently restrained *hysteria* in his whole demeanour. His air appalled me—but anything was preferable to the solitude which I had so long endured, and I even welcomed his presence as a relief. 630

“And you have not seen it?” he said abruptly, after having stared about him for some moments

in silence—"you have not then seen it?—but, stay! you shall." Thus speaking, and having carefully shaded his lamp, he hurried to one of the case-
660 ments, and threw it freely open to the storm.

The impetuous fury of the entering gust nearly lifted us from our feet. It was, indeed, a tempestuous yet sternly beautiful night, and one wildly singular in its terror and its beauty. A whirlwind had apparently collected its force in our vicinity; for there were frequent and violent alterations in the direction of the wind; and the exceeding density of the clouds (which hung so low as to press upon the turrets of the house) did not prevent our per-
670 ceiving the lifelike velocity with which they flew careering from all points against each other, without passing away into the distance. I say that even their exceeding density did not prevent our perceiving this—yet we had no glimpse of the moon or stars—nor was there any flashing forth of the lightning. But the under surfaces of the huge masses of agitated vapour, as well as all terrestrial objects immediately around us, were glowing in the unnatural light of a faintly luminous and distinctly
680 visible gaseous exhalation which hung about and enshrouded the mansion.

"You must not—you shall not behold this!" said I, shudderingly, to Usher, as I led him, with a gentle violence, from the window to a seat. "These appearances, which bewilder you, are merely electrical phenomena not uncommon—or it may be that they have their ghastly origin in the rank miasma of the tarn. Let us close this case-
690 ment;—the air is chilling and dangerous to your frame. Here is one of your favourite romances. I will read, and you shall listen;—and so we will pass away this terrible night together."

The antique volume which I had taken up was the *Mad Trist* of Sir Launcelot Canning; but I had called it a favourite of Usher's more in sad

jest than in earnest; for, in truth, there is little in its uncouth and unimaginative prolixity which could have had interest for the lofty and spiritual ideality of my friend. It was, however, the only book immediately at hand; and I indulged a vague hope that the excitement which now agitated the hypochondriac, might find relief (for the history of mental disorder is full of similar anomalies) even in the extremeness of the folly which I should read. Could I have judged, indeed, by the wild overstrained air of vivacity with which he hearkened, or apparently hearkened, to the words of the tale, I might well have congratulated myself upon the success of my design. 700

I had arrived at that well-known portion of the story where Ethelred, the hero of the Trist, having sought in vain for peaceable admission into the dwelling of the hermit, proceeds to make good an entrance by force. Here, it will be remembered, the words of the narrative run thus: 710

“And Ethelred, who was by nature of a doughty heart, and who was now mighty withal, on account of the powerfulness of the wine which he had drunken, waited no longer to hold parley with the hermit, who, in sooth, was of an obstinate and maliceful turn, but, feeling the rain upon his shoulders, and fearing the rising of the tempest, uplifted his mace outright, and, with blows, made quickly room in the plankings of the door for his gauntleted hand; and now pulling therewith sturdily, he so cracked, and ripped, and tore all asunder, that the noise of the dry and hollow-sounding wood alarmed and reverberated throughout the forest.” 720

At the termination of this sentence I started, and for a moment, paused; for it appeared to me (although I at once concluded that my excited fancy had deceived me)—it appeared to me that, from some very remote portion of the mansion, there came, indistinctly, to my ears, what might 730

have been, in its exact similarity of character, the echo (but a stifled and dull one certainly) of the very cracking and ripping sound which Sir Launcelot had so particularly described. It was, beyond doubt, the coincidence alone which had arrested
740 my attention; for, amid the rattling of the sashes of the casements, and the ordinary commingled noises of the still increasing storm, the sound, in itself, had nothing, surely, which should have interested or disturbed me. I continued the story:

“But the good champion Ethelred, now entering within the door, was sore enraged and amazed to perceive no signal of the malicious hermit; but, in the stead thereof, a dragon of a scaly and prodigious demeanour, and of a fiery tongue, which sate
750 in guard before a palace of gold, with a floor of silver; and upon the wall there hung a shield of shining brass with this legend enwritten—

Who entereth herein, a conqueror hath bin;
Who slayeth the dragon, the shield he shall win;

and Ethelred uplifted his mace, and struck upon the head of the dragon, which fell before him, and gave up his pesty breath, with a shriek so horrid and harsh, and withal so piercing, that Ethelred had fain to close his ears with his hands against the
760 dreadful noise of it, the like whereof was never before heard.”

Here again I paused abruptly, and now with a feeling of wild amazement—for there could be no doubt whatever that, in this instance, I did actually hear (although from what direction it proceeded I found it impossible to say) a low and apparently distant, but harsh, protracted, and most unusual screaming or grating sound—the exact counterpart of what my fancy had already conjured up for the
770 dragon’s unnatural shriek as described by the romancer.

Oppressed, as I certainly was, upon the occurrence of the second and most extraordinary coincidence, by a thousand conflicting sensations, in which wonder and extreme terror were predominant, I still retained sufficient presence of mind to avoid exciting, by any observation, the sensitive nervousness of my companion. I was by no means certain that he had noticed the sounds in question; although, assuredly, a strange alteration had, during the last few minutes, taken place 780 in his demeanour. From a position fronting my own, he had gradually brought round his chair, so as to sit with his face to the door of the chamber; and thus I could but partially perceive his features, although I saw that his lips trembled as if he were murmuring inaudibly. His head had dropped upon his breast—yet I knew that he was not asleep, from the wide and rigid opening of the eye as I caught a glance of it in profile. The 790 motion of his body, too, was at variance with this idea—for he rocked from side to side with a gentle yet constant and uniform sway. Having rapidly taken notice of all this, I resumed the narrative of Sir Launcelot, which thus proceeded:

“And now, the champion, having escaped from the terrible fury of the dragon, bethinking himself of the brazen shield, and of the breaking up of the enchantment which was upon it, removed the carcass from out of the way before him, and approached 800 valourously over the silver pavement of the castle to where the shield was upon the wall; which in sooth tarried not for his full coming, but fell down at his feet upon the silver floor, with a mighty great and terrible ringing sound.”

No sooner had these syllables passed my lips, than—as if a shield of brass had indeed, at the moment, fallen heavily upon a floor of silver—I became aware of a distinct, hollow, metallic, and clangorous, yet apparently muffled reverberation. 810

Completely unnerved, I leaped to my feet; but the measured rocking movement of Usher was undisturbed. I rushed to the chair in which he sat. His eyes were bent fixedly before him, and throughout his whole countenance there reigned a stony rigidity. But, as I placed my hand upon his shoulder, there came a strong shudder over his whole person; a sickly smile quivered about his lips; and I saw that he spoke in a low, hurried, and
820 gibbering murmur, as if unconscious of my presence. Bending closely over him, I at length drank in the hideous import of his words.

“Not hear it?—yes, I hear it, and *have* heard it. Long—long—long—many minutes, many hours, many days, have I heard it—yet I dared not—oh, pity me, miserable wretch that I am!—I dared not—I *dared* not speak! *We have put her living in the tomb!* Said I not that my senses were acute? I *now* tell you that I heard her first feeble move-
830 ments in the hollow coffin. I heard them—many, many days ago—yet I dared not—I *dared not speak!* And now—to-night—Ethelred—ha! ha!—the breaking of the hermit’s door, and the death-cry of the dragon, and the clangour of the shield!—say, rather, the rending of her coffin, and the grating of the iron hinges of her prison, and her struggles within the coppered archway of the vault! Oh whither shall I fly? Will she not be here anon? Is she not hurrying to upbraid me for my haste? Have
840 I not heard her footstep on the stair? Do I not distinguish that heavy and horrible beating of her heart? MADMAN!” here he sprang furiously to his feet, and shrieked out his syllables, as if in the effort he were giving up his soul—“MADMAN! I TELL YOU THAT SHE NOW STANDS WITHOUT THE DOOR!”

As if in the superhuman energy of his utterance there had been found the potency of a spell—the huge antique panels to which the speaker pointed,

threw slowly back, upon the instant, their ponderous and ebony jaws. It was the work of the rushing gust—but then without those doors there DID stand the lofty and enshrouded figure of the Lady Madeline of Usher. There was blood upon her white robes, and the evidence of some bitter struggle upon every portion of her emaciated frame. For a moment she remained trembling and reeling to and fro upon the threshold, then, with a low moaning cry, fell heavily inward upon the person of her brother, and in her violent and now final death-agonies, bore him to the floor a corpse, and a victim to the terrors he had anticipated. 850

From that chamber, and from that mansion, I fled aghast. The storm was still abroad in all its wrath as I found myself crossing the old causeway. Suddenly there shot along the path a wild light, and I turned to see whence a gleam so unusual could have issued; for the vast house and its shadows were alone behind me. The radiance was that of the full, setting, and blood-red moon which now 870 shone vividly through that once barely-discernible fissure of which I have before spoken as extending from the roof of the building, in a zigzag direction, to the base. While I gazed this fissure rapidly widened—there came a fierce breath of the whirlwind—the entire orb of the satellite burst at once upon my sight—my brain reeled as I saw the mighty walls rushing asunder—there was a long tumultuous shouting sound like the voice of a thousand waters—and the deep and dank tarn at my feet closed 880 sullenly and silently over the fragments of the “HOUSE OF USHER.”

Edgar Allan Poe.

THE ENEMY

At a quarter-past eight in the morning, every working day of the year, summer and winter, little Jack Harding left his little house in Ealing for the Charing Cross Road, where he had a little bookshop. A month every year he took a holiday, but even during that month he might be said to go through the same procedure, because, wherever he might be, he woke up at half-past seven and, lying on his back in bed, went through all the stages of dressing, having breakfast, hurrying to
10 the station, changing at Hammersmith, getting out at Leicester Square, walking up to the little shop, scolding the boy with adenoids, opening his correspondence, and entering happily on the business of the day. It was luxurious indeed to lie on one's back and take this journey, hearing the waves murmur outside one's window, or seeing the clouds pass in lazy procession, or hearing the separator hard at work in some distant part of the farm-
20 house. He enjoyed his holiday, of course, but he enjoyed still more getting back to work again. He loved his shop, although it made him the barest living in these difficult post-war days, and he could not be said to care very generally for books for their own sake. He was a little man, stout and round like a rolling-pin, with very small feet and hands, of which he was immensely proud. He was cheery and optimistic by temperament, loved to hear the sound of his own voice, and, although he
30 was forty-five, was still unmarried. He enjoyed the society of ladies, but liked them in general rather than in particular. An old woman looked after him and his little house, cheated him and robbed him, scolded him and abused him, except when he was ill, when she adored him and took an enormous amount of trouble to make him comfort-

able. He had only one enemy in the world.

Now the point about this enemy was that he had seldom spoken to him. Some years ago, when he had first come to live in Ealing, he had noticed 40 on his regular morning journey a large, heavy, red-faced man, who lived apparently in his own street, always plunged out of his door at precisely the moment when he, Harding, passed it, and so plunged apparently in order to have a bright morning conversation. In fact, it very soon became Harding's conviction that the large, heavy gentleman waited behind the dining-room curtain until he saw him approach and then made his plunge. Now Harding did not want a bright morning con- 50 versation. His mind was busy with the details of the day's work. The catalogue that he was preparing, the cheap lot of books that had come in yesterday and would, most of them, find their way into the six-penny box outside, and the chances of discovering some unexpected find that would add glory to the aforementioned catalogue: such questions as these made a morning conversation with a stranger extremely irritating, and Harding was English enough to suspect at once of the 60 most abominable crimes anybody who spoke to him without a proper Ealing introduction.

This large man was, in Harding's view, exactly the person of whom you would expect a crime. On the first morning the large man had insisted on walking with Harding to the station, he talked in a great booming voice about the weather, about the neighbouring music-hall and a dainty little piece who was dancing there, about some shares he had somewhere, about his being a widower, 70 about some geraniums in his back garden, about some horses, about indigestion, and about where he was going for his summer holiday. All these things before they reached the station at all.

Then in the train he sat next to Harding, might indeed be said almost to sit over him, and went on with a long, cheerful proclamation about potatoes and beans and cabbages, shouting it all out at the top of his voice in rivalry with the noisy
80 train. If there was one thing in the world that Harding detested it was talking against a train, he himself having a rather small, shrill voice, which was not at its best when it was unduly raised, as he very well knew. Then this horrible man stuck closely to him at Hammersmith, marched down the platform with him, pushed past the ticket collector, marched up the other platform, and sat over him once again in the Tube. He went all the way with him to Leicester Square and would,
90 Harding believed, have followed him to his bookshop had he not managed to lose him in the crowd. Work was spoilt for Harding that day. Whenever he tried to think clearly that man's booming voice seemed to get in the way, his large, bushy, black moustache seemed to whisk up and down the bookshelves, and his broad, aggressive chest overshadowed the customers.

Harding had not been encouraging, but nevertheless, next day, there was the man again, darting
100 down the steps with a "Well, good morning, good morning, how are we to-day?" so that Harding, who detested to be called "we," was so deeply annoyed that he murmured that he had forgotten something, hurried back to his house again, and was twenty minutes late at the bookshop.

This was how it began, and every day now the poor little man was overshadowed by this horrible stranger. This horrible man's name was Tonks, and he had something to do with vegetables. He
110 had no children and was thinking of marrying again, but couldn't quite make up his mind. He gave his reluctant companion most unpleasant and

intimate details of his earlier married life. He had an especially disagreeable habit of putting his hand on little Harding's shoulder. The really strange thing was that Tonks seemed to have no particular liking for any other of the numerous company who went down to the City at that same hour day by day. There were, as Harding complained, any number of men who would have been delighted with Tonks's confidences, but Tonks appeared to wish to have none of them, and Harding, being a modest little man, could only explain this as a quite definite persecution, deliberately indulged in by Tonks for his own especial annoyance. 120

Now the passion of Harding's life was his bookshop. He thought about it all day, slept with it all night, ate it at every meal, and was never so happy as when he was imagining wonderful plans for its future. These plans were not really of a literary kind. His vision and dream was an enormous shop containing thousands and thousands and thousands of volumes. Room succeeded room, rows and rows of bookshelves towered up into the mysterious mists of the ceiling. There were so many books that nobody knew how many there were, nor ever would know, and with this sense of size and multitude went also a keen pleasure in what may vulgarly be called "spotting the winner." Harding never went to horse-races; as he once explained to a friend, he did his horse-racing in the bookshop. 130 140

This was just at the time when there was a passion, both in America and in England, for modern first editions, and Harding had a special catalogue of modern firsts of which he was immensely proud. This catalogue might have been better, and he would certainly have made more money had he gone in for quality rather than 150

quantity, but he loved his catalogues to be large and full of important names. He had a list of modern writers, and used to mark them up and down in this list week by week according to the value of the moment. At one time it would be, we will say, Drinkwater and De la Mare who were going to win the literary stakes, and his modern catalogue that quarter would be full of Drinkwaters and De la Mares, a great many of
160 them of no value at all, but he would put little mystical notes under the items, like "Very scarce" or "Rare in this state," and then hope for the best. Nothing pleased him so much as when somebody came into his shop, asked for some tawdry novel, and was then lured by him into a consideration of rare firsts. He loved to see them open their eyes in wide amazement as he explained to them the wonderful speculation that investing in these mysterious Drinkwaters would be, of
170 them going up week by week, that somebody in his shop had bought two years ago a little slim Masefield for almost nothing at all, and that now ten pounds wouldn't buy it. Ladies might be seen going from his shop with a little bundle of mysterious poets, when they had intended to purchase only a very unmysterious story to read in the train. Had this been all, he might truly be said to be encouraging a love of real literature among the masses, but unfortunately those same ladies
180 very often returned at a later date with the same mysterious poets under their arm, expecting him very naïvely to give them an increased price for these same writers and being greatly indignant when they found that these books had gone down rather than up.

Nothing is perhaps more curious in ordinary daily life than the way in which somebody who has perhaps a very remote connection with our-

selves and our affairs creeps in upon our consciousness and dominates it. I remember once staying 190
with a man in a fine country house, surrounded by a magnificent park, shut off most securely from the world, and worried almost to death by the personality of a certain butcher in a neighboring village. He didn't even get his meat from the man; he was simply conscious of him, of his red face, his stout body, his blood-stained knife, and this man interfered so seriously with his happiness that he sold his house and went elsewhere. That is an extreme case, I dare say, but we must all 200
of us be able to remember times when we have been affected in something of this fashion.

Mr. Tonks crept in upon the consciousness of Mr. Harding very slowly. Mr. Harding could not really be said to be a very imaginative man. He had only an imagination about the possible size of his bookshop. With regard to his own daily affairs he was very practical and sensible. Nevertheless he found himself after a week or two hesitating before he took his walk to the station. 210
Would Tonks be there springing down the steps towards him? Would his cheery laugh ring through South Ealing? Would Harding this time be ahead of him? He noticed soon that he did not move off to the station with his accustomed alacrity, that he paused a little in his bit of garden, and that once or twice he peered down the street to see whether there were anyone there. He began to have a physical feeling about Tonks, as though he were an egg ever so slightly bad, or 220
a bird just a tiny bit too high. He contemplated the possibility of reaching the station by some other route. He thought that it would be almost as quick to go from Ealing Broadway, but, as a matter of honest fact, he knew that it would not. Then he concocted for himself an elaborate conversation

with Tonks: how he said to him, very politely, "Good morning," how they started off to the station together, and how on the way he explained very
230 gravely but with the utmost politeness that it was quite essential for him to have absolute silence on his journey down to Charing Cross Road because there were so many business problems that only that morning hour before the morning rush could solve. He saw himself then bowing to Mr. Tonks, saying that he hoped that he understood, that no kind of offence was intended, and that if there was one person in the world with whom he would like to talk at that moment it was Mr. Tonks,
240 but that, in fact, there must be nobody at all. Harding thought this all out very carefully, and it seemed to him that there was nothing whatever to prevent him from carrying out his desire. There was, in fact, nothing to prevent him except that the words would not come. Something tied him when he saw Mr. Tonks, just as though a seal had been placed on his lips, and this made him more irritated than ever. "I should have thought," he complained angrily to himself, "that the fellow could see that I don't want
250 him. I surely make it plain enough." However, the fellow did not see, and Mr. Tonks became more and more amiable, more and more voluble, was ever more and persistently there.

The next stage in the proceedings was that Harding dreamt about Tonks. He was not a man who dreamt very often; only occasionally, when he had had a late supper, he fell screaming from an enormous height, and he did occasionally dream about somebody coming into his shop with a first "Pilgrim's Progress" in perfect condition, and offering
260 it to him for sixpence, but he was on the whole most definitely not a dreamer. One night he saw Tonks standing in his room in his night-shirt. The vision was so vivid, the smile on Tonks's face so real, the

night-shirt so exactly what in real life it would be, that it was hard to believe it was a dream. "What have you come here for?" he asked angrily. "I'm never going to leave you again," the figure replied. Poor Harding woke with a scream. Then the dream came quite frequently. There were different aspects of it. The worst was when Tonks' naked feet could be heard padding up the stairs. Then there was a pause outside the bedroom door, and Tonks's laboured breathing came like a whistle through the woodwork. Then the door slowly opened, and first Tonks's head was seen peering round, and then the whole big body came into view. Then the door was softly closed, and Tonks stood there watching. Always Harding said the same thing—"What have you come here for?" and Tonks said, "I'm never going to leave you again." 270 280

There suddenly came a week when Tonks did not appear—no sign of him at all. Harding absolutely sighed with relief. Perhaps Tonks had gone away. Perhaps he was on a holiday and would be drowned in the sea or ridden over by a motor-car. Perhaps he had committed some crime and left the country. At any rate, for a week he disappeared, and Harding was astounded and secretly irritated to find that towards the end of the week he missed him quite seriously, just because to have somebody so thoroughly to dislike seemed to give piquancy to the work of the day, but, lo and behold! there on Monday morning was Tonks again, hurrying down the steps with his "Well, well, how are we, then, today?" and then going on to explain that he had had a horribly bad cold, that his throat had hurt him something terribly, and his inside not been at all the thing. On that day Harding could have killed him, and he did manage to say as they drew near to the station, "Look here, I've got to think something out. Let me be quiet, won't you?" to which Tonks, 290 300

who had been sneezing hysterically all down the road, replied through his cold-invaded nose: "All right, old feller; forgive my sneezing, won't you? Terrible things to get rid of, colds."

310 The next stage of this affair was that Tonks's personality invaded the shop. It can only have been hysteria on the part of Harding, and he was most certainly very far from being an hysterical person, but one morning, opening the door of the shop, stepping in, sniffing as he invariably did the aroma of old decaying books, the beautiful scent of piled-up dusty volumes, it seemed to him that Tonks had followed in after him. He whisked sharply around, but of course there was no one there, but for half a moment he could have sworn that out of the tail of his eye he saw the heavy shoulder, the rough red of the cheek, the beginning of that hateful smile.

320 "That man's getting on my nerves," he said to himself. "I really must refuse to think of him any longer." But he could not help himself. There was something about Tonks as though he had been Frankenstein's monster of Harding's own creation. Harding, like all Englishmen, was, underneath his British exterior, a desperately sentimental man. A little of a sycophant too, something of a crawler, and the odd thing was that if he had met Tonks just a little differently—that is, on a convivial evening at
330 the house of a mutual friend—he might have liked him very much indeed, so close are love and hatred to one another. As it was, he hated him, and every day with increasing fervour. He was perhaps working too hard, bothering himself too strenuously about his new catalogue. Perhaps he was taking too little exercise and eating things that did not agree with him. Whatever the explanation, certain it is that Tonks's shadow was always now appearing at the shop, hiding behind the counter, squeezing
340 itself in between the covers of books, balancing

itself precariously on ladders, always turning up in the most unexpected places. And then one day came the climax. Tonks did make a real appearance in true flesh. He came in one morning about midday, sauntering in, one hand in his pocket, smiling all over his face. Harding was alone in the shop at the time.

"Well, well, how are we?" he called out. "I've caught you in your lair at last. You never would tell me where you worked, and I've had to find it out 350 for myself."

So he'd been spying on him? Harding's face crimsoned. He had to bend over a book that he was examining to hide his agitation. Yes, he'd been spying on him, the beast!

Tonks waited a moment for a reply, and getting none went on most genially, "Well, well, I'm sure you're busy to-day. I've come in to buy a book from you."

"What sort of a book?" said Harding almost in a 360 whisper.

"Well, it's for a young lady friend of mine, and she's taking a long journey up to the North of Scotland, and wants something to read. 'Why,' I said to her, 'I know the very man. He's a great friend of mine and very clever, and I'll ask him to advise me.'"

Harding suddenly looked up and leaned across the counter, his face pushed forward. The two men were very close to one another. 370

"I'm not your friend," he said, "and I'll have you know it. I hate the very sight of you. I've been wanting to tell you this a long time."

The smile suddenly left Tonks's face as though it had been snatched away by somebody standing behind him. His eyes were wide with surprise.

"Well, I never!" he said. "Do you really feel like that about me? I wonder why?"

“Never mind why,” said Harding, furiously. “The
380 fact’s true, and that’s enough. *You’ve* been irritating
me for months, walking along to the station with me,
only *I* haven’t had the courage to tell you so. I
should have thought a man would have seen it.”

He bent down, his face still crimson, staring into
his book. The puzzled expression deepened on
Tonks’s countenance. His whole body seemed to
grow puzzled, too. His waistcoat developed new
creases, his hands seemed to wrinkle. Then his
great chest heaved a mighty sigh.

390 “It’s strange,” he said. “I wonder if you know
anything against me? Not that there is much
against me that I can think of, but it’s curious be-
cause I took a liking to you. A great liking to you.
Most unusually quick it was. At the very first
sight of you, as one might say. I suppose I’m slow
to notice things, but there’s never been a man I’d
have liked for a friend so much as I’d have liked
you. There’s something about you sort of appeals
to me. I suppose you couldn’t explain a little?”

400 “No, I couldn’t,” said Harding, ferociously. “I
just don’t like you, and that’s all there is about it.
We’re better apart, if you’ll excuse me for saying
so.”

“Oh, I’ll excuse you,” said Tonks, shaking his
head slowly, pulling himself together; “but it’s a
great pity—a terrible pity. I’m a lonely sort of man.
Being a widower’s a bit difficult, because, you see, if
you’ve liked the first woman it’s most improbable
you’re going to be pleased with the second, and if
410 you haven’t liked the first woman, why, you’re off
matrimony altogether, so to speak. If you under-
stand what I mean. I’m sort of lonely in that house.
I’ve been wanting to ask you in for weeks past. I’ve
got an organ in the dining-room you’d love to hear.
It’s as good as a church. You’ve never seen my
dog, have you?”

"No, I haven't," said Harding, "and don't want to."

"Well, well," said Tonks, slowly, "that's the end of that. I'm glad I've got the dog, though," he said, as he went out of the shop. 420

There began after this an even worse period for Harding, because although Tonks never actually met him now on the way to the station, never spoke to him indeed, he was always just round the corner. Harding could never pass his house without feeling sure he was hiding behind the dining-room curtain and longing to rush out and speak to him. At Hammersmith their paths were sometimes crossed, and then Tonks had a mixture of pride and pleading on his large round face that was terrible to see. Harding had now a curious sense that in one way or another he was in the wrong. Absurd, of course, but there you are. He only hated the man the more for it. The man became a proverb in his mind. When he was talking with his friends he would quote him as an instance of the depth of his feeling. "There's a man I know," he would say, "whom you wouldn't believe the way I hate, and I really couldn't tell you why. Just his face or his smile or something. Case of Dr. Fell, I suppose. Really gives me the creeps. You might say there's nothing against him, and yet in a way there is. His being alive's against him, if you understand what I mean." And then all the friends would laugh together and say that they understood perfectly. 430 440

There was one morning a most difficult moment when Tonks came down the steps with his dog, the most hideous mongrel you ever saw, kind of a fox-terrier with a black spot on its nose, and one ear half bitten off in a dog fight. The awkward thing was that the dog leapt upon Harding as though he were an old, old friend. 450

"Come 'ere, Spot, come 'ere!" Tonks called out,

looking extremely embarrassed, but Spot persisted in claiming Harding for an old friend. He simply wouldn't leave him alone. The two men stopped and looked at one another, and Harding had the most curious feeling, as though he would like to go
460 up and embrace Tonks and put his hat straight. A most curious and un-British feeling, as everybody will allow, and Tonks and the dog went one way and Harding went another. Bah! how he hated that man! Why couldn't he go and live somewhere else? Nevertheless, all the way to the shop he felt ashamed of himself and couldn't settle down to anything for the rest of the day.

Three days later, about six in the evening, he was returning home. He left the shop a little earlier than
470 usual because it was so fine and pleasant. He wanted to get into his little garden and do some digging. He got out at South Ealing Station and walked briskly down the road homewards.

Outside Tonks's house there was an agitation. Several people were hanging about and a policeman was looking into space.

"Excuse me, constable, is there anything the matter?" asked Harding.

"Gentleman been run over by a motor omnibus,"
480 said the policeman. "Just round the corner here. No use taking 'im to the 'ospital. 'E's done for."

"Done for!" gasped Harding.

"Dead as mutton," said the policeman. Harding turned white. It was as though he himself had killed him.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the policeman. "Are you a friend of the gentleman?"

"Why?" asked Harding.

"Why, because 'e don't seem to have anybody in
490 the house who does belong. Nobody but an old woman who comes in and does for 'im and a dawg.

The dawg won't leave his bed. Must 'ave been a lonely sort of life for a man."

"Yes, I am a friend of his," said Harding, suddenly, "a very great friend."

He pushed past the policeman and went into the house. There was a doctor there, an old woman crying, the dog sitting on his hindquarters at the foot of the bed and not moving. There was Tonks himself in a nice clean night-shirt with his hair 500 brushed, looking very calm and quiet, a suggestion of a smile hovering about his mouth.

"Caught him in the stomach," said the doctor. "Instantaneous. Are you a friend of the deceased?" he asked.

"Yes, I am," said Harding, "a great friend."

"Well, there doesn't seem to be anybody else," said the doctor. "Must have been a lonely sort of life."

The old woman sobbed. "Oh, 'e was a kind 510 gentleman," she said.

"I was his best friend," said Harding. "We used to go into town together every morning. I'll see to everything."

He did. For weeks he worked at Tonks's affairs, which were in a curiously complicated state. There seemed to be no relations. In the end, when everything was sold and all debts paid, there were a few hundred pounds, and these Harding gave to the old woman. No one seemed to question for a moment 520 that Harding was Tonks's best friend. The action of the dog only confirmed it. He refused to go near anyone save Harding. Harding had to take him home to live with him.

"No, he's not much of a dog," he would say, "but you see, his master was my best friend, so there you are."

And the funny part of it all was that that was true.

Hugh Walpole.

NOTES

PART ONE

I ESSAYS

RICHARD STEELE (1672-1729) was the originator of the eighteenth century periodical essay, and it was his genius and inventiveness in great part which made this form so successful a venture in the reign of Queen Anne. He began with the *Tatler*, which he published three times a week during the period 1709—1710-1711. Not long after this paper began to appear Steele was joined by Addison and the latter brought to the new venture the urbanity and culture necessary for the complete success of the periodical essay. Two months after the *Tatler* stopped the *Spectator* appeared and ran daily until 1712. In the *Spectator* the two writers knew exactly what the public wanted, whereas in the *Tatler* they were more or less feeling their way. The subject matter of both papers is well described in the motto of the earlier *Tatlers*:

“Whate’er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme.”

The writers of these “motley papers” are never tired of re-iterating in various forms the end they have in view: “The general purpose of this paper [*Tatler*] is to expose the false arts of life, to pull off the disguises of cunning and affectation and to recommend a general simplicity in our dress, our discourse, and our behaviour.” The *tone* of the essays is throughout that of gentle raillery and humour, the object being “to enliven morality with wit and to temper wit with morality.”

3. THE SPECTATOR CLUB.

- 3, 21. **Lord Rochester**: a rake and courtly poet when Sir Roger was a youth. **Sir John Etheridge**: a dramatist of the same period and, like Rochester, a rake.
- 3, 22. **Bully Dawson**: a notorious character of the Restoration Age.
- 4, 43. **Quorum**: justices of the peace in England.

- 4, 49. **Inner Temple**: one of the Inns of Court, where lawyers were trained.
- 4, 55. **Aristotle**: Greek philosopher and author of the *Poetics*. **Longinus**: another Greek philosopher who is credited with having written a famous treatise on literature.
- 4, 57. **Littleton or Coke**: famous English lawyers of the 15th and 17th centuries respectively.
- 4, 64. **Demosthenes**: the greatest orator of Greece. **Tully**: Marcus Tullius Cicero, the most famous of Roman orators.
- 5, 80. **Will's**: a well-known coffee-house of that time.
- 5, 82. **The Rose**: a tavern near Drury Lane Theatre.
9. **SIR ROGER IN LOVE.**
- 11, 95. **confidante**: a woman entrusted with the private affairs (usually love affairs) of another.
- 13, 190. **Martial** a Latin poet; *dum tacet hanc loquitur*: even when silent he speaks of her.
14. **SIR ROGER AND HIS SERVANTS.**
- 16, 85. **manumission**: the setting free of a servant or serf; originally by striking off from the wrist the ring which was the symbol of bondage.

JOSEPH ADDISON (1672-1719), Steele's collaborator in the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, distinguished himself as a student at college, and later as a poet and play-wright. Travel and parliamentary office gave him experience of men and affairs, but his lasting reputation rests upon his performance as an essayist. He brought to the periodical essay the reserve, poise, urbanity and polish which were necessary for its perfection. Seldom in financial straits, he never had to publish until his fastidious taste was satisfied with the essay in hand. With Steele the case was often far otherwise. Of Addison's prose Dr. Johnson speaks in the highest terms: "Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison."

18. **SIR ROGER IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.**

- 18, 2. **my paper**: *Spectator* 26.
- 18, 11. **Baker's Chronicle**: Sir Richard Baker (1568-1644), was once famous as the author of the *Chronicle of the Kings of England*.
- 18, 35. **sickness**: the plague which frequently visited England from the continent.

- 19, 70. **Shovel**: Sir Cloudesley Shovell (c. 1650-1707), an English admiral who rose to that eminence from cabin-boy. He played a gallant part in the battle of La Hogue (1692) and the storming of Gibraltar (1704).
- 19, 72. **Busby**: Richard Busby (1606-1695), a famous headmaster of Westminster School. He is said to have educated more distinguished men than any other teacher. Among his pupils were Dryden, the poet, and Locke, the philosopher.
- 20, 83. **Cecil**: William, Lord Burleigh, celebrated statesman of Elizabeth's reign. He is represented as kneeling in his robes of state at his wife's tomb.
- 20, 86. **martyr . . . needle**: Elizabeth Russell. (See a reference in Goldsmith's essay on the Abbey.)
- 20, 97. **Jacob's Pillow**: the famous stone on which in former times the Scottish kings were crowned. It was reputed to be the pillow on which Jacob rested his head when he had the vision of the angels. It is still under the coronation chair in which the sovereigns of England are crowned.
- 21, 119. **Evil**: "king's evil," an old name for scrofula. The term originated in the superstition that a royal personage had power to cure the disease by touching the patient.

22. SIR ROGER IN TOWN.

- 22, 15. **Eugene**: Prince of Savoy, a renowned French general who aided Marlborough in winning his most famous victories.
- 22, 22. **Scanderbeg**: an Albanian chieftain who, in the 15th century, successfully held his country against the Turks.

32. SIR ROGER AT HOME.

- 35, 116-120. Bishop of St. Asaph, Dr. South, Archbishop Tillotson, etc., all famous preachers of the 17th century.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH (1728-1774). Goldsmith's epigraph asserting that "he touched nothing which he did not adorn" applies to his essays as well as to the other forms of literature which he cultivated. The *Citizen of the World*, the title of his chief volume of collected essays, at its best is in no wise inferior to the *Spectator* and *Tatler*. In the *Citizen* the author assumes the role of a Chinese philosopher writing

from London to a friend at home and commenting on various features of the life he sees in London.

39. VISIT TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

- 39, 22. **gentleman, dressed in black**: the character here introduced appears frequently in the subsequent letters. He bears a strong resemblance to Goldsmith himself (cf. *Letter 27* in Part II.).
- 41, 74. **for**: for having.
- 41, 100. **Prior**: poet and diplomatist of the time of Queen Anne.
- 41, 100. **Drayton**: Michael (1563-1631), poet; amongst other things he wrote the "Ballad of Agincourt."
- 42, 109. **answerers**: *i.e.* critics.
- 43, 172. **golden head**: a mistake for silver; the head of the effigy of Henry V was of silver.
- 44, 195. **General Monk**: in command of the army at the death of Cromwell, and largely instrumental in having Charles II recalled.

CHARLES LAMB (1775-1834), combines the qualities which make an essayist in a higher degree, perhaps, than any other English man of letters. Conversant with the by-paths as well as with the beaten tracks of literature, he never makes pedantic display of his learning though his essays are brimming with quotation and reference; interested in the life about him he is never tired of writing in an interesting, humorous whimsical way his personal observations on that life; living in one of the most exciting periods of European history, he scarcely mentions the struggle with Napoleon or other contemporary events in the *Essays of Elia*.

45. **DREAM CHILDREN**. The tender strain of this piece may have been suggested by the death of Lamb's brother John on Oct. 16, 1821. Lamb's musing on "what might have been" is not confined to this essay.

- 45, 6. **Field**: Lamb's grandmother, Mary Field, was housekeeper for more than fifty years at Blakesware, the seat of the Plumers in Hertfordshire (altered here to Norfolk).
- 46, 61. **two infants**: there was a tradition in the Plumer family of the mysterious disappearance of two children in the 17th century.
- 49, 151. **Alice W-n**: "Winterton," according to Lamb's Key, but he adds that the name is feigned. An Ann Summons, who lived near Blakesware, married a Mr. Bartrum.

49, 168. **Lethe**: the river of Hades which caused forgetfulness of the past life. According to Virgil the soul that has drunk of Lethe returns to earth in another body after thousands of years.

49. **ROAST PIG**. Lamb says in one of his letters that he got the idea of this essay from his friend Manning, who had been in China for several years.

49, 6. **Confucius**: Chinese philosopher (550-428 B.C.).

50, 11. **broiling**: by exposing to an intense heat.

50, 15. **mast**: beech-nuts.

51, 52. **crackling**: the crisp skin of roast pork.

53, 148. **Locke**: great English philosopher (1632-1704).

53, 154. **dynasty**: a succession of rulers all bearing the same name.

54, 164. **mundus edibilis**: eatable or edible world.

54, 165. **princeps obsoniorum**: first or chief of delicacies.

54, 168. **hobbydehoys**: or hobbledehoy, neither man nor boy; awkward youth.

54, 171. **amor immunditiae**: love of filth.

54, 174. **praeludium**: prelude.

54, 184. **oleaginous**: oily.

54, 190. **manna**: heavenly food, *Exodus* XVI, 14, 15.

54, 192. **ambrosian**: heavenly; like ambrosia, the food of the gods.

55, 209. "**Ere sin**," etc.: quoted from the "Epitaph on a Young Infant" by Coleridge, Lamb's friend, in a volume of verse to which Lamb himself had contributed.

55, 217. **sapors**: tastes, flavours.

56, 247. "**tame villatic fowl**": quoted from Milton's *Samson Agonistes*; villatic, belonging to the village.

56, 252. "**give everything**": *Lear* II, IV, 253, "I gave you all."

56, 254. **extra-domiciliate**: a word made up for the occasion,—*extra*, outside, and *domicilium*, a dwelling house.

57, 299. **intenerating and dulcifying**: making tender and sweet.

57, 310. **per flagellationem extremam**: by whipping to death.

57, 318. **barbecue**: to roast whole after splitting and stuffing.

58, 320. **shalots**: strong onions.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (1850-1894), was one of the most careful of our prose stylists and one of the most graceful. He is justly celebrated as a writer of novels, short

stories, essays and poems, and it is hard to say on which form his reputation will finally rest; at present the vote would be about equally distributed over the first three. *Virginibus Puerisque*, from which the present selection is chosen, is a brilliant collection, and while a good many of the pieces may lack the effect of impromptu which one looks for in this form, they are amongst the best of our English essays.

58. A PLEA FOR GAS LAMPS.

- 58, 2. **burgess-warren**: *warren* is properly a piece of ground inhabited by rabbits; *burgess*, citizen.
- 58, 17. **Pharos**: lighthouse; the name is from the island of Pharos on which a lighthouse is situated.
- 59, 31. **cit**: contraction for citizen, often in a contemptuous sense.
- 59, 33. **kennels**: gutters; cf. channel.
- 59, 36. **fairway**: properly the part of a harbour or river kept open for the passage of vessels.
- 59, 51. **stave**: stanza.
- 59, 58. **Prometheus**: in Greek legend the god who stole fire from heaven and brought it to earth for mortals. The word means "forethought."
- 60, 86. **circumlocution**: roundabout, indirect way of speaking.
- 60, 98. **apotheosis**: deification; an exalted way of saying that his labours on this earth are drawing to an end.
- 60, 104. **city**: London.
- 60, 105. **the Alexandra [Palace] to the Crystal Palace**: *i.e.* from the north to the south of London.
- 60, 106. **Fiat Lux**: let there be light.
- 60, 108. **Hampstead Hill**: in north of London; a favourite resort on account of the view it affords.
- 61, 112. **image**: see *Job*: XXXVIII, 7.
- 61, 119. **Thirlmere**: a lake in the "Lake District," Cumberland, England. From time to time many people have been concerned about preserving such places from disfigurement by modern "improvements."
- 61, 127. **In Paris**: probably the "nightmares" here referred to are huge arc-lights.
- 61, 129. **Figaro**: a newspaper.
- 61, 140. **kites**: by means of a boy's kite Benjamin Franklin showed that electricity and lightning were the same thing (1749), and suggested the use of lightning conductors.
- 61, 146. **Terror that Flieth**: cf. *Psalm*: XCI, 5.

BOLITHO (RYALL) WILLIAM (1890-) was born in the Orange Free State, served as a lieutenant in the British Army in the Great War and was wounded at the Somme, 1916. Since then he has received considerable notice as a contributor to the London *Outlook*, the Manchester *Guardian*, and the New York *World*.

- 62, 17. **Zeitgeist**: (German) time-spirit; spirit of the age.
- 62, 21. **syncopated music**: music in which the note, word, tone, etc., begins on the unaccented and is sustained into the accented beat. Modern "Rag-time" affords a ready illustration.
- 63, 27. **Marinetti's baby rattler**, etc.: Marinetti, an Italian poet, was the originator of so-called "futurism", an art movement marked by a violent departure from traditional methods, especially in painting and music. Marinetti himself introduced some startling innovations into the theatre, poetry, and music; the rattles and whistles illustrate the devices used to produce new and startling orchestral effects.
- 63, 34. **organic and inorganic** refer respectively to "wood" and "metal" of the previous line.
- 63, 36. **Grand Exposition**: at Paris, was on a vast scale as befitted the completion of a century.
- 64, 80. **Jazz Negroes**: "Jazz" music and dances seem to have originated in the negro shanties of New Orleans in 1915. In 1916 Bert Kelly's "Jazz Band," the first to be so-called, was engaged by the Boosters' Club of Chicago.
- 64, 84. **hotel de luxe**: luxurious or magnificent hotel; the idea of "garish" is implied.
- 65, 105. **register**: compass.
- 65, 133. **Tannenberg**: in East Prussia, where the Russians suffered a crushing defeat, August 26-31, 1914.
- 66, 144. **march past**: ordinarily, the march of a body of soldiers in front of a reviewing officer or high dignitary; here, the music for such a march.

II. MISCELLANEOUS FORMS

- 67. **DAVID'S LAMENT FOR SAUL AND JONATHAN**.
- 67, 3. **Amalekites**: The reference here is to *I Samuel* XXX. The defeat of the Israelites at the hands of the Philistines at Mt. Gilboa and the death of Saul and Jonathan are told in *I Samuel* XXXI.
- 68, 51. **Book of Jashar**: one of the lost books of the Jews. It is known only from references to it, the pres-

ent instance being one of the two that occur in the O.T. It seems to have been a book of songs relating to important events.

- 68, 54. Gath: one of the royal cities of the Philistines.
 68, 55. Ashkelon: on W. coast of Palestine.
 69, 79. my brother Jonathan: David and Jonathan loved one another as brothers. See *I Sam.* 18, 1.

SIR THOMAS MALORY (about 1400-1471) achieved a great work in writing *Le Morte Darthur*. While the book itself is long (about 500 closely printed modern pages) it is a marvel of condensation when one considers that the material which Malory used would probably occupy 5,000 such pages. The *Morte Darthur* was completed about 1469 and printed by Caxton in 1488, with an introduction by the printer. Besides being famous on its own account, the book has thus a double interest as being one of the books which issued from the first printing press in England.

69. MORTE DARTHUR.

- 69, 1. Igraine: wife of the duke of Cornwall.
 69, 2. Merlin: the great magician.
 70, 29. Uther: Uther Pendragon, king of Britain and father of Arthur.
 70, 42. Northern battle: army of the north.
 71, 81. Paul's: St. Paul's (cathedral).
 71, 82. French book: one of the many French romances on the subject used by Malory.
 72, 120. Allhallowmas: Old English name for All Saints' Day, November 1.
 73, 162. mastery: act of skill or strength.
 74, 189. seneschal: chief steward in the medieval manor.
 74, 195 Twelfth Day: January 7; the twelfth day after Christmas.
 74, 202. Candlemas: February 2.
 75, 216. Pentecost: Whitsunday, seventh Sunday after Easter.

WILLIAM MAKEPIECE THACKERAY (1811-1863). Thackeray's principal contribution to essay literature is *Roundabout Papers* from which the selection is taken.

76. "OLIVER GOLDSMITH" is part of a lecture on "Sterne and Goldsmith", one of a series of six lectures on *The English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century* delivered by Thackeray in London in 1851.

- 76, 14. Auburn: the scene of *The Deserted Village*. Wakefield: the place from which the novel, *The Vicar of Wakefield* gets its title.

- 77, 43. **Doctor Primrose**: the central character of *The Vicar of Wakefield*.
- 78, 82. **hedge-schoolmaster**: teacher of a low-class school; "hedge-school" was a term formerly applied in Ireland to an open-air school.
- 78, 87. **ferule**: flat ruler used for punishing boys.
- 79, 96. **Mistakes of a Night**: the original, and still the alternative, title of Goldsmith's play, *She Stoops to Conquer*. The incident here mentioned is the basis of the plot.
- 80, 135. **sizar**: a student who paid reduced fees in consideration of certain menial duties he had to perform. Goldsmith occupied this unenviable position while at Trinity College, Dublin.
- 80, 152. **buckeen**: presumably an Irish form of "buck" meaning "dandy."
- 80, 156. **Temple**: see note on page 420.
- 80, 158. **woolsack**: a large square bag of wool, the seat of the Lord High Chancellor in the House of Lords.
- 80, 164. **Leyden**: contains the principal university of Holland.
- 81, 195. **Fielding**: Henry Fielding one of the first (and best) English novelists (1707-1754).
- 82, 215. **school-usuer**: under-teacher.
- 82, 222. **Sir Joshua Reynolds**: famous painter and a friend of Goldsmith.
- 82, 230. **Doctor Goldsmith**: Goldsmith asserted that he had taken a degree in Medicine in some foreign university, and indeed he practised on at least one patient—with indifferent success.
- 82, 242. **Beattie**: James (1735-1803), professor of philosophy and poet, wrote an *Essay on Truth* to confute the sceptic Hume, which was censured by Goldsmith, but applauded by George III.
- 82, 243. **Sterne**: Lawrence (1713-68), Irish humourist, author of *Tristram Shandy*.
- 82, 244. **Kelley**: Hugh (1739-77), a writer of sentimental plays, one of which, *False Delicacy*, was preferred by the theatre manager to Goldsmith's *The Good-Natured Man*.
- 82, 251. **Colman**: George (1732-94), "The Elder," manager of one of the two principal theatres in London.
- 83, 255. **Johnson**: Dr. Samuel (1709-84), one of Goldsmith's most intimate friends. See page 449.
- 83, 256. **Gibbon**: Edward (1737-94), the great historian, author of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.
- 83, 257. **Burke**: Edmund (1729-97), the great statesman.

- 83, 257. **Fox**: Charles James (1749-1806), statesman, rival of the younger Pitt.
- 83, 259. **Pope**: Alexander (1688-1744), the English poet.
- 83, 282. **Boswell**: James (1740-95), author of the *Life of Johnson*.
- 85, 354. **Here, as I take, etc.**: *Deserted Village* ll, 77-112.
- 86, 400. **Utopia**: a Greek word meaning "nowhere," and signifying an ideal commonwealth.
- 86, 401. **Yvetot**: a town in France; formerly the capital of a small independent territory of the same name.
- 86, 404. **Club**: the famous "Literary Club" of which Johnson, Burke, Gibbon and Goldsmith, were members.
- 86, 410. **Ranelagh**: the fashionable pleasure resort in London at that time.
- 87, 411. **Pantheon**: a building in London opened for entertainment in 1772.
- 87, 413. **Jessamy Bride**: Goldsmith's name for Mary Horneck.
- 87, 427. **Garrick**: David (1716-79), the great actor of the time, and a friend and fellow club member of Goldsmith.
- 87, 432. **Hazlitt**: William (1778-1830), a celebrated English essayist and critic.
- 87, 436. **The Younger Colman**: George (1762-1836), son of the Colman mentioned earlier in the lecture, was, like his father, a playwright. The quotation is from *Random Recollections*.
- 89, 494. **Epitaph**: Johnson's composition (in Latin). See note on Goldsmith p. 421.

ARTHUR MEIGHEN (1874-) entered the House of Commons in 1908, and rose rapidly through various distinguished positions until in 1920 he became Prime Minister of Canada. He is now (July, 1926) again Prime Minister.

89. **THE CROSS OF SACRIFICE** was an address delivered by Mr. Meighen, then Premier, on Sunday, July 3, 1921, at Vimy Ridge, France, on the occasion of the unveiling of a cross erected in the cemetery where rest hundreds of Canadian soldiers slain at the capture of Vimy Ridge in April, 1917. The speech, which is here quoted in full, is printed from the account of the event given in the *Toronto Globe* of July 5, 1921. The situation is well described in the newspaper report:

"This morning's ceremony was held while the church bells in nearby villages were summoning the faithful to

Mass. It was a befittingly solemn setting. The large number present, which included the Chairman of the Imperial War Graves Commission; Gen. Sir Fabien Hare, Commander of the British troops in France; the French General commanding the Arras Division; the Prefect of Pas de Calais; the Mayors of surrounding towns and villages, and a number of British and Canadian visitors, stood with bared heads as Premier Meighen, who spoke with more emotion than is his wont, delivered the oration.

- 89, 11. **Armageddon:** *Revelations* XVI, 16; the term is usually applied to the great and decisive battle at the end of the world. It is figuratively applied to any great "battle of the nations" such as the World War.

J. ARTHUR THOMSON (1861-), regius Professor of Natural History, Aberdeen University, is one of the greatest living authorities in his special field. He has written widely on scientific subjects and in 1922 he edited, and in part wrote, the *Outline of Science* in four volumes.

91. **THE MAKING OF MOUNTAINS** is selected from *The Outline of Science*, Chapter XXVIII, "The Making of the Earth and the Story of the Rocks." The passage forms the third section of this chapter.

- 92, 28. **Teneriffe:** in the Canary Islands; height 12,180 ft.

- 92, 28. **Fujiyama:** the highest mountain in Japan, 12,450 ft.; a favourite subject for Japanese artists.

- 93, 87. **Secondary era:** the middle period in geological history. In order of age the eras are: Archæan, Primary, Secondary, Tertiary, and Quarternary. A modern terminology for the same eras is: Archeozoic, Proterozoic (the two being the equivalent of Archæan), Palæozoic, Mesozoic, Cenozoic (or Tertiary and Quarternary), Psychozoic (Recent).

- 93, 104. **schist:** leaf-like rocks splitting in thin irregular plates.

- 94, 119. **relief:** differences in elevation.

- 96, 183. **Skye:** an island off the N.W. coast of Scotland.

- 96, 184. **aiguilles:** literally, "needles."

- 96, 184. **Chamonix:** a village near the base of Mt. Blanc.

- 97, 250. **Foehn:** south-west wind in Switzerland; thaw-wind.

98. **CHARLES LAMB.** The occasion of his letter to William Wordsworth is his retirement from the position of clerk in the India House after thirty-three years of service.

99, 13. **John Dennis:** a critic of the time of Pope who really died at the age of 77.

99, 16. **Act Georgii Tertii:** Act (passed in the reign) of George the Third. The regular way of describing acts of parliament is by the year of the sovereign's reign.

99, 33. **Mary:** Mary Lamb, Charles' sister.

99, 35. **Leigh Hunt:** (see page 434 below.)

99, 35. **Montgomery:** James (1771-1854), poet and hymn-writer, was twice imprisoned for his pronounced views on reform.

WILLIAM PITT (1708-1778), first Earl of Chatham, entered parliament at the age of twenty-seven, and his great powers as an orator soon attracted the attention of the House. In spite of the opposition of the King he became Secretary of State in 1757 on the outbreak of the Seven Years' War, and by his vigorous prosecution of the contest made the name of England famous throughout the world and brought about the expansion of England into what we know as "The British Empire." When the American Revolution began, he pleaded for peace and reconciliation, and as the war progressed denounced his old enemy France for intervening on the side of the colonists. On his last appearance, after a memorable speech in which he denounced the evils of the war, he fell back in a fit from which he never recovered.

100. **SPEECH ON AN ADDRESS TO THE THRONE.** . . . This speech was made in the House of Lords on the first day of the session. The health of the "Great Commoner" was at this time in a very bad state; but the importance of the occasion brought him to his post.

100, 8. **noble earl:** Lord Percy, Earl of Northumberland, later a member of North's administration.

100, 13. **princess:** Sophia, one of the six daughters of George III, born Nov. 3, 1772.

100, 17. **servile address:** in reply to the King's Speech. This is not the first occasion on which Chatham had spoken roundly against what he thought to be the King's unconstitutional interference.

101, 55. **conduct:** method or line of procedure.

101, 59. **but yesterday:** an adaptation of *Julius Caesar* III, ii, 123-5.

101, 66. **France:** by this time Chatham's old enemy was actively supporting the American colonies.

- 102, 78. **dismissal**: dismissal.
- 102, 79. **plenipotentiaries**: ambassadors with full power to carry on negotiations.
- 102, 94, 290. **House of Bourbon**: the reigning dynasty in France, which had been humbled by the Seven Years War.
- 102, 97. **prince**: Queen Elizabeth. The Netherlands were at this time in revolt against Spain and their privateers under Count de la Marck were preying upon Spanish commerce and using English ports as bases of operations. On representations from Alva, the Spanish general, Elizabeth was forced to order the Dutch privateersmen to leave English ports and not use them again. Having no other ports to go to, they captured Brill in the province of Zeeland.
- 103, 124. **able general**: Jeffrey Amherst, Baron Amherst (1717-1797), one of the generals "found" by Pitt during the Seven Years War. He was in command of the operations in America 1758-1761.
- 103, 131. **northern force**: the army of General Burgoyne, which surrendered at Saratoga, Oct. 17, 1777.
- 103, 132. **Sir William Howe**: had been in command of the English at Bunker's Hill. In 1777 he advanced on Philadelphia but was forced by Washington to retire.
- 103, 135. **distant plan**: after Howe's retirement Cornwallis attempted, by the conquests of Georgia and the Carolinas, to detach the South (Chatham's "sound parts of America") but he was finally compelled to surrender at Yorktown, 1781.
- 103, 142. **German prince**: a reference to England's use of German mercenary troops in the war.
- 104, 155. **illiberal**: sordid, vulgar.
- 106, 270. **a . . . banditti**: act of brigands.
- 107, 273. **gentleman who conducts their armies**: General Washington, a Virginian planter and landowner.
- 107, 281. **asserted to be pacific and friendly**: in the King's Speech. Within a few weeks of this speech France had recognized the independence of the colonies, and two months later had declared war on England.
- 107, 291. **straits**: straits of Gibraltar.
- 107, 308. **from perseverance**: *i.e.* "gather hope from, etc."
- 109, 352. **confusion worse confounded**: *Paradise Lost*, Book II, l. 996.

- 110, 399. **Spanish punctilio**: petty formality. Chatham in several places associates Spain with France, e.g. "Dunkirk to the Straits." A year later Spain declared war and thus justified Chatham's warning.
- 110, 413. **in order to the opening**: an 18th century phrase no longer used.
- 111, 462. **Right Reverend Bench**: the Bishops in the House of Lords. "This *Learned Bench*" applies to the Judges.
- 112, 470. **ermine**: white fur used in the robes of judges and peers.
- 112, 477. **immortal ancestor**: Lord Suffolk was a descendant of Lord Howard of Effingham, the commander of the English fleet which destroyed the Spanish Armada.
- 113, 509. **lustration**: ceremony of purifying by washing or other such rite.

RUPERT CHAWNER BROOKE (1887-1915), a contemporary poet and prose writer of great promise, graduated from Cambridge and later (in 1913) travelled in America, Samoa and Tahiti. During the World War he held a commission in the Royal Naval Division and was sent to the Dardanelles. He fell ill of blood-poisoning on the way, however, and died at Scyros. His *Letters from America* were published in book form after his death.

113. **THE ROCKIES**: Number XIII of *Letters from America*.
- 113, 14, 85. **Selkirks**: a range of mountains in S.E. British Columbia.
- 114, 26. **Hannibal**: the Carthaginian general who attacked Rome by leading his army across the Alps (218 B.C.).
- 114, 42. **Titans**: the fabulous race of giants who strove against Zeus, the supreme god of the Greeks, and were finally overcome by him.
- 118, 183. **claustrophobia**: a coinage of Brooke's, meaning something like "terror from being confined in a cloister."
- 118, 193. **little men**: fairies; **lepping**: colloquial (Scots) for leaping.
- 118, 204. **Wall Street**: a street in New York, the financial centre of the continent.
- 118, 205. **Lar**: household god; divinity of the hearth.
- 118, 207. **dryads**: in Greek mythology the nymphs of the trees. **Pan**: the god of flocks and shepherds among the Greeks.

119. PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE, FOURTH EARL OF CHESTERFIELD (1694-1773), noted as a statesman, is celebrated as a letter-writer. With a wide and intimate knowledge of courts and men and a charming grace of style, he was eminently fitted to write the elegant letters to his natural son, Philip Stanhope, which cover a period of nearly thirty years (1738 to 1768).

119, 3. labour and paper lost: Chesterfield's misgivings were justified, for his son grew up hopelessly awkward and "unimproved."

121, 73. Literae Humaniores: the "more polite letters" were the Greek and Latin literatures.

122, 99. operam et oleum: labour and oil.

122, 109. Port Royal: an old establishment in Paris, famous for its schools and as a centre of learning.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY (1785-1859), was a man of letters whose range was extremely wide—history, biography, literary criticism, philosophy and fiction—and whose prose style at its best is one of the most brilliant in the field of English letters. His best known work is the *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater* (1821).

122. THE ENGLISH MAIL COACH, consists of three sections; first, "The Glory of Motion" (the original part); second, "The Vision of Sudden Death," and third, "Dream Fugue"—the second and third sections being evidently afterthoughts. The whole appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1849. The selection is from the second part.

123, 15. Cyclops: the coachman who was "a monster in point of bulk" and had but one eye, thus answering part of the description of the Cyclops, Polyphemus, in Virgil: "a monster, dreadful, shapeless, huge, who had lost an eye." (*Aeneid* III, 668.)

123, 19. aurigation: a humorous coinage of De Q's on the basis of Lat. "auriga," a charioteer. **Apollo:** the god of light, drove the chariot of the sun. **Aurora:** goddess of the dawn.

123, 25. Pantheon: The deities of the pagan world spoken of collectively; (Greek, "pan" all, "theos" god).

123, 50. guard: official in charge; our "conductor."

124, 65. Lilliputian: small. The reference is to the first book of *Gulliver's Travels*.

125, 100. original curse: *Genesis* III, 19.

- 126, 165. **radix**: number used as the basis of a numeration scale, *e.g.* ten is the *radix* of the decimal numeration.
- 127, 176. **bespoke**: ordered beforehand.
- 127, 195. **quartering**: De Q's note, "This is the technical word, and, I presume, derived from the French *cartayer*, to evade a rut or any obstacle."
- 128, 223. **Charlemagne**: (about 742-814 A.D.), King of France and Emperor of the West.
- 129, 276. **Achilles**: the hero of Homer's *Iliad*, son of Peleus, and under the protection of the goddess Pallas Athene.
- 132, 394. **swingle-bar**: swingletree, the crossbar to the ends of which the traces are attached.
- 133, 409. **cany**: made of canes.

III SHORT STORIES

LEIGH HUNT (1784-1859), was on intimate terms with some of the greatest English men of letters in his day, Lamb, Shelley, Byron, etc., being amongst his friends. At his best he writes with grace and ease, but his reputation has been obscured by the brilliance of the great stars amongst whom he moved.

135. THE DAUGHTER OF HIPPOCRATES is Hunt's version of a well-known story which had been told in English by Sir John Mandeville (fourteenth century) and which was later recounted by William Morris in poetic form in his *Earthly Paradise*.

- 135, **Hippocrates**: (460?-387? B.C.), a native of the island of Cos, was the renowned physician of the Greeks. At the beginning of the Peloponnesian War he is said to have saved Athens from a terrible plague.
- 135, 1. **Norman reign in Sicily**: 1072-1194.
- 139, 179. **the great Virgin**: Diana.
- 141, 240. **Tancred**: (1078-1112), one of the leaders of the First Crusade, and hero of Tasso's epic *Jerusalem Delivered*.
- 141, 249. **Hippocras**: an aromatic medicinal wine made from spices.

SIR ARTHUR THOMAS QUILLER-COUCH (1863-), has been, and still is, a prolific writer and editor. Since his appointment to the King Edward VII Professorship

of English Literature at Cambridge University in 1912, he has naturally interested himself rather more in critical than in imaginative writing.

142. THE MAYOR'S DOVECOTE appeared originally in *Cassell's Winter Annual*, 1923.

142, 3. ship-chandler: one who sells all sorts of provisions to ships,—candles, rope, tallow, etc.

143, 39. parterres: flower beds arranged according to a pattern.

143, 51. columbarium: pigeon-house.

149, 294. withers were unwrung: the phrase is an allusion to Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, III, ii, 232, "let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung." The wincing of a galled horse is proverbial for showing signs of discomfort under trying circumstances.

150, 316. septuagenarian: man seventy years old.

150, 332. cry it through the town: a custom once common, now rarely practised in England. When, for instance, a person lost an article, he could, for a trifling sum, get the town "crier" to go through the streets ringing a bell and reading from a paper a description of the article lost.

JOHN GALSWORTHY (1867-), is one of the best known of English writers in three fields of literature—the essay, the drama, and the novel. Two recent books, *The Forsyte Saga* (1922), a grouping of three earlier novels, and *Caravan* (1924), a collection of his short stories, have in a sense put the seal to his reputation as a writer of fiction.

156. QUALITY was originally published in *The Inn of Tranquillity* (1912) and reprinted in *Caravan* (1924).

163, 257. quarter day: one of the four days in the year when rents, bills, etc., were paid. (See note to page 241, line 5.)

ALAN SULLIVAN (1868-), a Canadian born, the eldest son of the late Bishop of Algoma, is by profession an engineer. He has contributed articles on many subjects to some of the best American periodicals, and is the author of many virile poems and short stories. The present selection first appeared in *The Passage of Oul-i-But and Other Tales* (1913).

- 165, 17. **Height of Land**: the plateau surrounding Hudson Bay and forming the watershed from which the rivers flow east and north into Hudson Bay, and south and west into the Great Lakes, Lake Winnipeg, etc., respectively.
- 165, 19. **Lac Seul**: ("lonely lake") just south west of the Height of Land and part of the boundary line of Northern Ontario.
- 165, 45. **Hudson Bay factor**: agent for the Hudson Bay Company.
- 165, 47. **Ignace**: now on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway; about 200 miles south of Lac Seul.
- 167, 115. **maelstrom**: a great whirlpool on the west coast of Norway.
- 167, 121. **huskies**: the dogs commonly used on the trail in the Hudson Bay territory.
- 167, 125. **fugue**: a musical term signifying a composition of which the popular "Three Blind Mice" is a type.
- 171, 254. **Wendigo or Weendigo**: a mythical cannibal tribe said to inhabit an island in Hudson Bay; here probably the god or spirit of the tribe.
- 173, 351. **packer**: one who "packs," *i.e.* carries or hauls.
174. **THE SIRE DE MALÉTROIT'S DOOR**, published 1878.
- 174, 16. **Burgundy**: originally an independent state, now part of France. At the time represented by this story Burgundy was a powerful dukedom in alliance with England.
- 174, 18. **safe-conduct**: privilege granted by a person in authority, for travelling without fear of arrest or harm while in a particular region or upon a certain mission.
- 176, 77. **bartizan**: battlemented wall projecting (here) from the terrace.
- 178, 162. **debouch**: issue into the open (usually applied to troops).
- 180, 265. **Leonardo**: da Vinci (1452-1519), a famous Italian painter.
- 182, 316. **damoiseau**: an obsolete French word meaning "beau," "young page." Stevenson uses these old forms (cf. "messire" below) to throw a medieval atmosphere around the scene.
- 188, 581. **salle**: (French) hall.

PART TWO

I ESSAYS

FRANCIS BACON (1561-1626), Lord Chancellor of England, was the first writer in England to use the term "essay" as applied to a form of literature. His volume of *Essays*, published in 1597, contained 10 short pieces. The final edition, 1625, contained 58,—the 10 original essays expanded to about three times their former length, and 48 new ones. These essays, composed by one of the most learned men of his time, reveal the philosopher talking informally on various topics. The second edition, 1612, is dedicated to Henry, Prince of Wales, and this would account for the covert tone of advice which runs through many of the pieces.

199. OF STUDIES.

- 199, 5. **expert**: experienced.
 199, 11. **humour**: peculiar whim or fancy.
 199, 26. **curiously**: with great care.
 200, 30. **would**: should.
 200, 32. **flashy**: tasteless, insipid.
 200, 33. **conference**: conversation.
 200, 41. **abeunt etc.**: "studies develop into habits."
 200, 42. **stond**: impediment.
 200, 45. **stone**: *i.e.* in the bladder (*e.g.*); **reins**: kidneys.
 200, 52. **cymini sectores**: hair-splitters.
 200, 56. **receipt**: fitting remedy.

200. A RECOLLECTION.

- 201, 11. **catched**: the modern form is "caught."
 202, 45. **office**: service, ceremony; referring to his custom, described in the earlier part of the essay, of withdrawing on certain occasions to consider departed friends.

203. THE DEAD TO REASON.

- 203, 1. **chair of judicature**: Isaac Bickerstaff, the name under which Steele wrote the *Tatler*, had announced that he would hold a court at which delinquents should be tried.
 203, 10. **upholders**: undertakers.
 203, 15. **Mrs.** was used in the 18th century not only for a married woman but also where we should use "Miss."
 205, 59. **mainprize**: surety, bail.
 207, 148. **benchers**: senior members.

207. ON THE ART OF GROWING OLD.

- 209, 79. writ: frequently used in 18th century for "written."
 210, 102. Brazen Nose: or Brasenose, an Oxford college.
 210, 111. mantle-tree: beam across opening of fireplace.
 210, 113. lambetive electuary: a sweetened medicine to be taken by licking with the tongue.
 210, 114. powder of tutty: used to dust irritated surfaces.
 210, 115. betony: plant with a purple flower used in dyeing.
 210, 116. coltsfoot: a common weed.

212. COUNTRY ETIQUETTE.

- 212, 24. demean: conduct, behave (the regular meaning).
 213, 37. broke: 18th century form of "broken."
 213, 51. knight-bachelor: simple knight, not belonging to a special order.
 213, 56. Templar: law student, resident at the Inner Temple.
 215, 110. Ben Tooke: a celebrated bookseller.
 215, 124. Dyer's Letter: a news-sheet of the day.
 215, 134. mum: a beer imported from Brunswick.

216. PARTY PATCHES.

- 218, 75. Cowley: a noted English poet of the 17th century.
 218, 84. puppet-shew: at this time the rival of the theatre in popular favour.
 219, 150. Pericles: Greek statesman (490-429 B.C.).

220. A POLITICAL UPHOLSTERER.

- 220, 12. Postman: a news-sheet of the day; so the *Supplement*, *English Post*, *Daily Courant*, the first successful daily in England, mentioned later.
 220, 19. King Augustus: Augustus II, King of Poland.
 221, 41. Bender: Charles XII of Sweden had been wounded in the heel by a bullet and was forced to travel in a litter, resigning the command of his army to another general. Defeated by Russia at Pultawa, 1709, Charles fled to Turkish territory; and then suddenly went into retirement at Bender on the Dniester River. Here he intrigued with the Turks, at that time a powerful factor in European politics, to induce them to make war on Russia.
 222, 80. Mall: promenade in St. James's Park, London.
 222, 90. Muscovy: old name for Russia.

224. WOMAN ON HORSEBACK.

226, 64. **hermaphrodites**: human beings having characteristics of both sexes.

226, 65. **Juvenal**: Roman poet.

226, 68. **centaur**: a fabulous creature part man and part horse.

226, 71. **Portia**: wife of Brutus. **Lucretia**: wife of Tarquinius Collatinus; both women are considered types of virtue.

227, 114. **Caligula**: a wicked Roman Emperor (37-41 A.D.).

JONATHAN SWIFT (1667-1745), famous as the author of *Gulliver's Travels*, had too much vitriol in his nature to make an outstanding essayist. His *forte* was slashing, bitter satire and, while on the surface he often appears to be a detached observer, beneath his irony there is found a seething indignation against injustice and wrong which is not a characteristic of the typical essayist. A friend of Steele and Addison, he contributed several papers to the *Tatler* and *Spectator*.

227. IMPROPRIETIES OF PHRASE. (cf. *Spectator*, 135.)

228, 25. **belles lettres**: writing of a purely literary kind.

228, 29. **Grub Street**: originally applied to a street in London where struggling authors lived; hence any cheap production was called a "Grub-Street" book. (Now called Milton Street in honour of the poet whose home was near it.)

228, 36. **Westminster Hall**: where Parliament assembled and where the law courts were held down to the 19th century.

228, 37. **Court of Requests**: a minor court of the King's Council with jurisdiction in matters of debt under forty shillings. Abolished, 1846.

229, 62. **don't**: done it.

229, 63. **Pozz**: positive.

229, 64. **Plenipo's**: plenipotentiary's, ambassador's.

229, 66. **Jacks**: lads, fellows; especially, low-bred ill-mannered fellows.

229, 67. **kidney**: kind, sort.

229, 68. **phizz's**: physiognomies, faces; cf. modern slang word.

229, 69. **Hipps**: plu. of *hip* a variant of *hyp*. which is an abbreviation of "hypochondria," the "blues."

229, 71. **rep**: reputation.

- 229, 74. **incog**: incognito, concealed under a disguised character.
- 229, 75. **Mobb**: mob; shortened form of (Lat.) *mobile vulgus*, the excitable crowd.
- 229, 77. **put**: blockhead.
- 230, 100. **Gothic**: in the 18th century "Gothic" was symbolic of all that was rough and crude.
- 230, 103. **mute consonants**: e.g. in *cou'dn't*—the vowel has been dropped and d and t ("mutes", i.e. produced by the complete closing of the organs of speech) are thus brought practically together.
- 231, 122. **the war**: of the Spanish Succession.
- 231, 150. **Index Expurgatorius**: a list of the books prohibited by the Roman Catholic Church which are permitted to be read after corrections or alterations have been made.
- 232, 185. **simplex munditiis**: simple in their elegance.
- 232, 191. **Hooker**: Richard (1554-1600), an English theologian, author of the *Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity*.
- 232, 192. **Parsons**: Robert (1546-1610), English Jesuit who wrote controversial works.
- 232, 196. **Sir Henry [Wootton]**: (1568-1639), English poet and man of affairs.
- 232, 196. **Sir Robert Naunton**: (1563-1635), English author and statesman.
- 232, 197. **Osborne**: Francis, English essayist of the early 17th century.
- 232, 197. **Daniel**: Samuel (1562-1619), English poet who wrote the *History of the Civil Wars* in verse.
- 233, 198. **writ**: for *wrote*, obsolete or obsolescent in Swift's time.
233. HISTORY OF THE MAN IN BLACK.
- 233, 3. **concealing virtues**: in the previous letter the Man in Black had been relieving the distress of street beggars. This essay should be compared with chapter 20 of *The Vicar of Wakefield*.
- 235, 92. **bonze**: a Buddhist monk, especially of China or Japan.
- 239, 224. **Tacitus**: Roman historian (c. 55-120 A.D.).
240. THE TWO RACES OF MEN.
- 240, 7. **Parthians, etc.**: the ancient empires of Parthia, Media and Elam occupied what is generally called "Mesopotamia."

- 240, 19. **Brinsley**: Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the famous 18th century statesman, dramatist and orator.
- 241, 27. **meum and tuum**: Latin for "mine" and "thine."
- 241, 29. **Tooke**: Horne (1736-1812), English politician and philologist.
- 241, 37. **obolary**: reduced to the possession of an obol, a very small coin.
- 241, 45. **Candlemas**: Feb. 2. In Scotland this day is one of the quarter-days for paying rent, interest, school-fees, etc. The **Feast of Holy Michael**, or Michaelmas Day, September 29, has a similar significance throughout the United Kingdom.
- 241, 46. **lene tormentum**: gentle torture.
- 241, 50. **Propontic**: Propontis, the ancient name for the Sea of Marmora.
- 241, 58. **Lazarus**: See *Luke XVI*.
- 242, 100. **Comus**: the god of mirth; the magician in Milton's masque of that name. The **fair herd** are the worshippers of the god who have been turned into swine.
- 243, 117. **Hagar's offspring**: Ishmael; see I *Chronicles XXVII*.
- 243, 120. **fisc**: money-chest.
- 243, 126. **cana fides**: venerable honesty.
- 243, 134. **mumping visnomy**: begging face; visnomy, a corrupt form of physiognomy.
244. **POOR RELATIONS.**
- 244, 11. **Agathocles' pot**: Agathocles (361-289 B.C.), tyrant of Syracuse, was the son of a potter, The pot would thus always remind him of his humble birth.
- 244, 12. **Mordecai**: see *Esther II* : 5.
- 245, 43. **tide-waiter**: term usually applied to a politician who reserves his opinion until he sees how others think.
- 246, 73. **arms**: coat of arms; **vellum**: fine parchment.
- 246, 99. **aliquando**, etc.: sometimes he had to be repressed.
- 247, 109. **harpsichord**: stringed instrument, the immediate predecessor of the piano.
- 247, 110. **Richard Amlet**: in Vauburgh's comedy, *The Confederacy*, Dick Amlet attempts to pass himself off as a fine gentleman and produces only the impression of a footman raised from the ranks.
- 247, 124. **Poor W.-**: Samuel Favell, a particular friend of Lamb's. He is referred to in "Christ's Hospital Five-and-Thirty Years Ago."

- 248, 148. **Nessian venum**: the "shirt of Nessus" was a garment which poisoned the flesh of Hercules when the latter put it on.
- 248, 149. **Latimer**: Hugh, celebrated English churchman and reformer.
- 249, 197. **Artist Evangelist**: Saint Luke, who, according to tradition, was a painter and physician.
- 249, 208. **St. Sebastian**: fortified seaport, besieged by Wellington and taken by assault, Aug. 31, 1813.
- 250, 255. **Grotius**: Hugo, celebrated Dutch jurist, statesman, and poet (1583-1645).
- 251, 281. **Bridget**: the name under which Mary Lamb passes in *The Essays of Elia*.
252. **ON BEING FOUND OUT.**
- 253, 46. **peccadilloes**: little sins.
- 253, 49. **coram populo**: in public.
- 253, 65. **provost-marshal**: military officer who acts as chief of police of camp or district.
- 253, 70. **peccavi**: "I have sinned." (Lat.)
- 254, 78. **siste tandem carnifex**: "pray stand still, scoundrel!"
- 254, 105. **Jack Ketch**: appointed executioner about 1663 and for two centuries after his name was a nickname for the holder of his office.
- 255, 117. **This Magazine**: Cornhill.
- 255, 136. **Bluebeards**: a fictitious wife-slayer who hid the bodies of his victims in a secret closet.
- 256, 159. **bulbul**: eastern song-thrush.
- 256, 169. **Kakatoes**: cockatoo.
- 256, 173. **Croquemitaine**: the word (French) means "old bogey."
- 256, 173. **Palsambleu**: "zounds!" (French).
- 258, 238. **κτῆμα ἐς αἰὲ**: eternal possession; or, in the words of the following phrase, "enduring monument."
- 258, 243. **Comet comes**: *i.e.* the editor of the *Comet*.
- 258, 247. **dies irae**: (Lat.) day of wrath; Judgment Day.
- 259, 274. **Bardolph**,—**Nym**: characters in Shakespeare's *Henry V.*
- 259, 279. **pyx**: box in which the consecrated bread is kept.
- 259, 283. **Doll Tearsheet**,—**Mrs. Quickley**: characters in Shakespeare's play *Henry IV, Part I.*
- 259, 284. **de la société**: (French) of the company.

EDWARD VERRAL LUCAS (1868-) was for some time on the staff of *Punch*. Besides editing the works of Charles and Mary Lamb, he has written a life of the great

essayist. That he has caught some of the spirit of his hero his books of essays testify. The selection in this volume is from *Adventures and Enthusiasms* (1920).

260. THE NEWNESS OF THE OLD.

260, 7. Victory: Nelson's flag-ship at the battle of Trafalgar.

260, 21. done: slang for "swindled."

262, 71. Mark Twain: pen-name of Samuel Clemens, the American humorist (1835-1910). *The Jumping Frog*, published in 1867, was so successful that he was able to make a tour of Europe.

262, 93. Hittite: one of the many nations with whom the Israelites came in contact in the *Old Testament*.

262 95. Amalekites: in ancient times a tribe in Southern Palestine and frequently mentioned in the Old Testament as enemies of the Israelites.

262, 102. râtelier: (Fr.) set of (false) teeth.

ALAN ALEXANDER MILNE (1882-), an English journalist who later made a wide reputation for himself as a playwright, has published at least two volumes of essays. The piece included in this volume is from one of these, *Not That it Matters* (1921).

263. INTELLECTUAL SNOBBERY.

263, 2. house-master: the master in charge of a boarding-school.

263, 4, 7. minor: the younger.

263, 8, 11. Alton Locke: novel by Rev. Chas. Kingsley, "a tract as well as a novel" (1850).

263, 9. Marooned among Cannibals: obviously a novel of the "penny dreadful" sort.

263, 20, 25. The Egoist: one of the best novels of George Meredith (1828-1909). Educated people admire Meredith more than general readers do.

263, 27. Marcus Aurelius: (121-180), Roman emperor, author of the celebrated *Meditations*.

263, 27. Marie Corelli: (1864-), a writer of popular English novels.

264, 47, 59. Sir Hall Caine: (1853-), a writer of the present day, best known, perhaps, as the author of novels about the Isle of Man.

264, 47, 59. Mrs. Florence Barclay: (1862-) author of such popular novels as *The Rosary* (1909).

- 264, 70. **Jack the Ripper**: celebrated London murderer of the late 19th century.
 265, 102, 113. **Henry James**: (1843-1916), American novelist.
 265, 104. **in Scottish and Jacobean circles**: amongst admirers of Scott and James respectively; (Lat. *Jacobus-James*.)

II MISCELLANEOUS FORMS

267. **JESUS COMFORTS HIS DISCIPLES**, *John*, chapter XIV (revised version). The passage recounts the words of Jesus to his disciples after the Last Supper, and after Judas had departed on his traitorous mission. (See chapter XIII).

- 268, 35. **Comforter**: marginal note, "or Advocate, or Helper."

THOMAS FULLER (1608-61), was an English author and preacher who acted as a chaplain to the Royal army during the Civil War. His *Worthies of England* and *The Holy and Profane State* are his best known and most characteristic works.

269. **THE GOOD SCHOOLMASTER** (from *The Holy and Profane State*) is a good instance of the fusion of the essay with another kind of literature that was very popular in the seventeenth century—the "character." In the "character" all the qualities of a class are applied to a single person so that the result is a *type* rather than an individual. (Compare the first part of Lamb's *Poor Relations*). Here the class qualities are confined for the most part to the opening sentences of the various paragraphs; for the rest there is nothing that would separate the piece from the "essay."

- 269, 17. **by**: "by employing"; *i.e.* they show their scorn of school-teaching by appointing an usher to act as proxy.
 269, 23. **chained**: an old custom when books were very expensive to prevent their being stolen.
 270, 38. **forms**: classes.
 270, 60. **Bristol diamonds**: quartz crystals found near the city of Bristol.
 270, 64. **acquit themselves**: perform their part in such a way as to be considered. . . .
 271, 87. **cockering**: pampering.

- 271, 89. **peculiar**: a church exempt from the jurisdiction of the diocese in which it is situated.
- 271, 99. **παιδοτρίβης**, Paidotribes : one who teaches boys gymnastics. **παιδαγωγός**, Paidagogos : pedagogue, teacher.
- 271, 103. **Junius**: Franciscus (1545-1602), an editor of the O.T. in Latin. The quotations are from his autobiography.
- 271, 103. **de insolento carnificina**: about the excessive torture.
- 271, 104. **conscindebatur**, etc.: he was torn to pieces by scourges seven or eight times a day.
- 272, 106. **Tusser**: Thomas (about 1524-80), an English poet and writer on agriculture. The verse here quoted is from a poem "The Author's Life."
- 272, 108. **Paul's**: St. Paul's school.
- 272, 114. **Udall**: Nicholas (1505-1556), headmaster of Eton, and author of an early English comedy *Ralph Roister Doister*.
- 272, 116. **Orbilius**: Pupillus, a Roman schoolmaster who opened a school at Rome. Horace, the Latin poet, who was one of his pupils, gives him a reputation for flogging.
- 272, 124. **in forma pauperis**: as a poor man.
- 272, 138. **preferred**: promoted.
- 273, 143. **syllogism**: in logic a form of reasoning from premises to conclusion.
- 273, 143. **solecism**: really a blunder in speaking; here, a blunder in educational methods.
- 273, 156. **Ascham**: Roger (1515-68), famous English scholar and writer; author of *The Schoolmaster*, a treatise on education.
- 273, 159. **Mulcaster**: Richard (about 1530-1611), an English scholar, head master of St. Paul's School.
- 273, 161. **Bishop Andrews**: (1555-1626), the most learned of all English theologians. He assisted in the authorised translation of the Bible (1611).

SIR WILFRID LAURIER (1841-1919) was Premier of Canada from 1896 until 1911, and thereafter until his death was Leader of the Opposition at Ottawa. His parliamentary career extended over a period of fifty years, forty-seven of which were spent in the Federal parliament.

273. THE BRITISH AND AMERICAN CONSTITUTIONS; A CONTRAST: the selection here printed is from an address delivered before the Women's Canadian Club of Montreal, October

27, 1909, as reported in the *Toronto Globe* on October 30. A few slight verbal alterations from the newspaper report have been deemed desirable.

- 273, 2. **Daniel Webster:** (1782-1852), was a famous american statesman, orator and jurist. The speech here referred to was delivered in the Senate, May 7, 1834.
- 274, 24. **just been explained:** in the earlier part of the speech.
- 275, 61. **Lord Palmerston:** (1784-1865), as Foreign Minister maintained and increased the prestige of England. He was Prime Minister 1856-7, and 1859-1865.
- 281, 308. **George Washington:** (1732-1799), first President of the United States.
- 281, 309. **Alexander Hamilton:** (1757-1804), an American statesman and economist very influential at the time of the Revolution. **John Marshall:** (1755-1835), American jurist, chief-justice of the United States Supreme Court from 1801 to 1835. **Abraham Lincoln:** (see note, p. 441).
- 283, 374. **for Taft or for Bryan:** in the election for President, 1908, William Howard Taft (1857-) and William Jennings Bryan (1860-1925) were the candidates for the Republicans and the Democrats respectively.
- 284, 408. **Conversion of Saul:** *Acts* IX, 1-9.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU (1690-1762), the most brilliant woman letter-writer of the 18th century, passed most of her life on the continent. The most interesting of her letters are those written from Turkey where her husband was the English Ambassador. In one of these letters she describes the eastern method of inoculation for smallpox and was the means of introducing the practice into England.

284. TO THE COUNTESS OF POMFRET.

- 284, 5. **Boileau:** Nicolas (1636-1711), famous French critic and poet.
- 284, 6. **rien n'est, etc.:** "nothing but truth is fair, the truth alone is lovely."

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY (1800-59). The secret of the popularity of Macaulay's *History of England from the Accession of James II* (his publishers sent him a cheque for £20,000 *in advance* for the third and fourth volumes) lies partly in his theory that "the art of narration, the art of interesting the affections and presenting pictures to the imagination" should be cultivated by the historian. Whatever his style lacks in grace it makes up for in vigour. No more "refreshing" history can be read than Macaulay's.

286. CHAPTER III. THE STATE OF ENGLAND IN 1685. The first volume of the work is introductory—a history of the times preceding the accession of James II.

287, 29. **Danby's Administration**: 1674-79.

288, 59. **Lord Foppington**: a fop in Vauburn's comedy *The Relapse* (1697).

288, 63. **clown**: lout from the country.

288, 75. **poetical justice and the unities**: points in literary criticism.

288, 77. **Perault**: (1628-1703), a French man of letters who advocated the superiority of modern literature against **Boileau** (1636-1711) who championed the classics.

288, 81. **Venice Preserved**: one of the most famous tragedies of the seventeenth century, written by Thomas Otway in 1682.

289, 88. **John Dryden**: (1631-1700), the most famous poet, dramatist and critic of the Restoration Period. He was appointed **poet laureate** in 1670.

289, 88. **sate**: archaic for sat.

289, 91. **Racine**: celebrated French dramatist (1660-99).

289, 92. **Bossu**: French critic (1631-1680).

290, 127. **Lascar**: an East Indian sailor.

290, 136. **Lord Mayor's show**: a brilliant pageant which passes through the streets of London every year on the occasion of the Lord Mayor's assuming office.

290, 137. **money droppers**: coiners or handlers of bogus coin; **cart's tail**: they had been whipped through the London streets.

291, 196. **Royal Society**: the oldest scientific society in England, and one of the oldest in Europe, was given its charter by Charles II in 1662.

292, 227. **Pepys**: Samuel (1632-1703), the great diarist.

293, 251. **higgler**: a wandering peddler of poultry and dairy produce.

294, 289. **hinds**: servants.

- 294, 314. **Falstaff**: famous comic character in Shakespeare's *King Henry IV*.
 295, 320. **Newgate**: formerly a prison in London situated on Newgate Street.
 295, 335. **Farquhar**: George (1678-1707), a dramatist; the characters referred to appear in the *Beaux' Stratagem* (1707).
 296, 371. **coranto**: a sprightly but stately dance, now out of fashion.
 296, 383. **mutes**: hired mourners.

297. **LEVANA AND OUR LADIES OF SORROW** is one of several dream-phantasies which De Quincey published under the lugubrious title of "Sighs from the Depths" with the explanation "being the sequel of the *Confessions of an English Opium Eater*." The author himself says that *The English Mail Coach*, part of which is printed above, was originally meant to be part of the same melancholy group. *Levana* is considered by Professor Masson, De Quincey's editor, to be about the finest thing this poet in prose ever wrote.

- 297, 30. **tutelary**: protective.
 297, 37. **penultimate**: second last syllable.
 298, 49. **glimmering forever**: the image of the revolving wheel is borrowed from Wordsworth, and De Q. in a footnote hastens to acknowledge his debt.
 298, 63. **on the foundation**: entitled in some way or other to benefit by the *funds* of the school.
 299, 78. **Parcae**: Greek name for the goddesses of Fate.
 300, 140. **Rachel**: *Matthew* II, 18. **Herod**: *Matthew* II:16.
 301, 181. **Madonna**: (Italian, "Our Lady"); in the R.C. church the title is reserved for Mary the mother of Jesus.
 302, 204. **Pariah**: in India a member of a low caste; used generally to indicate a social outcast.
 302, 206. **Norfolk Island**: in the Pacific, about 400 miles from New Zealand. It was discovered by Capt. Cook in 1774 and shortly after made a penal settlement.
 302, 218. **sequestered**: De Q's note: "This, the reader will be aware, applies chiefly to the cotton and tobacco States of North America; but not to them only; . . ."
 303, 233. **Shem**: one of the sons of Noah. The term as used here indicates a wandering, homeless person or race.
 303, 244. **Cybele**: the mother of the (Greek) gods.

303, 269. **sublime**: De Q's note on the translation of *Semnai*: [semnos] is usually rendered *venerable* in dictionaries,—not a very flattering epithet for females."

303, 270. **Eumenides**: "well-wishers"; word applied to the Greek Furies to propitiate them.

SAMUEL JOHNSON (1709-84), the greatest critic of the 18th century, came to London to make his living by his pen. His famous *Dictionary* was first proposed in 1747 and Johnson approached Chesterfield, the chief patron of letters at that time, for the purpose of securing his assistance. Chesterfield ignored the overture and Johnson proceeded with the work, which he completed in 1755. On the eve of its publication Chesterfield wrote to the *World* two letters in which he praised the scheme of the *Dictionary* highly. The veiled invitation to renew negotiations which Johnson saw in this procedure called forth the famous letter here printed.

305, 12. **Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre**: "the conqueror of the conqueror of the world."

STEPHEN BUTLER LEACOCK (1869-), Professor of Political Economy in McGill University, Montreal, is recognised as one of the leading humorists in the English-speaking world today. Besides books on Political Economy he has written about a dozen volumes of humorous pieces—*Literary Lapses* (1909) and *The Garden of Folly* (1924) being his earliest and latest performances in that kind.

306. A CLEAR VIEW OF THE GOVERNMENT AND POLITICS OF ENGLAND is selected from *My Discovery of England* (1922), which is a record—humorous, satiric and serious—of the author's impressions of a tour through England, Wales and Scotland.

306, 5. **G.T.R.**: Grand Trunk Railway; in the writer's earlier days this was one of the two main railways in Ontario.

306, 11. **Buckingham Palace**: the London residence of the sovereign.

307, 26. **Orillia House**: the name of a hotel, presumably the chief one.

308, 65. **Pin Pool**: a form of Billiards.

309, 92. **Mr. Lloyd George**: Prime Minister of England 1916-1922.

309, 122. **Khedive**: Persian title (prince or sovereign) formerly granted by the Turkish sultan to his viceroy in Egypt.

- 309, 123. **Tarbosh**: Tarboosh, cap like a fez.
- 310, 136. **Molière**: (1622-73), great French comic dramatist.
- 310, 141. **Queen's Plate**: prize contended for at the Toronto horse-races. (Now, the King's Plate.)
- 312, 241. **Dowager**: the title now given to a widow of high rank to distinguish her from her son's wife.
- 313, 272. "peuple": the "people" in the sense of the throng.
- 313, 279. **Oasis of Merv**: in Turkestan.
- 313, 279. **hinterland of Albania**: Albania fronts the Adriatic and its "back-lands" extend into the wild rugged parts of the Balkan peninsula.
- 314, 302. **Lannigan's verses**: George Thomas Lannigan, a Canadian journalist who was also connected with several American newspapers. One of his most successful humorous poems was "A Threnody for the Ahkoond of Swat."
- 314, 322. **great Venezuela dispute**: in 1895 the United States interfered in the dispute between Venezuela and Great Britain over the boundaries of British Guiana, and demanded that Britain submit the case to arbitration. This interference was keenly resented and for a time relations between Great Britain and the United States were very strained.
- 315, 330. **Versailles Conference**: preceding the formulation of the Treaty which ended the World War.
- 315, 332. **Teschen**: a town in Silesia, Austria.
- 315, 338. **unredeemed Italy**: *i.e.* the N.E. part which had been retained by Austria after Italy had secured her independence in 1861.
- 316, 381. **gold mark**: In Apr. 1922 the exchange value of the German mark was 1,500 to the pound sterling. (Ordinarily the value is about 20 to the pound.)
- 316, 384. **Logarithms**: tables used to simplify mathematical calculations.
- 316, 392. **inflate**: referring to a national currency, the word means to expand its paper money without expanding its gold backing. Leacock is, of course, joking here.
- 317, 435. **Irish Question**: was presumably settled by the recognition of the Irish Free State and the government of the North of Ireland (Ulster), 1921.
- 318, 466. **Borough of Poplar**: in the East end of London, area 2,328 acres.
- 318, 468. **disarmament conference**: in Washington in 1921-22.

- 318, 472. **Mr. Briand**: premier of France at that time.
- 319, 501. **Mr. Balfour**: formerly Prime Minister of England and chief of the British representatives at the Conference. **Sir Auckland Geddes**: British Ambassador at Washington.
- 319, 508. **saw the ten**: a poker term meaning he equalled the bet (10 ships) and raised it to 20.
- 319, 512. **Lord Beatty**: First Sea Lord. He was not present at the Washington Conference.
- 320, 532. **Czecho-Slovakia**: an independent state since the war. It lies in central Europe bounded by Roumania, Poland, Germany, Austria and Hungary.
- 320, 549. **protocol**: original draught of the terms of a treaty agreed upon in conference.
- 320, 557. **Professor Keynes**: one of the British economic advisers at the Versailles Conference and author of several books on economic problems that have arisen since the war.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN (1809-65), President of the United States during the period of the War of Secession, was the son of a Kentucky farmer. The grave, confident simplicity of his public utterances is the measure of his greatness. The letter here printed is a reply to an attack on the policy of his government which appeared in the *New York Tribune*.

321, I. **Hon. Horace Greeley** (1811-72), an American politician and journalist, founder of the *New York Tribune*. He advocated violently the emancipation of the slaves, and it was his impatience that occasioned the present letter. In the United States the title "honourable" is given to persons who have held, or hold, considerable office under the national or State government.

322. **THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS** was delivered on the occasion of the dedication of a National Cemetery upon the battlefield of Gettysburg on Nov. 19, 1863. The orator of the day was Edward Everett, who delighted the assembly for two hours with a memorable speech. After Everett, Lincoln spoke briefly. Few, if any, of the audience were aware that in his simple words the President had delivered a classic which would endure as long as the English language.

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY (1825-95), one of the great scientists and educationists of his century, is perhaps best known as the man who popularised many of the scientific

theories and discoveries of his time. His championship of Darwin's theory of the evolution of species by natural selection is one of the outstanding features of his later career. Master of a clear and forcible style, he brought the ideas of a much greater scientist within the range of the ordinary understanding.

323. **THE METHOD OF SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION** (1863) is an excerpt from one of the six lectures which Huxley addressed to workingmen on *The Causes of the Phenomena of Organic Nature*, published in *Darwiniana*.

324, 40. **Molière**: See note on p. 450. The play referred to is *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*.

329, 220. **vera causa**: Latin, "true cause"; the meaning of the phrase is explained in what follows.

331, 294. **Newton**: Sir Isaac (1642-1727), famous English scientist who discovered the law of gravitation.

331, 294. **Laplace** (1749-1827): a great French scientist and mathematician who formulated the "nebular hypothesis" of the formation of the planetary system, a theory which has satisfied astronomers until recent years.

III SHORT STORIES

DANIEL DEFOE (1659?-1731) is known the world over as author of *Robinson Crusoe*. Besides this classic, however, he has written many other "novels", the outstanding feature of which is the manner in which he makes the fictitious seem to be the absolute truth. In none of his stories is this quality more apparent than in the piece here printed.

333. **THE APPARITION OF MRS. VEAL.**

333, Drelincourt's Book: It was formerly supposed (see e.g. Scott's *Lives of the Novelists*) that the translation of **Drelincourt upon Death** had not been a financial success and that Defoe wrote this piece to help its sale. The theory has been disproved.

335, 63. **impertinence**: matter that has nothing to do with the subject in hand.

340, 283. **escutcheons were making**: armorial bearings of the family were being made.

341, 306. **hypochondriac**: morbid person.

THOMAS HARDY (1840-), is one of the great English novelists of the late nineteenth century. Beginning with *Desperate Remedies*, 1871, he produced a long series of "Wessex" novels, so-called from the fact that the life depicted in them has for its background the old geographical Wessex, especially that part now included in Somerset, Dorset, Wiltshire and Hampshire. With *Jude the Obscure*, 1895, the series came to an end, and since that time Hardy has devoted himself to poetry and the drama. *Wessex Tales*, from which the present selection has been taken, is a volume of short stories.

- 345, 4. **downs**: rounded chalk hills in the south and south-east of England.
- 345, 18. **Timon**: an Athenian who, on account of the ingratitude he had experienced, secluded himself from the society of all but his friend Alcibiades. (cf Shakespeare's play *Timon of Athens*). **Nebuchadnezzar**: ruler of the Babylonian Empire 604-561 B.C. See *Daniel* IV, 33.
- 347, 76. **high-day**: festal day
- 347, 92. **pourparlers**: (Fr.) negotiations, parleys.
- 347, 106. **bonhomie**: (Fr.) good nature, easy good humour.
- 348, 138. **ground-bass**: simple or fundamental bass.
- 348, 141. **serpent**: a bass wind instrument, now little used, consisting of a wooden tube with several bends, hence the name.
- 349, 160. **planet-like course etc**: the *direct* motion of a planet is its apparent progress, with respect to the stars, from west to east; its *retrograde* movement in the opposite direction. In a general sense *apogee* is the point in the moon's orbit which is farthest from the earth; *perigee* the point nearest the earth.
- 350, 215. **pent-roof**: or lean-to, a small shed built against the wall of a larger structure.
- 354, 385. **Casterbridge**; a town fictitious in name at least, which figures in most of Hardy's novels. (Consult the map of "Wessex" in any good edition of the novels.)
- 357, 490. **mug o' small**; that is, a mug of weak or watery mead.
- 359, 578. **Belshazzar's Feast**; see *Daniel* V, 1-31.
- 362, 676. **circulus etc**; "... a circle of which the devil is the centre."
- 371, 1033. **sere and yellow leaf**: a figurative way of saying she is past her prime.

ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS (1863-) who writes over the name of "Anthony Hope," is perhaps best known as the author of *The Prisoner of Zenda*.

372. THE PRINCE CONSORT: the title is an obvious reference to Queen Victoria's husband.

373, 72. The Quarterly "doing her": journalistic slang for an article on her work by the *Quarterly Review*, perhaps with a portrait.

375, 132. magnum opus: Lat. "great work."

376, 162. Mudie's: a famous book-store in London.

376, 175. The Times: the best known of the London papers.

377, 212. savants: learned scholars (French).

377, 213. The Edinburgh: *The Edinburgh Review* was an old competitor of the *Quarterly*.

379, 270. double-barrelled: with a hyphenated name, "Thompson-Clinton."

EDGAR ALLAN POE (1809-49) is a name that stands high in the honour roll of American literature. In his prose tales Poe combines such vivid, not to say lurid, imagery with power of diction as to produce an atmosphere dominated by wonder, horror and terror.

381. THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER was originally published in Burton's *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1839.

381, son coeur; etc.: "his heart is a hanging lute, it resounds to the slightest touch."

381, Béranger: Laurent Pierre, a minor French poet and writer (1749-1822).

384, 128, 489. fungi: Lat. plu. of *fungus*, a plant of the toadstool, mushroom type.

385, 158, 378. phantasmagoric: appearing to be constantly changing as in a dream; armorial trophies: such as coats of mail, helmets, etc.

386, 193. ennuyé: (French) perf. part., utterly wearied mentally.

386, 225. arabesque: lit. "Arabian"; fantastic.

388, 267. anomalous: abnormal.

388, 292. physique: (French) bodily structure; morale: moral (including mental) condition.

389, 325, 579. cataleptical: pertaining to catalepsy, a disease in which trances occur.

389, 325. diagnosis: identification of a disease by means of the patient's symptoms.

389, 341. improvisations: extempore composition; impromptus.

- 390, 360. **Von Weber**: a celebrated German composer and pianist of Poe's day.
- 390, 377. **Fuseli**: an artist, contemporary with Poe, who painted, amongst other things, "The Nightmare."
- 392, 441. **Porphyrogene**: Constantine VII ("Porphyrogenitus," born in the purple), Emperor of the Roman Empire of the East (905-959) was a great patron of the Arts. Poe probably chose the word on account of its sound.
- 393, 481. **kingdom of inorganisation**: inorganic matter, *e.g.*, stones.
- 394, 503. **Our books**: the charge has often been made that Poe mentions with easy familiarity books that he has never read. In the passage which follows, the names and titles are used to indicate the strangeness and eccentricity of Usher's interests; and it doesn't really matter whether Poe was acquainted with the works mentioned or not.
- 394, 508. **Gresset**: (1709-77), French poet, author of *Vert Vert* and *La Chartreuse*. The former is a humorous poem of a convent parrot which shocks the nuns with his swearing.
- 394, 508. **Machiavelli**: (1459-1527), a celebrated Italian statesman, author of *The Prince*. **Belphegor** is a novel satirising marriage.
- 394, 509. **Swedenborg**: (1688-1772), Swedish scientist and mystic philosopher; **Heaven and Hell** is a short title of an account of the spiritual world.
- 394, 510. **Holberg**: (1684-1754), Danish historian, lawyer, man of letters. **Subterranean Voyage**, etc.: a poem originally written in Latin.
- 394, 511. **Robert Flud**: (1574-1637), an English physician and mystic holding beliefs somewhat like those of Swedenborg. **D'Indaginé**: a French authority on **chiromancy** (palmistry), as was **De La Chambre** (1594?-1669).
- 394, 513. **Tieck**: (1773-1853), a poet and novelist of the "Romantic Revival" in Germany; the **Journey** was published in 1835.
- 394, 514. **Campanella**: (1568-1639), Italian philosopher. **City of the Sun**: the account of an ideal commonwealth—one of the famous "Utopias."
- 394, 516. **Eymeric de Gironne**: (1320-1399), Spanish priest of the Dominican order whose most celebrated work is the "*Directory*" (*i.e.* guide as to rules and procedure) *of the Inquisition*.

- 394, 517. **Pomponius Mela**: a Roman geographer of the first century, author of *De Situ Orbis* (concerning the position, arrangement, etc., of the world).
- 394, 518. **satyrs**: Roman deities with human bodies and the ears, tail, legs, etc., of goats.
- 394, 518. **aegipans**: goat-footed Pans.
- 394, 521. **gothic**: *i.e.* Gothic letters.
- 394, 522. **Vigiliae mortuorum secundum chorum ecclesiae maguntinae**: "wakes of the dead as sung by the choir of the church at Maguntum."
- 395, 557. **donjon-keep** (old spelling for "dungeon"): prison of the great tower of a castle, frequently used for the torture and starvation of prisoners.
- 398, 688. **miasma**: infectious exhalation.
- 398, 694. **Mad Trist**: both the book and the author are probably inventions of Poe.

HUGH SEYMOUR WALPOLE (1864-), the son of a bishop, served with the Russian Red Cross in the World War. He has written a good many novels, of which *The Wooden Horse* (1909) is the earliest, *Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill* (1911) probably the best, *The Portrait of a Man with Red Hair* (1925) and *Harmer John* (1926). *The Thirteen Travellers* (1921) is a volume of short stories.

404. **THE ENEMY**, here reprinted from *The Best Short Stories of 1923 (English)*, appeared originally in *The Strand Magazine*.

- 406, 88. **the tube**: part of the underground railway system of London.
- 408, 156. **Drinkwater**: John (1882-), is probably best known from his play "*Abraham Lincoln*" (1918).
- 408, 171. **a slim Masfield**: the book-trade's way of saying "a slim volume of John Masfield."
- 409, 221. **a tiny bit too high**: when meat is tending to decomposition, it is said to be "high" or "gamy"—a desirable condition to some; here it is tainted a little too much.
- 410, 259. **a first "Pilgrim's Progress"**: a first edition in "perfect condition" of this book would bring a fabulous price to Harding.
- 412, 324. **Frankenstein's monster**: the monster created by the hero in Mrs. Shelley's romance *Frankenstein* (1818).

